IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON

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IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

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IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

The Story of My Life

By

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON

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Aimee Semple McPherson

Lovingly Dedicated

TO THOSE IN THE GLORIOUS SERVICE OF THE KING
WHO HAVE BEEN WILLING TO SUFFER WITH HIM
THAT THEY MIGHT ALSO REIGN WITH HIM
AND
WHO HAVE GONE FORTH WEEPING
BEARING PRECIOUS SEED
AND SHALL DOUBTLESS COME AGAIN WITH REJOICING
BRINGING THEIR SHEAVES WITH THEM

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IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

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CHAPTER I

THE ESCAPE

SAND!

Gray sand!

A wilderness of sand!

Lost in the desert—and night closing in!

"Help!"

"H-e-l-p," I cried as I stumbled over the wasteland.

"H-e-l-p," came the mocking echo, growing softer and softer in the distance until it sobbed its way into the death-like stillness of the desert dusk.

How small in that great infinitude, how utterly futile was my voice! The sound of it was as a drop of water absorbed by the great sponge of that endless expanse—swallowed up by the maws of space.

A drooping, forlorn, cotton-clad figure, I trudged falteringly into the swelling gloom. I wavered, staggered, scarcely able to lift one foot after the other. The heavy shoes, far too large for me, chafed burning blisters.

Sinking to my knees, I swayed uncertainly, arose, went on, only to fall again. Cupping up the sand with my hands, rounding it into a pillow, I sobbed to myself that I could go no farther—must wait the coming day or the sight of a human being.

The desert night, a thing of living beauty under happier circumstances, was filled with terror and nameless dread. No sooner would I lie down and my frightened eyes close, than the desert life would stir; strange, eerie, crawling sounds under the cactus and sage brush—rattlesnakes? Gila

monsters? lizards? or merely a harmless prairie dog—I could not tell.

One moment too tired to go on—the next, too frightened to stay, I would rise again and, fear prodding leaden feet, move on.

From clumps of desert growth night birds would start up with a whir of wings and circle my head, uttering weird, scolding cries.

A pair of gleaming eyes blazed like balls of fire.

Cougar? Coyote? Dog? Overwrought mind raced through tales of wild life in desert and prairie—harmless creature or wild roamer of the sands—I could not decide.

Alone, there amidst the vast silent beauty which is the Southwestern desert, surrounded by the eternal stillness and the fantastic silhouettes of rock and mesquite, I prayed in short broken sobs, prayed God that I might reach some place of habitation. Looking up at the stars, myriads of them, twinkling from their compass points, in the ethereal chart of the sky, I tried to fix my direction. But in the distance, the mesas were gaunt dreams rising up out of the dark; the valleys were doubts to engulf me.

Behind me, but a few hours before, I had left a small, rough, tumbledown shack which had been my involuntary home for weary days. I had been taken there a prisoner, bound and muffled with a blanket, by two men and a woman.

But I had made my escape, and footsore and spent, after my strenuous but random effort to put as much distance as possible between myself and that place, I fled over the desert floor.

Whenever my eyes closed for a moment, it seemed impossible that I had broken away from my captors—impossible that instead of the close confining walls of the shack, I was free under the open vaulted sky.

To-day, in my study, writing these words, in the secure, quiet sanctity of the church edifice, it seems impossible that that lone woman with the wildly beating heart was I!

Impossible, that that person trudging through the night

was the practical, ever-busy pastor of beautiful Angelus Temple at Echo Park, Los Angeles, California, with its weekly attendance of more than twenty-five thousand worshipers!

Impossible, that that half-distracted being whose cries were unheard, was the poised, composed president of that great Bible Training Academy, with nearly one thousand students!

. . . . . .

The entire grotesque episode—the kidnaping, the dark, blind moment when I sank into unconsciousness beneath the smothering blankets on the floor of that automobile the afternoon of May 18, 1926; the wild flight of that strange car which bore me away from the beach at Ocean Park, adjacent to Los Angeles, and some sixteen miles to the westward—bore me away—into nowhere; the captivity in that first house; the hurried move to the crude desert shack in Old Mexico, just over the border from Douglas, Arizona, four weeks later; the escape, the trek through the torrid heat, the stumbling, groping progress—all, all seem impossible.

Here, surrounded by thousands of loyal friends and members, dwelling in the shadow of the Temple walls with the massive, concrete columns and arches rising high to support a great dome and rear aloft those slender, silvered radio towers, it seems doubly impossible.

Looking down from my rose-draped windows upon the thousands of happy children trooping to Sunday school, the hundreds and thousands of members swarming up the streets for the morning sermon;

Looking over the peaceful greens of Echo Park where slender, graceful eucalyptus and lacy willows trail fresh, green fingers down to the crystal surface of the lake;

Looking down upon the electric cars unloading their quota of passengers at our door, the teeming motor cars parked as far as eye can see in every direction, the serene worshipers, Bible in hand, making their way to the House

of God, it seems not only impossible, but as totally incongruous with my entire life of nineteen years in the ministry as would be a page, torn from a dime novel, staring up from my open Bible, or an armed bandit with smoking guns appearing at the altars.

Of course, a church like this would naturally have its enemies.

In the drawer of my desk there had long reposed lists of addresses where the laws against bootlegging and narcotics were constantly violated in that "world" which is ruled completely and unquestionably by the powers of Satan—a world which is scarcely known or recognized by those of the upper strata of society, yet a world which is very real to a minister whose privilege and duty it has been to open the gates of hope to those bound by dope, liquor or the white slave traffic.

Ladies with their soft hands and sparkling diamonds, gentlemen with their formal garb and business airs, may raise their brows questioningly when one speaks of "the underworld" but it is no myth to one who has kneeled beside penitents at the altar and heard the sobbed-out stories of crushed hearts and broken lives which have been ground down by the ruthless wheels of this giant evil force. Being a woman evangelist, I have held in my arms scores of trembling little forms and listened to stories which it is doubtful a masculine evangelist would ever hear. To me this kingdom which exists just beneath the thinly veneered surface is a grim reality. It is a definite foe with a definite leadership, a real force with which to reckon.

Time after time, those converted and delivered from the shackling chains of dope, drink and the devil at the Temple altars, had risen to their feet with shining faces and sent their testimonies ringing out over the heads of the great assemblage, and incidentally, over our powerful radio. In recounting their experiences they had named people and places where they had obtained narcotics or liquor, or where they had gambled away homes and fortunes.

Frequently there had lain in my desk letters and notes of dire warning that kidnaping or death would result if we did not "lay off" such exposés.

The thing had gone so far that one of the large Los Angeles newspapers had published, the year previous, a headline article claiming to have uncovered a plot to kidnap me.

Kidnap? Impossible! Such things did not happen in this day and age, and above all, to an evangelist, the pastor of a large church who lived her life with her people and her children. I had dismissed the thought with an incredulous smile and had laid the threats aside as "crank" notes and promptly forgotten them. We had dealt telling blows at the underworld, but the thought of anybody striking back with a telling blow at the church had not been deemed worthy of serious consideration.

True, our faith had ever kept us at the battlefront in the march against the forces of sin, and had forced us into some very definite stands at the election polls, but even so, my kidnaping seemed impossible.

Absurd! Ludicrous!

But at night! At night when the mind slows down from the tension of the exacting days, then I know that it is true.

It is then that I live again those anguished hours—again look back over my shoulder for an approaching automobile with gleaming lamps, bumping over the sand, torn between hope that it will bear succor and fear that it will be driven by that iron woman from the shack.

Lying upon my pillow when the roar of the city is hushed, I am again, for the moment, that selfsame frightened pilgrim. The impressions of those awful weeks are still burning welts across my memory. The walls of my parsonage bedroom move out and once more I am lost in the desert.

It seemed impossible, that June night—the night of my

escape—that the shack was gone and in its place was an endless expanse of desert.

The dark adobe walls and ceiling were replaced by the star-slashed heavens.

The fitful flickering of the kerosene lamp had given place to the mystic night light of the heavens. The silvery moon, like a triumphant resplendent queen, had mounted her radiant throne—a coldly beautiful queen, tiara agleam with the twinkling gems of the night, worn high upon her regal brow. Her gown of trailing gossamer clouds floated about her as she swayed her jeweled scepter o'er the farflung chasm-shadowed land.

The little open window through which I had made my escape had become the windows of the night and opened upon the vast infinitudes of space.

The crude floor of that rude hut had been replaced by the warm undulating floor of the desert—hard packed like pavement, with loose gravel scattered here and there.

Gone were the broad shoulders of Steve framed in the doorway, gone the other dark-visaged man with the shaggy eyebrows who kept such silent and vigilant watch, gone was the ample-bosomed form of the woman they called Rose. There were no forms near me save those of the skeleton cactus lifting gaunt arms toward the sky.

During the day my cotton dress had been turned over my head for a crude sunbonnet to protect my face and arms from the rays of the sun; but now it was turned over my shoulders as a protection from the cool night wind which came as the Balm of Gilead to soothe the burning of my chafed wrists and ankles so recently held fast by bonds.

Truly the Father who never forgets His children, who sees each sparrow that falls, and who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, was looking down that day; for, as later testified by desert dwellers, the day was cooler than any for some time either before or after.

My lips were parched and my tongue was dry, but I was not suffering acutely. I was fortunate, too, in that

during most of the day my travels had led through a somewhat mountainous region, several degrees cooler than the flat desert.

Late in the afternoon I had set out toward a dark hill which I later learned to be Niggerhead Mountain, where I hoped to find water and shade. Fortunately, by walking toward a definite goal I had safeguarded myself against wandering in circles.

The moon was shining brightly and all the stars were looking down upon the desert ere I reached the hill. It was a beautiful sight, but I, who love the heavens, was in no mood to enjoy their glory on that night. I remembered with increasing dread many stories of people who had died in the desert, hopelessly lost, perishing for food and water.

"O God," I prayed, "Thou who didst lead the Children of Israel across the wilderness and guide them in all their journeys—Thou who didst provide for them insomuch that they were fed from the skies and watered from the rock, and didst even keep their shoes from wearing out—Thou who didst care for the three Hebrew children, and kept them safe, though cast into the fiery furnace, so that not a hair of their heads was singed, nor was the smell of burning upon their garments—Thou who hast ever looked down in pity upon Thy children in their trials—heard and answered their prayers—Thou hast never failed me before and Thou wilt not fail me now—hear my prayer and guide my weary footsteps to safety, for I am lost and sore distressed."

Scarce had I uttered that earnest plea for guidance, when to my unspeakable joy, having mounted a small elevation at the foot of Niggerhead Mountain, I saw a glow in the sky. Looking closely I distinguished a cluster of lights, too low, too bright for the stars.

It was—it was a city! How far away it seemed—yet there it lay! Thank God!

How many miles to those lights? Could I make it?

Yes, and I would!

As I afterward learned, the fitful glow in the sky was

the smelter fires of Douglas, Arizona, and the dancing white lights were those of the little adjoining village of Agua Prieta, Old Mexico. They were the last brazen lights burning within the houses of revelry and sin, in dance hall, saloon and gambling den; but to me that night they were the welcome lights of a city—a city that meant safety and rescue.

Winding my way down, I came to a road which showed signs of travel. New courage and inspiration came to me. I pressed on. My trembling limbs were becoming very uncertain and undependable. How far had I walked that day—ten miles or fifteen? It seemed that it must have been a score! The road made walking, oh, so much easier!

Ere long I saw, on my left, a small building. Was it a human habitation?

"Help!" I called. "Who's there?"

No answer.

The hut was deserted.

I went back to the road and started again. After more weary miles, distant lights appeared at my right. I shouted but my voice sounded discouragingly thin and small.

"Yoo-hoo! Help! H-E-L-P!"

Not the ghost of an answer.

At times I walked with my eyes closed, eyelids refusing to stay open.

"Yoo-o-o-hoo-o-o!" I called again.

This time I heard dogs barking in the distance. As I suddenly lifted up my head and took cognizance of my whereabouts, I saw a dark blotch which outlined itself against the sky. Was it—yes, it was a building, and a large one too—a great hulking shambling affair, the farthermost outline of which slunk away into the inky shadows.

If I could just keep going a little longer—just a little longer—

When the walls towered above me, I called again:

"Help! Won't you please help me? H-e-l-p!"

Instantly a volley of deafening barks and blood-curdling

snarls brought me sharply to a standstill riveted to the spot by the menace of this pack. Every call for help brought forth a fresh bombardment that shattered the brittle silence of the night. The huge dogs leaped against the straining fence—fell back and leaped again. Their savagery struck terror to my heart.

Was there anything prophetic in the dim outlines of that building, which a few minutes later I found to be a slaughter house? Anything prophetic in those crouching forms with taut muscles, in those deep-chested rumbles and sinister growls? Was there cause for chill foreboding in the black shadow of the walls or the barbed wire which wounded my hands as I sought for support?

. . . . . .

How marvelous that our God shrouds the future with an impenetrable cloud—drops a veil over all the to-morrows of our lives that not one of us may know what a day nor an hour will bring forth! Marvelous, and infinitely kind; for if we knew all that the future held, we might not always have the stamina to march on. Resolution might falter, courage might swoon at the fantastic monsters and the hooded goblins that lay just ahead. Gaunt specters might reach out their clammy hands, take us by the throat, denude us of our strength and leave us broken, fear-shattered by the way.

Had I been a seer with prophetic eye that night in the desert, I might have placed some significance in the fact that the first house I came to was a slaughter house, and the first person I met was a butcher.

Had I known all that was to come, would I have had courage to go on?

Had I known that the kidnaping and captivity, terrible as it had been, was but a tiny preface to a giant volume, a minor prelude before a crashing jargon, the first splash of rain before a cloudburst, the striking of a match before the conflagration;

Had I known of the clouds of religious persecution,

calumny, innuendo that were primed to belch forth their lightning of lurid hate upon the church, thunder forth anathemas and pour down such a deluge of malicious propaganda upon my own unsuspecting head—such a deluge as was cunningly calculated to annihilate the pastor of the work its enemies sought to destroy;

Had I known that even amidst the shouts of rejoicing of my people at the deliverance of their leader whom they had mourned as dead, there would be mingled the low, sinister rumblings of thwarted greed and foiled hatred already marshaling for a second attack;

Had I known this attack would be cunningly planned to throw a shadow upon my integrity, to discredit the kidnaping and cast aspersion and doubt in an effort to break my spirit and destroy my influence;

Had I known of the hideous nightmare months that would follow in seemingly endless procession all because one afternoon at the beach I had been approached on an errand of mercy;

Had I known of all the "stories" that would be hatched in the incubator of evil minds, some for material gain, some for publicity, and some through honest but blundering mistakes;

Had I known, as I stood listening to the barking of those dogs, of the newsboys who would soon be barking their papers—little fellows, some of them scarcely larger than their own headlines, huge bundles of pink, white, yellow or green papers under their arms, yelling to the four winds, edition after edition;

Had I but known as I was brought to a halt by the mad barking of the dogs, would I have gone on or would I have gone back?

In weaker moments, during the tribulations of those following hideous days—days upon which I look back with a shudder—days when taut nerves and breaking heart and quivering spirit cried out for respite and surcease from the burden which had fallen upon my shoulders because of my

refusal to lower our standard of faith, I felt that, had I known what was coming, I should have cried out that night in the desert:

"Father in Heaven, I can never drink this cup! Let it pass—Oh, let it pass from me!"

No sooner, however, would I stand again in the pulpit to preach, no sooner would I look out upon the sea of upturned faces of those who listened to the Word of God, than I would realize the unworthiness of such weakness. In that atmosphere of faith and love, I would be made to know that the good God, who "will not suffer us to be tested above that which we are able to bear," would have given me grace to say:

"Thy will, O my Father in Heaven—Thy will, not mine, be done."

For had I known all that would befall me, known of the court, the woman, the falsehoods, the people who would say they saw me here, there and yonder; had I been able to penetrate that which was wrapped in the misty future, I should also have known that "truth crushed to the earth will rise again," and that right would vanquish wrong. I should also have known that on the tenth day of January, 1927, the telephone would ring and that lifting the receiver from the hook, I should hear the voice coming over the wire announcing that the case was dismissed.

To rend the veil of the future would mean clear vision of the good as well as the ill it holds—the victory as well as the struggle.

I should have known that when the clouds had rolled back and the smoke of battle cleared, when the devil with his dragons had gone skulking back into the shadows from whence they came, the church would still stand firm upon the solid Rock of Ages.

If the barking of the dogs that night held any sinister warning or presentiment, if there was any significance in the slaughter house dripping with fresh blood, naught of it was

borne in upon my weary mind. My whole thought at that time was of refuge, a telephone, the police, home, children, church and work.

The veil was well lowered over the face of the future.

CHAPTER II

STORM SIGNALS

HEAVY steps.

A sputtering match.

A streak of flame through murky shadows.

Gray forms still leaping against the straining wire fence.

A man's voice thundered, silencing the dogs.

"Hello! What you want?"

As I stood there trembling with mingled joy and exhaustion, clinging to the fence, a light was struck in the house and a man came out.

He appeared rather rotund as he emerged, lantern in hand. His entire manner, voice and appearance, was gruff. His hair was awry and the thick stubble of beard on his face and the heavy hair on his arms made him appear unkempt. He was clothed only in his under garments.

Holding the lantern high, he peered into my face and through the barbed strands demanded in guttural, foreign accent:

"What you want?"

I had intended asking shelter, nourishment, care, but somewhat taken aback and discomfited by his gruff manner, I said:

"I've been kidnaped—I want the police—the police and the telephone."

Evidently understanding little but the word "police," he shook his head and pointed his finger in the direction I had been going. Vainly I tried to make him understand my plight until it seemed that I would drop where I stood on the other side of the fence.

The outskirts of the village were so near that I determined to press on. There I would be safe from recapture. I inquired:

"Have you an automobile?"

"No."

"A horse?"

"No— Come through fence—'Merican side."

"What is this place?" I asked, pointing up at the hulking outlines of the great building beside me.

"Slaughter house," he informed me. "Come in, you in Mexico now."

"Slaughter house!" I shuddered. "Mexico!"

The realization that I was on the international line was borne in upon me, but I was too tired to be amazed.

It was only a little way to the nearest house in the village, so I struggled on, away from the gaunt death-tainted shadows of the butcher's domain. Only a short distance—but oh, what an endless stretch!

Dancing dimly before my eyes was a light, by now the last, lone flicker in Agua Prieta, the Mexican village. Again I heard dogs barking, torturing the night air in a general uproar.

I came to the light. It was on the piazza of a large house which was surrounded by a fence and neatly kept hedge. Here I trusted would be hospitality and succor. I rattled the gate, more dogs barked.

"Help me!" I called. "Will you please help me?"

"What is it? Come in," a man spoke in a mixture of Spanish and broken English.

I made my way up the walk to the piazza.

"What do you wish, Señora?" This asked by the same man's voice from the shadows beyond the open window of a sleeping room.

"I want—police. Please—help. Have you tel—phone?" My tongue just wouldn't form the syllables.

"No, Señora, telephone across street, one block."

Turning from the piazza, I went down the steps and started down the walk saying to myself dully:

"One block—just—one—more—block—now. Just one more—"

Wavering to and fro on the walk, I reached the gate, partly opened it, then crumpled. The last thing I remember was that when I fell my head was lower than my body, and I was half in and half out of the gate. They tell me that I was unconscious for two hours. The people had come out of the house, and they said afterward they had thought me dead. When they saw life was still in me, they laid me on the piazza and covered me with blankets.

What kindly folk they were! Though they did not understand much English, they grasped my first request and pressed a glass of water to my lips.

How good it was! I called for a second glass. Water and the police were the two words uppermost in my mind just then.

The man raised my head while the woman chafed my hands.

"Señorita—señora," I heard him say through that mist of half-consciousness.

"What is the matter? What is the matter?"

How good it was to look into a kindly woman's face again. I thought of "Rose" back there in the shack—of the hard, cruel look that even her gushing "dearie" could not hide.

How different was the woman's face, now bending so anxiously over mine! How beautiful she looked to me!

The next faces I saw were Mexican, too, kindly and anxious.

In answer to my questions I was told by one of the men that this was Agua Prieta.

Agua Prieta? Where was that? In Mexico, surely, but where?

"Douglas—'Merican city—over there," volunteered another man.

"The police—I want the police," I whispered.

"Señora, I am of the police," was the reply.

The people into whose yard I had stumbled had sent for

an officer. I seized his hand. Here were the police, law, authority—the power to protect me.

When I had revived a little, these kindly folk summoned an American taxicab driver who took me across the border to an American hospital in Douglas, Arizona, and called an American policeman.

This policeman told the hospital authorities that he would guarantee my bill, whoever I was. I was an American woman in need of care. That was enough for him.

At the hospital I had difficulty in persuading any one that I was Mrs. McPherson.

"Are you sure you are Mrs. McPherson?" they would ask.

"Absolutely."

"Have you any proof of it?"

"N-no."

"Do you mean that you are Aimee Semple McPherson?"

"Yes, I do."

A man came in and looked at me closely. He paced back and forth across the floor, hands behind his back, then came to the bed and looked at me again. Time after time he repeated this, shaking his head. Something seemed to be troubling him greatly.

"Would you mind—" he finally began apologetically.

"Mind what?" I asked.

"Would you mind—"

"What is it?"

"Would you mind blowing your breath in my face—just once?"

"Why, no," I said wonderingly, not realizing what he might mean by such a request. I did not understand that because I had been found across the border, he would think I was some poor woman who had been drinking and had just imagined I was Mrs. McPherson.

At last they believed me and a nurse hurried out to telephone my home in Los Angeles.

Almost hysterical with weariness and excitement I lay

there waiting. Some one was impatiently clicking the receiver hook on the telephone outside my door. Would they never get the call through?

Then Los Angeles was on the line.

Having mourned me as dead, when the news of my presence in that Douglas hospital first went singing over the wire, my people were naturally incredulous.

The nurse came running into the room. What would I have her say for me that would prove to those far away who I was?

Quickly I searched my mind, then repeated little things about my girlhood that no one but my immediate family would remember.

I told her to say that the scar on my finger was from a cut suffered when a little girl, and that the man who cut me in that accident was named Pinkston. I told about my pet pigeon, Jennie, and the cat named Whitetail.

But there had been so many rumors, so many sensational reports of which I knew nothing—so many times the word had come, "She is here—she is there."

At last the men who had brought me to the hospital reentered the room.

"Can you manage to come to the telephone yourself?" they asked.

Could I? If that telephone had been a mile away, even a mile of desert road, I would have gone to it.

I could scarcely hold the receiver or control my voice in that first eager greeting.

And back over those miles of wires came voices I had never expected to hear again.

In that Douglas hospital, clinging to the telephone with the nurses smiling around me, I breathed this prayer of joy:

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

Joy was unbounded at my end of the line; but at the other end, so they afterward told me, it overflowed all banks and leaped all barriers of restraint. In Temple and Bible

School the congregation and students gave a shout! Services and school were forgotten on the instant.

Leaping to their feet, they danced down the aisles. The most dignified and imperturbable teachers jumped three feet in the air. Through crowded doors the throngs swept down the stairs, scorning elevators and out into the streets they flooded. Commandeering anything to make a noise, Temple drums, pans from hardware stores, whistles and bells from drug stores, horns and whatnots from any place, they formed a big, ever-growing impromptu parade of celebration.

The festival of joyous noise attracted the entire district and people came rushing out of homes and stores to join the fête.

. . . . . .

To-morrow! To-morrow my loved ones would be with me!

Before dawn I slept a little, but there was too much excitement in the air, too many people coming and going, too many groups gathering to stand outside the hospital fence, as the news spread. And into my room came, with kindly greetings and proffered assistance, the mayor and his wife, the police chief, the fire chief, ministers, representatives of the Chamber of Commerce with flowers and greetings, ladies with clothing and toilet articles, the local newspaper men who sent the first news over the wires. The hospitality, love and care showered upon me that day made the people of Douglas seem to me just about the most wonderful people I had ever met.

Under the kindly ministrations of the nurses, my feverish eyes cleared and my whirling brain began to grasp the fact of my deliverance.

Standing a protective guard outside my window at all times was a Douglas police officer.

Others of the force were examining all cars crossing the Mexican border. It was feared, however, that the kidnapers would, with twenty hours' start, have made their getaway.

Desert trackers came frequently to the foot of my bed, asked some question or other, then strode out again to renew their observations.

These sons of the desert, clear and level of eye, wiry and keenly alert, were men of few words but of deliberate and concerted action—fine upstanding men, as honest and big as the great outdoors which was their own. They made trip after trip into the desert and back again, ranging in and out of my room with their long strides. They penciled maps on the back of envelopes and asked me if I remembered a fence here or a ravine there.

There were the men who found my footprints fifteen miles out from Agua Prieta. Carrying one of my shoes, they fitted it to the tracks and drew a map of the territory covered. They discovered many shacks throughout the sparsely inhabited country. In their search they came across huts which they had not known existed.

These were the men—their native honesty and integrity shining from their eyes and backed by years of experience and splendid reputation along the border country—who journeyed to Los Angeles and gave testimony as to their findings. I learned to know these men quite well during those hours at Douglas, and I read in the look that beclouded their eyes, the resentment they felt concerning the floundering activities of the "tenderfoot" officers from Los Angeles who arrived debonairly spick-and-span the next morning—their resentment against the all-too-apparent prejudices and smart questionings of the newcomers concerning my statements—statements which the desert men knew to be true.

It was on June twenty-second that I made my escape and the early morning hours of the twenty-third that I was carried to the hospital in Douglas and on the morning of the twenty-fourth my family was to arrive by train to take me home.

The nurses had bathed me, brushed and braided my hair and made use of the many conveniences which thoughtful

Douglas ladies had brought in an effort to make me look my best. But oh, the hours of waiting seemed so long!

. . . . . .

A roar in the sky! All Douglas looked Heavenward.

One—two—three—four—and more they came and more, topping the horizon. Great mechanical birds of passage cleaving the air, spiraling downward for the landing field.

Thundering automobiles drawing up to the hospital door, shrieking brakes, car doors slamming heavily.

Footsteps—boots—boots—boots, marching up and down again, in the corridors, on the sidewalks, up the steps, across the piazza—everywhere!

I turned my head restlessly from side to side on the pillow. The nurses soothed me, bade me not become nervous or excited. The uproar marked the arrival of a flock of newspaper men from everywhere. There were newspaper men from neighboring cities. There were newspaper men from Los Angeles whose planes had raced and far outstripped more newspaper men on trains.

Hearing the planes whirring over my head, I was reminded of the Bible verse which says "Where the body is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

It did not seem that there would be enough pickings on my poor bones for them all, or even to afford a tidbit for their clientele.

Turning my head on my pillow, I could see the front yard practically filled with men. Whereas the townspeople had stood on the outside of the fence, lest they intrude upon my first hours of rest, the newspaper men swarmed over everything, rushing to make early editions. Reporters and photographers set up cameras on the lawn, taking pictures of the hospital. They climbed to the porches, photographed the nurses; and then the door of my room, which opened upon the piazza, was thrown wide and in they trooped armed with cameras and flashlight powder and bristling with questions—

"How are you?"

"How did you get here?"

"Where have you been?"

"Look this way, please, Mrs. McPherson."

"Turn your head a little to the right now."

Bang! Flash!

"You have lost a lot of weight, haven't you?"

"I hear your captors cut off some of your hair. May I see the place?"

"I say! Your wrists are red! Is that where they had you tied?"

"What did you think about?"

"How far did you walk?"

"Do you mind if the nurse raises you up on a pillow a little for this photograph?"

Click, click— Whir-r-r-r! Motion picture cameras!

"I am from the Associated Press, Mrs. McPherson."

"I am from the Pathé News!"

Scores of them from papers, or representing papers, all over the universe; interviews, questions, snapping cameras and booming flashlights until my head reeled and several times I nearly fainted.

What confusion! What a scene! The place was literally bombarded and attacked by industrious representatives of the press.

Quivering and weak though I was, I tried to answer all their questions. I frankly and truthfully told them everything they asked, even to the most minute detail. Squad by squad they came in turn to hear my account. Nothing would do but I must tell it all over again, and again. The entire morning, as well as most of the preceding day and night, despite the protest of the nurses, was one long nightmare of reporters.

As the door at the foot of my bed would open, disturbing my rest, the resounding boom of a flashlight would ring out, torturing me, in my extremely nervous state, like the searing burn of a red-hot iron.

At last the greedy cameras seemed satisfied and the last

sensation-hungry reporter had hustled around the corner.

Surely now I would be allowed to rest.

But hark!

With cutouts open and horns honking in the distance, louder and louder, closer and closer, descended a *new* thundering herd from the depot.

More reporters, more photographers, and the same wearying, monotonous question-mill started again, grinding out its tireless round of "Whys, wheres, whats, whens, whos and hows."

It seemed that this second onslaught would surely finish me, but somehow I survived, still answering as patiently and courteously as I knew how.

At length the nurses succeeded in getting every one out of the room, and bade me rest, saying:

"Your family will be here in a moment, now."

Every nerve strained as I listened to catch the familiar footfalls, the lilting cadence of happy young voices, the pattering feet amongst the noise of many feet.

A car drew up. There has been many cars, but instinctively I knew this was *the* car. My arms opened. I tried to still the trembling of my lips. They were almost at the door.

My darlings!

But crowding through the door with them came a tall, heavy-set police detective of Los Angeles and his smooth-faced young son-in-law, an assistant in the district attorney's office, and disappointed, I hastily dropped the curtain over the expression of emotion that one shows only to one's own.

These men told me that it was imperative that the pictures be posed all over again that they might appear with me.

A little pucker gathered between my eyes that they should intrude at this time, in these first moments of reunion.

My arms went out to my dear ones; a wave of the greatest joy swept over me. My own folks, my blessed children! I wanted to tell them of my love and happiness

at seeing them again. I wanted to be alone with my own for this one reunion after fleeing what might well have been the jaws of death.

But as the children rushed into my arms, each of the two men pulled up a chair and sat down, one on either side of the bed. I wondered vaguely at their lack of courtesy and understanding, but there they sat, looking with strange eyes on the happy reunion of a little family upon which tragedy had lain heavily for weeks.

Within a few minutes another stranger came into my room. My family was pushed aside and the question-mill began all over again. The third stranger was a stenographer brought in at the behest of the two men. Then, for what must have been hours on hours, they questioned me regarding each minute detail of my experience.

"What was the color of his suit?"

"What kind of a necktie did the other man wear?"

"Was his coat belted or straight?"

"Did he wear a hat or cap?"

"What was the make of the hat?"

"How wide was the brim?"

"Of what material was the big man's suit?"

The following day I went with them in a motor car out across the desert in an effort to find the shack. All the desert looked alike to me. There were hills, cactus, sagebrush and sand—gray sand—in every direction.

To the East, West, North and South, were the same little rolling hills with Niggerhead, the only landmark, standing out above them. Within the radius of search there lay many hundreds of square miles of uncharted country.

As we returned through Agua Prieta to cross the line to Douglas, an official of the little Mexican village indicated his desire to speak to me. He said, through an interpreter, that he wished to talk with me privately. Leading the way into a café, he went into a booth, asking the interpreter and me to follow. The official closed the door furtively, glanced around, sat down and started to talk.

He was very insistent that no one, not even the police official from Douglas, now a friend of mine, should come in. I said there was nothing that could be discussed with me that could not be said in the presence of this police officer, but the Mexican was very mysterious and insistent that what he had to say was for my ears alone.

And what he said placed him in the vanguard of that column of despicable persons who were to come, who would say whatever anybody wanted them to say for money.

"Mrs. McPherson, I have been offered a certain sum of money by some people to give a written statement that I do not believe your story of kidnaping and desert experience to be true. Now, I need the money, but I have no particular desire to hurt you. If you could see your way clear to—oh, probably pay me as much as I have been offered, I am sure I would find it convenient to give a statement just the opposite to what they want; that is, that your story is true and I am convinced of it."

A blackmailer!

Here was a man coolly making a proposition that if he was not paid so many American dollars, he would give a written statement to the effect that my experience had never taken place.

Face to face for the first time, but not the last time, by any means, with an unscrupulous person who wanted to exact a toll to keep from lying, I walked out of the café hardly dignifying the swarthy plotter with an answer.

This was the beginning of a trial of offers from corrupt people who desired to take from me everything of material value I might possess. My position seemed to be a signal for every charlatan to gather, in hope of material gain.

CHAPTER III

THE HOMECOMING

SAND!

Gray sand!

Whirling, swirling dervishes of burning sand!

Beating a tattoo upon the windows of the speeding train!

Reporters—voices—typewriters—everybody in the car rushing madly here and there with hands full of telegraph blanks.

Upon leaving Douglas I had spoken to a crowd at the train, in what must have been a somewhat weak voice, in an endeavor to express to all those wonderful people my gratitude for their courtesy, love and care.

Standing on the station platform, I read from the hundred and seventh psalm:

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy . . .

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy; . . .

"They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

"And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation."

The railroad officials told me that a special car had been provided for myself and party, but when I got into the car I found that the party consisted of my little family plus a host of newspaper men and photographers which completely filled the car and crowded us out.

They were still asking questions, and demanding interviews. I tried to be polite to everybody; but I was so tired—so utterly, unspeakably, weary and weak. The white

face and the black-circled eyes that looked back at me from my mirror caused a second, startled glance to be sure that it was really I.

"What'd you say?"

"What'd he say?"

"Where'd you go?"

On and on—on and on in endless circles, one interview after another.

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!

Talk! Talk! Talk!

The same two men who had sat at each side of my bed in the Douglas Hospital and who were to be ever in the background of the picture for the next months—those two officials of a faith quite removed from our Protestant religion—were still on the train. They would question me for awhile; go to the reporters who had the telegraph blanks in their hands; come back and talk to me, then again report to the newspaper men, to whom they were most obliging and anxious to help get "stories."

This pair told me, after we had left Douglas, that there were a couple of men "up the line" in a little town, who declared they had seen me there walking down the street alone, a short time previously. Conveniently our train was to pass through this town some time after midnight. I might retire now for a little while, they told me, but please be ready to meet the two men.

"But how absurd!" I exclaimed. "And I am so tired!"

The heat of the day, the continuous jostle of the train, the clatter of typewriters, the rushing to and fro and the meeting of countless people had nauseated me.

"I want to do everything to assist the officials, but this is so unreasonable and so uncalled for. I was not in that town and I am so tired," I reiterated.

But the officials said it would be to my best interest to be up and dressed lest one of the reporters "write up a story" inferring that I feared to meet the men.

My eyes opened wide at the threat which the suggestion

seemed to contain. Despite my weariness I felt I must meet them and settle this thing at once.

Every time the train stopped, voices of people could be heard calling:

"Where is Sister McPherson? We want to see her."

I had spoken many times during the afternoon, beginning at Douglas and continuing on through each town and village where thousands of my friends had crowded the streets to greet me and rejoice over my return. At each of these stops the two Los Angeles officials stood beside me while I talked, and the elder frequently made speeches to the crowd as I introduced him and his son-in-law at his special request.

At last night came down; the berths were made up and we were permitted to retire. Hungrily, I gathered my precious children into my arms, holding them tightly, kissing first one and then the other, running my fingers through my sixteen-year-old daughter's long golden curls, patting the broadening shoulders of my young son.

Lying there with my eyes open, staring into the darkness, there came over me, in addition to my unrest, a feeling of uneasiness. What was this disquieting spirit that was abroad in the air? Why did those men go back and whisper to the reporters? Why were the newsgatherers talking about this being a "good story" and that being a "corking yarn"? What a feverish look they had in their eyes as they declared they were fearful of being "scooped!"

I lived over the strange words of the unscrupulous Mexican official, who, besides the other threats, had suggested he "might have seen me drinking liquor at a bar" during the time of my absence, unless I acceded to his demand for five thousand dollars. Who were these two men who were going to board the train at midnight and what would they say?

The train rocked and creaked and shouted its way on through the night. The voices in the car grew hushed. I was falling down, down, down into a chasm of black smothering wool—asleep.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

Somebody was pounding something somewhere.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

Where was I? In the shack in the desert? Oh—no—it must be the hospital. That big florid-faced detective and his son-in-law must be back pounding on the door of my hospital room.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

I sat up in my berth.

Yes, it was the selfsame pair, only this was the train instead of the hospital.

"Get up, Sister!" they called. "We're almost there."

I blinked my heavy eyes rather dazedly.

"Sister! Sister! Are you up?"

Our minds often dwell on trivialities at peculiar times. So I wondered then why it was that these two officers always called me "Sister" so glibly and easily while the reporters addressed me as "Mrs. McPherson."

Some time later I understood the reason that that word came so naturally to their lips when, during the subsequent visits of the older of the two to our parsonage, I saw a sweet-faced nun waiting in his car. He was, I later learned, her brother.

When I came out of the stateroom on the train, they led me to the middle of the car and had me sit where the light was strongest. Then all the newspaper people who had been lying down to rest with their clothes on, came out of their sections. All the curtains of upper and lower berths seemed to open simultaneously—legs, arms, faces, tousled heads coming into view. It looked like resurrection morning!

With a creak of brakes and a jolt the train came to a stop. Every one crowded around until there was a circle about me. There seemed to be a feeling of anticipation abroad; a feeling that something interesting was about to happen; that here was a choice bit of news.

Down the aisle came two men led by the officer "son-in-

law." Though there was only one other woman in the car, a newspaper writer, the officer turned to these two men and said:

"Can you pick out the woman here whom you saw?"

The man who came first was a quiet-looking business man. I rose and said:

"I am Mrs. McPherson."

He took one look at me and then turned to the officer and said:

"I am mistaken. I have never seen this lady before. I am sorry to have disturbed you, madam."

Then came the other man who, with one brief glance, said:

"Sure! I have seen her before! She looks like the woman!"

That was the signal for pads of paper to flash into sight, pencils to start careening madly over yellow telegraph blanks, carrying "stories" to the world. Some reporters did not even stop for the end of the conversation but dashed for the door of the car to file their wires.

I sat back in my seat stunned, waiting for the officials to question my "identifier," but they did not make any effort, so I rose to my feet and did my own questioning.

I asked the man where he saw the woman, and he named the street. I asked how she was dressed. He said that her hat was drawn low over her face and shaded her eyes.

"What led you to imagine it was Mrs. McPherson?" I asked. "Had you ever met me or even seen me?"

"No," he admitted.

"Had you ever heard me preach?"

"No," he repeated.

"Then how could you possibly know that the woman passing you on the street, a woman whom you had never seen, was Mrs. McPherson?"

"I knew because my wife had once brought home a photograph of Mrs. McPherson."

"Was this photograph of full length or head and shoulders?"

"Head and shoulders."

"Just what part of her photograph most resembled this woman?" I pressed.

"I knew her by her eyes," he answered, forgetting perhaps that a moment before he had said her hat was drawn low and shaded her eyes.

"The woman had also a peculiar walk which I noticed," he said.

I urged him to describe this walk. Then I walked up and down in what those about me knew to be my natural gait and he grudgingly said:

"That walk does not look like that of the woman I saw."

He had had an indistinct fleeting glimpse of a woman with a hat low over her face, and had identified her as a woman he had never seen. This was my first experience with "identifications," many of which were to follow, some even more absurd than this. Against the unreasonable injustice of all of them I was just as defenseless and helpless as I was against this particular one; and, of course, all were flung to the world in newspaper headlines.

Further rest and sleep that night were out of the question.

By the time the typewriters had settled down and the hubbub of voices was stilled, daylight was streaming through the windows and hands were again knocking at my door. There were more people to be spoken to from the platform. They were wiring the train and congregating all along the line.

The train moved on through the intervening miles to Los Angeles; miles gladdened now with flowers and friends.

Los Angeles—one glimpse of the multitudes of members and Christian friends assembled there, banished for the time the weight of weariness and anxiety that had cloyed my thoughts and hung a mist before my eyes.

The vague presentiments that flew like huge bats about

my head through the sleepless night as the train stormed over the plains, took wings and disappeared.

For the moment I could think of nothing but the wonderful love of my people. For three and a half years I had preached from the pulpit of Angelus Temple to its great congregations and to other thousands throughout radioland. It seemed that every one of those many thousands had come to the station that day, and my heart was melted at their loving esteem and joyous welcome.

Following is the way the reception appeared to Los Angeles *Examiner* writers:

"With the cheers of Douglas ringing in her ears, Aimee Semple McPherson started her journey home.

"In the midst of a riot of frantic cheering, of shrieking automobile sirens, of factory whistles, she reached Los Angeles yesterday afternoon.

"Presidents have traveled across the country and found along the way a lesser demonstration than the spontaneous, eager welcome, the surging crowds at every station, the happy groups at lonely desert sidings, all for the slender little woman whose radiant smile shone through tears of joy.

"She left Douglas at 9 o'clock Friday night, with a special car of the Southern Pacific's Golden State Limited at the service of the McPherson party.

"Her last sight of Douglas was the waving hands, the fluttering handkerchiefs of a crowd that surged about the special car as it stood on a siding, waiting for the westbound train, and ran beside it as it was switched over, coupled fast and started westward.

" 'Oh, Douglas, God bless you. God bless you,' Mrs. McPherson cried as she leaned over the railing of the rear platform, her arms filled with the crimson roses that were the last gift from her Douglas friends.

"Roberta and Rolf were there, close to their mother. They waved their good-bys, they called promises to come back again.

"Twenty miles from Douglas the train pulled into Bis-

bee Junction, a little desert town where the line for Bisbee turns off. Under the station lights were more people, men, women, and children, waiting, hurrying up as the train drew near, eagerly scanning the windows.

"Mrs. McPherson had gone to bed. She was very tired. She had spent hours that day, hours the night before, driving and walking over the wild country along the line, searching for the way she had gone once before. Only her indomitable will and her enthusiasm kept her up.

" 'She's gone to bed,' some one called from the train platform at Bisbee Junction.

"There was a cry of disappointment from the crowd.

" 'We've come eight miles to see her. Can't she look out for just a minute?' shouted a man.

"Three minutes later Mrs. McPherson was on the platform, waving to her new friends. She had risen and dressed, tired as she was, so that she might not disappoint the people who had come so far.

"Even at the little stations between Bisbee Junction and Tucson, there were people waiting. They knew that the train would not stop, but they were there to see it pass.

"It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when the train reached Tucson. Here the crowd was bigger than ever, late as it was. Again, many of them had come for miles, driving in from little nearby towns and ranches.

"There was a short delay, fifteen minutes, while Mrs. McPherson talked with the man who had been brought to meet the train so that he might 'say whether or not Mrs. McPherson were the woman he had seen on a street in Tucson four weeks ago.'

"Mrs. McPherson was anxious to meet him.

" 'I want to see every one who thinks he or she has seen me anywhere at all in the past month,' she said. 'I know it is impossible but even so, no questions must be left unanswered.'

"She was reluctant to end her talk with the man, even when she was told that the train, already held past its sched-

ule, could wait only five minutes longer. Outside the crowd was growing impatient, and shouts for 'Sister McPherson' rang through the curtained windows, opened because of the intense desert heat that made the trip a hard one.

"Again from the platform Mrs. McPherson spoke to the crowd, and cries of 'Praise God' rang out in welcome for her, and followed her as the train rolled out.

"After Tucson there were a few hours of rest for the tired woman, but all through the night as the train roared past Maricopa, Gila and the other baking desert towns, shadowy forms were dimly seen in the station lights—more new friends waiting to see Aimee Semple McPherson's train go by.

"Yuma welcomed her in the full morning light. The sun, already hot and intense, beat down on the crowd that filled the space along the tracks and pushed close to the McPherson car.

"At the crest of the ramps that lead down to Yuma's station, sat Indian squaws who daily bring their beads and pottery to sell to travelers. Crouched over the gay blankets, spread before them and strewn with brilliant strings of beads, the squaws shook back their long black hair to gaze at the white woman who had come back from the desert. They nudged each other and pointed, as the crowd surged close to the car, eager to catch every word that Mrs. McPherson spoke, in a voice strained and husky from weariness and long hours of talking.

" 'Who has heard me over the radio? Who has been to Angelus Temple?' she called.

"Everywhere in the crowd, hands went up.

"A little girl pushed her way to the front.

" 'Don't you remember me, Sister McPherson?' she cried. 'I was hurt—my leg was hurt, and you prayed for me. I'm so much better now.'

" 'Bless you, of course I remember you, Rosie,' smiled the evangelist.

"Niland welcomed her. Indio sent its crowd. She was given scarcely time to go back to her drawing-room before the call would come:

" 'Sister McPherson, here's another station—and more people waiting for you.'

"It was not only at the towns that the people were waiting. They came from the ranches along the line, from the little farms, from the packing plants, to gather in eager groups and wave their welcome.

"Banning greeted her. Beaumont was there. Redlands lined the tracks on both sides with shouting men and women.

"It was a little after noon when the train reached Colton, where Mrs. McPherson was to speak over the radio with every Los Angeles broadcasting station and others in nearby cities joining to pick up her words and send them out over the country.

"The crowd at Colton closed in behind the observation car, on the platform of which stood Mrs. McPherson and her family and as many others as could wedge their way into the little space.

"In a solid moving mass the crowd closed in, following the train as it slowed down and stopped. There must have been three thousand persons in that throng. Freight cars waiting on other tracks had their roofs lined with men who clambered up the iron ladders. Hundreds of automobiles, parked along the side of the station, were covered with people clinging to their tops.

"Just as the train pulled in, a telegram was handed to Mrs. McPherson. She read it.

" 'Oh, praise God,' she cried, 'I knew they would find it. God led them to it.'

"The telegram brought word that a posse at Douglas had located a shack believed to be the shack of Mrs. McPherson's captivity.

"Hurriedly the microphone was connected and lifted to the platform.

" 'Please, dear people, won't you be still for just a minute?' The crowd hushed its cheering.

"She spoke into the magic black circle that caught up her words and sent them flying into thousands of distant places. Her first message on the air was a prayer of thanksgiving, and from the crowd rose a joyous 'Amen' as she finished.

"Briefly Mrs. McPherson spoke of her happiness in being restored to safety, of her faith that divine hands had guided her in her escape.

"Then, as the crowd cheered again and again, she moved on.

"The scene was repeated at Ontario and Pomona and all the rest of the way to Los Angeles. Although the train didn't stop, Mrs. McPherson left her luncheon to wave and smile through a window at the enthusiastic crowds."

Here is the report by the writer who was at the depot:

"Welcomed home by crowds estimated at more than fifty thousand persons, Aimee Semple McPherson, 'dead' to her congregation and to the world for more than a month, last night was safe at Angelus Temple.

"For the first time since the Administration building, Mrs. McPherson's home behind the Temple, was erected, its iron gates were closed. A huge padlock was clasped upon the hasps and grim-visaged guards paced solemnly before the portals.

"Inside the house, the noted evangelist was busy preparing a sermon for to-day (Sunday) in the temple.

" 'It will be the one I was preparing before I was kidnaped,' she said. 'My work will go on just as though nothing happened. I am so happy I scarcely know what to do or say. God has been very good to me. Every one has been so kind. God bless them all.'

"The return of the noted pastor of the Four Square Gospel was one of the largest demonstrations ever enacted in Los Angeles. Her welcome at the Southern Pacific station, where thousands of her disciples greeted her with prayer and song, was one of wild joy and enthusiasm.

"In the crush of the thousands who struggled and fought for a glimpse of her as she was borne from the train upon a litter of garlands, Mrs. McPherson was all but smothered.

"After addressing the crowds that stormed her home, Mrs. McPherson was on the verge of collapse. Weakly she sank back from the balcony from which she greeted her congregation and two policemen tenderly carried her into the house.

"A few moments later Mrs. McPherson recovered her composure and rushed to the temple, while the worshipers rocked the edifice with a thundering ovation.

" 'Praise God!' they shouted. 'Sister is home again!'

"As early as noontime the railroad station was swarming with thousands of members of the temple and others who sought places of vantage to witness her return home.

"The streets outside were cleared of automobiles at 1 P.M. and traffic was hopelessly jammed for blocks around. Sixty policemen formed a cordon around the depot and platoons of firemen aided in keeping the huge throng in check.

"Cowboys were on hand to help keep order and presented a picturesque touch to the celebration of welcome. The cowboys are members of the temple congregation and flanked either side of Mrs. McPherson's automobile when she left the depot.

"As time for the arrival of the Golden Gate Limited neared, several hundred white-robed temple disciples were admitted to the train yard. They formed in two lines, making an aisle through which Mrs. McPherson was carried from the car. In their arms they carried Bibles and flags.

"Young girls from the temple carried great clusters of roses which were strewn in their leader's path as she was borne on the shoulders of church ushers to her motor car.

"Beneath the scene of celebration, however, there was a note of sadness in the welcome. The white-robed followers of the Four Square Gospel wept when they saw their leader

"I like to live in the hills where I can see the city, mountains and sea."

International Newsreel.

again. They cheered and sang, but it was through a mist of tears.

"And it was a changed 'Sister' they greeted. First they noticed the drawn lines in her face. Her cheeks, too, were sunken and the brightness of her eyes was dimmed. The suffering she had undergone showed only too plainly despite the happy smiles that wreathed her face.

"And when she spoke her first words of greeting, the fatigue was more evident. It was not the same ringing voice they knew so well. It was a voice that trembled, a weak voice that in spite of itself bespoke tortures.

"The welcome at the train completely overwhelmed the evangelist and when she finally arrived at her home under heavy police escort she was on the verge of collapse. Five thousand worshipers were awaiting her in the temple, singing hymns of praise while they waited for their leader to appear again on the rostrum.

"Outside the McPherson home another five thousand persons jammed the streets and joined in the refrains that rolled from the open church doors.

"All along the railroad tracks thousands of people watched for the train which was bearing the minister back to the city. Roof tops and fences were black with humanity. Trees and telegraph poles supplied perches for the more adventurous watchers. Banners of welcome were flung to the breeze. Festoons of flowers were everywhere. Bells, horns and sirens mingled with the shouts of the crowd that milled and surged against the railroad yard fences.

"Then, above the roar of the crowd, came the blast of a locomotive.

" 'Here she comes,' the crowd shouted.

"Before the police could check the stampede that followed, part of the yard fence was pushed in and a deluge of humanity poured into the enclosed area.

"The train pulled to a stop before it reached the station, and the observation car in which the McPherson party was riding was dropped off.

"On the platform, Mrs. McPherson stood with her family, a bouquet of red roses in her arms. As soon as the car stopped there was a wild scramble. In a twinkling dozens of people had leaped aboard. They clung to the railing and the bumpers. Even the switch engine was captured by the enthusiastic greeters.

"All during the shunting of the observation car to the spot in the yard chosen for the official welcome demonstration, people were jumping on and off the car, fighting to touch Mrs. McPherson's hand.

"To all, the evangelist bowed and offered a blessing.

" 'God bless you,' she said to me. 'Don't get killed just to see me. I'll always be at the temple, you know.'

"As the train slowed down, the Angelus Temple band and choir played 'Wonderful Savior.' Even with the volumes of brass and voices, the hymn was all but lost upon the thundering roar of welcome from the crowds.

"The train came to a dead stop and was at once engulfed by the evangelist's followers. The fire department band burst forth with 'Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow,' and a fireman pinned an honorary battalion chief's badge upon the evangelist as she waved a greeting to her welcomers.

"Another group of firemen placed a great bouquet of blossoms in Mrs. McPherson's arms. For some minutes she tried to make herself heard above the tumult but she could not be heard even by those at her side.

"Then, holding up her hand, she stilled the cheers. Thousands of hands went up with hers.

" 'Can you hear me?' she asked.

" 'Yes. Speak to us, Sister, speak to us!' thundered the answer.

"Mrs. McPherson leaned far over the car rail and held one hand to her throat as she tried to make her brief address. The cheers, however, from those who could not see her, made it almost impossible to hear her.

" 'My voice is not very strong,' she said. 'I haven't had

very much to eat lately. I am so happy to be here, I hardly know what to say. This wonderful demonstration has overwhelmed me. God bless you!'

"Before she was raised from the platform into the flower-bedecked chair, Mrs. McPherson again raised her hand.

" 'Praise the Lord,' she urged. 'Every one now, praise the Lord!'

"Like a booming echo came the mighty chorus:

" 'Praise the Lord!'

"Waving greetings as she was carried to her car, Mrs. McPherson was almost crushed in the rush of the throngs to shake her hand and bid her welcome.

"The decorations were brushed from the chair and it was with great difficulty that the police and firemen kept her from being hurt.

" 'They wouldn't hurt me,' Mrs. McPherson told her guardians. 'They wouldn't for the world; at least, not on purpose. How I love them all!' "

. . . . . .

When others at the depot saw merely the sea of faces upturned and what appeared to be acres of white uniforms, I, through a mist of tears, caught the spirit of loving friends, thousands of whom had been converted in our meetings, throngs with whom I had prayed in hours of sickness and distress; the Sunday-school children, whom I had watched grow up from tiny tots; the members, to most of whom I had administered the ordinance of baptism and communion; the branch churches, from the country round about; the Silver Band, playing joyously.

Other people saw a beautiful car and a chair decorated with flowers; but I saw only the loving fingers that had fastened the blossoms there.

The idea of my church officers carrying me over the heads of the crowd and lifting me into the car—me, who had carried *them* around, figuratively speaking, for so long!

Imagine, if you can, the joy of that reunion between pastor

and people, the reuniting of the little undershepherd and the flock.

With brimming eyes I made my way down to the Temple altars and fell upon my knees behind the pulpit where a thousand times I had stood and preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Oh, the peace, the comfort, the rest ever to be found in the sanctuary of the Most High! How often was I to find peace and comfort in that same sanctuary during the days of coming storm; days when the devil would strike his second blow and hurl across our sunny seas the darksome cloud of his evil fury; days when he would lash the waves of public opinion into a confused tempest of foam-flecked mad billows, with his whip of innuendo, diabolic plot and intrigue, and start what he hoped would be a cataclysm that would sink us 'neath the waves of oblivion.

As I knelt in prayer I could hear the thousands of people pouring down the carpeted aisles; the soft humming undercurrent of excitement subdued by a deep, reverent spirit of praise and worship which permeated the atmosphere. The great circular rows of shining mahogany seats, tier upon tier, were filling like magic. Fifty-three hundred people were seated there in a trice, and still they came, standing on the stairs, by the walls, in the aisles, fire rules seemingly forgotten for the moment.

The great stained-glass windows high in the Temple walls, depicting scenes from the life of Christ, shone with soft afternoon radiance. The slanting rays from the upper amber windows in the highest balcony were golden streams of liquid sunshine, falling athwart abalone-tinted walls of blue, gold and rose, touching the great mural painting of the second coming of our Lord with ten thousand of His hosts, which spans the bronzed grill of the mighty organ, awakening each figure to life and causing the golden halo around the Master's head to shine as the sun; illuminating the cornice and tinging the clouds in the lofty dome which seemed

to have caught and imprisoned forever the color of a California sky.

The organist was in her place, skilled fingers caressing the keys, rousing the chiming bells into rhapsodies and pæans of thanksgiving.

"O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant."

My heart swelled within me when I thought of all God's goodness, His love, His mercy, of how He had spared me to preach the Gospel these eighteen years; of the thousands who had been brought to His feet through the preaching of His Word; of the strongholds of Satan laid low, of the broken lives that had been mended, and of the fallen that had been lifted from the miry clay and the sinking bogs of unbelief to the sunlit table lands of His great salvation.

When I thought of the sick who had laid down their crutches, and the stretchers which had been borne out empty, blind eyes that had been made to see, deaf ears that had been made to hear, and of the halt and the lame that had been made whole in this place; when I thought of the hundreds of young students who had surrendered their lives to Christ and were now in training in this theological school that they, too, might go forth to kindle a glow of sacred love in myriad other lives, then my heart overflowed with joy and thanksgiving.

Then when I thought of His great mercy in sparing my life and bringing me safely home, I covered my face with my hands and bowed there at the altar, overcome with gratitude.

There passed before me a procession of memories of how this great Temple had come into being.

Adown the lanes of memory the days came trooping back —the days of building this beautiful and internationally known Temple of Prayer. There passed before my closed eyes the scenes of those full days when hundreds of busy workmen climbed the scaffoldings, when steel with clang

and clamor was fastened upon steel. In fancy, I stood again, blueprint in hand, directing that a door be set here and an opening made there; that the sight line be this, the balcony thus, the platform here, the baptistry there, the prayer tower yonder and that all aisles lead to the altar.

What glorious days they had been—full of responsibility, planning, prayer and work!

Kneeling there at the altar, I observed that multitudes of others, like myself, had been involuntarily drawn to the sanctuary. In fact, since early morning the people had been gathering in the streets and pouring into the Temple to offer prayer and praise. Since shortly after dawn there had been hosts of them there who would laugh a while, pray a while, sing a while and cry a while from sheer joy.

But now every one seemed to have settled down into the spirit of real communion with the Lord.

Bowing my head, I thanked God for these wonderful people, this glorious Temple, thanked Him for the steps that had led to its erection.

The voice of the organ beat and throbbed—a living thing that filled the Temple and stirred the soul with hope and heavenly exaltation.

> "Fear not; I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed
> For I am thy God; I will still give thee aid;
> I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
> Upheld by my gracious, Omnipotent hand."

Of the storm of trouble and persecution which was to fall upon the heads of the worshipers, sweeping them incessantly with its fierce fury for months to come, there was no indication discernible here.

That beneath the sweet treble notes of the organ and the accompanying soft intonation of the deeper bass, there was a muffled and undertoned mumble that was even now growing into a rumble and would soon burst into a roar of gathering thunder from the subterranean caverns 'neath our feet, we knew not.

When the volume of the organ sank into a tremolo of deep feeling during the playing of the last verse, my happiness at being home with my people was so great that no quiver of foreboding penetrated my conscious thought.

> "When thru' the deep waters I cause thee to go,
> The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow
> For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless,
> And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

I did not know that even then the enemy was setting up his heavy artillery, preparing his smoke screen through which he would fire away at the church. I did not know that even then the jaws of a great steel-like trap were being baited and set in readiness to snap.

. . . . . .

Snap! Bang!

Flash! Boom!

Clouds of smoke rolling heavenward!

Startled eyes and heads of worshipers lifted and turned in wonder toward the line of attack.

The sacred precincts of the church had been invaded.

Strange faces and forms were moving in our midst.

There are strangers—and strangers. We were accustomed to new people coming constantly from the ends of the earth to Los Angeles and of course, to Angelus Temple. But these were strange strangers. Their eyes looked, not with the hunger and thirst of people coming to the House of God solace bent, but with a curious, roving restlessness, with narrowing, unsmiling inquiry. Theirs were the eyes of a hound on the scent or a dog on the trail.

Boom!

Flash!

And more smoke of battle—flash guns—calcium smoke—camera men—reporters. They were lined up at either side of the platform and picketed like sharp-shooters at every vantage point.

From that time, for months to come, the firing continued

with scarcely an intermission. The stories which the press flashed around the world at first concerned my appearance in Mexico and Douglas, Arizona, and contained the account of my kidnaping; but from this point on they grew more and more sensational to satiate the appetite of sensation-loving America.

The writers had been sent out for a good story, and a "story" they must fetch. My unfortunate experience was too good and too sensational, from their point of view, to let die immediately.

A great newspaper seller. It must be kept "alive."

The first story having been read and digested and repeated for several days, it was desirable to add to it a little new spice and thrill. What could be more spicy or more thrilling for a sated, blasé and bored press, fed up with the usual choice bits of gossip, sensation and scandal, than a suggestion, then an inference, and then at last all but a charge that an Evangelist, pastor of a great Temple and founder of a Bible school, had been here, there or yonder, with this one, that one or the other one, during the time that she had been held captive?

I do not believe the newspapers meant to be malicious.

But so insistently, like pattering rain upon a tin roof, did these impish, absurd stories fall that they became a torrent, and the fact that practically each one was disproved the next morning seemed to make no difference. It was news and there was no apology for printing the first story, which had been exploded almost as soon as sent hurtling over the lines. The second and third followed and were the sensation of their brief day.

Though unbelievable and wildly inconsistent, so persistent were these stories—any kind of a story, so long as it fanned public interest by casting the light of aspersion upon my veracity—that some people, who did not know me or know my life, could not be blamed for believing this absurd, paper-selling propaganda.

Those horrible newspaper scream-lines stabbed me like a

knife. Outside, whether visiting the sick or driving, I saw the glaring type on every corner; heard the hoarse shouts of newsboys, heavily laden with bundles of pink, white, yellow or green copies under their arms, yelling each new sensation to the four winds.

Yet unspeakably hurt as I was, I had a peculiarly detached feeling. It seemed to me that they were speaking of some one else entirely. I knew that no act of mine was related to the sensations of the press.

There crept once more into my soul that deep settled peace—the birthright of those who have roved the meadows, caught their inspiration from the mountains, and whispered their secrets to the trees. I found myself longing for the quiet of the Canadian farm, for the majestic silence and eternal calm.

As weary eyes look to distant hills, or turn toward restful green of park and glen seeking rest and relief from close application, so my mind turned from the clang of street cars, the rattle and click of typewriters, shouting newsboys, the incessant trudging of feet on cement pavements, the eternal ringing of telephones, the unceasing demands of endless details; turned toward the window of memory and looked back for respite to the peaceful green meadows of childhood.

I can see it all now—

CHAPTER IV

CHILDHOOD

A CANADIAN home.

The gabled farmhouse.

Rolling meadows.

Fertile acres.

Orchards in full bloom.

Blossoms of apple and peach and pear.

Glory of quince and cherry and plum.

Petals of pink and white and rose showering down through sweet-scented air, rivaling in number the whirling snowflakes so recently melted away.

In fancy I am a child again, tipping up a laughing face under a pink sunbonnet for their cool, fresh caress.

Rippling wheatfields undulate in mirthful march toward the neighborly barley—

Scarecrow with flapping arms stands guard in the cornfields—

Blackbirds making nests in his pockets.

. . . . . .

The rainbow flower garden—

Pansies, mignonettes, sweet williams and peonies,

Nasturtiums, asters, daffodils, goldenglow

Kissed by sun, bathed in dew, caressed by the zephyrs and rocked in the cradle of the balmy breeze.

A paradise of flowers—and a very little girl, waist high in the riot of colors.

Butterflies flitting by with careless frivolity,

Hummingbirds sipping nectar from the goblet of the morning glory, ambrosia from the chalice of the honeysuckle.

The smell of growing things—

Grape arbors—luscious clusters to be sampled by chubby fingers.

A luscious berry patch,

And a berry-stained girl with a suspiciously red mouth, emerging triumphant with bucket half full of wilted, somewhat soggy berries.

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Songbirds—

Robins with blood-red breasts.

Whippoorwills and meadow larks lilting skyward.

Woodpeckers drumming away at a hollow tree.

Swallows darting through sunlight and shadow.

Saucy sparrows chirping defiance from the eaves,

And swooping down to steal the food from the baby chicks in the barnyard.

. . . . . .

A maple forest—

Ten billion friendly leaves,

Ever nodding, ever gracious,

Reaching out to clasp each other's hands.

A maple host, holding court, greeting the neighborly beech and elm in stately merriment.

To the little lonely girl on that great farm, the forest was a living thing—a cathedral of stately grandeur and never ceasing wonder and awe. The little creatures of the forest, whether feathered or fur-clad, were friends and playmates. I talked to them and they seemed to take my presence for granted. The chipmunks and gray squirrels would accept the nuts I helped them gather to store away in the dark pantry shelves of their birch tree homes.

When I think of it, in fancy I again sink into the cool, refreshing depths of the mossy bank, studded with violets, which with dewy eyes, pay modest attention to the sermon of jack-in-the-pulpit nearby.

Again I gather great armfuls of wood flowers and bury my face in their fragrant depths—again go back to pick up

one I dropped lest all the other flowers make sport of it and say it bloomed in vain.

. . . . . .

Sugar time!

Maple sweethearts.

Dripping honey into shiny buckets—

Springtide's liquid love gift from the heart of the maple wood.

The pungent odor of burning green wood.

The large flat pans atop the great outdoor fireplace,

Fragrant aroma of bubbling syrup pervading the sylvan glade.

A little dreamer, long-handled ladle idly clasped in small, brown hands, sitting on a log, staring into the golden bubbling liquid that seemed to childhood's vivid imagination to hold the sweet gift from the very heart of the friendly forest; or seeing in fanciful pictures the elfin woodfolk dancing in the warm fragrant vapor that hung in the frosty air.

. . . . . .

Harvest—

Trees gorgeously clad,

Their vestments dipped in sunset colors,

Brownies with buckets of flaming paint outdoing Joseph's coat of many colors.

Scudding clouds in autumn skies,

Flurries of wind and dust scurrying down the road,

Strange whispering murmurs in the tops of the tall poplar trees by the gate.

The thrilling ride atop lumbering wagons of wheat racing charioted rain clouds to full barns,

The breathless turn through the gate and the fanning of triumphant brows with broad straw hats.

Splashes of rain—an exhilarating dash of crystal drops against the window pane.

Ringing laughter in the warm old barn, heard above the rain that pelted upon the roof and beat upon the door.

Frost—

A chatter of hail.

Trees shivering in stark terror.

Leaves clapping one against the other.

Frost fairies riding astride the north wind, shrieking with impish glee as they undress the trees and scatter their garments, piece by piece, to the four corners.

Leaves everywhere—on the trees, on the ground, in the air, sailing like brilliant plumed birds on the wing—

Leaves flying, dipping, swirling in a crazed fear-ridden stampede.

And I, the gleeful little reveler with wildly flying pigtails, arms upflung, cheeks whipped to a glow by the boisterous wind, eyes bright with excitement, dancing midst the galaxy of madly whirling colors in the gorgeous pageantry of fall.

. . . . . .

Snow—

Fleecy, fluffy flakes,

Floating star-shaped harbingers of winter.

White, downy wool, nestling in sheltered corners,

Blanketing, all enveloping,

Mantling forests,

Carpeting meadow lands,

Rollicking, frolicking, blizzarding downward.

Cavorting, disporting itself in a frenzy of reckless abandon.

Once more I stand a stormbound prisoner, nose flattened against the cold window pane, speculating upon tomorrow's bobsled and snowshoes.

. . . . . .

Ice!—

Forests of frost on the window pane.

Trees ermine and pearl clad.

Every twig crystal coated.

Snow man in stiff frozen dignity standing guard at the gate.

Icicles on the eaves.

Ever-widening figure eights left by small flying silver skates on the ice sheen of the lake.

Chores—

Mangers filled with new-mown hay;

Warm breath of the bossies;

Strip-strip-stripping of foamy milk in the tin pails.

Shepherd dog and family cat sitting upright, mouths open, pink tongues out, begging for a repetition of the mischievous moment when the milkmaid had squirted warm milk into their mouths.

The hum of the separators,

Dash of the churns,

Spanking of golden butter into flowered molds.

Bedding the livestock with soft, yellow straw.

Searching for eggs in the nests of hens that insisted upon playing hide and seek.

The peep of chilled baby turkeys in gathered apron, borne into the farmhouse to the reviving warmth before an open oven door, securely wrapped in a woolen shawl.

Setting the yeast for to-morrow's baking—

Punching the swelling dough back into overflowing pans.

Lighting the lamps and spreading the comfy, warm, red tablecloth for the evening meal.

. . . . . .

Evening—

School books.

Again in fancy, I'm a high-school girl and my brow puckers over everlasting algebra.

Eyes soften at the memory of the hour at the piano with a choir-leader father who loved to sing.

Comes the hour when, school books and music laid away, the old family Bible would be taken down, its brass clasp loosed, and again would be read those matchless stories that have marched down through the ages hand in hand with the mothers and children of every Christian land.

Again, chin cupped in hands, I gaze, half under the spell of the story and half fascinated by the light of purpose that

burned in the eyes of the reader, pondering the strange things told me. I had been given to God before my birth. My parents told me they had prayed the Lord would send a baby girl who would some day preach the Gospel—a girl who some day, some way, somewhere out beyond those rolling farm lands, was to bring in sheaves of human hearts to the garner of the Heavenly Kingdom.

Would they be disappointed if I did not fulfill the mission they had mapped out for me? At that particular moment I had no thought, no intention along that line. My time, my thoughts were occupied with school, play, books and simple farm duties. The hollow call from the deeps of unbelief introduced by evolutionary teaching in our high school soon would come—that call that would cause me to leave the wholesome table of the Heavenly Father, and dangle for a time over the abyss of infidelity, only to be snatched back by the mother arms of church and given an abiding place at the table of the Lord. Those were days that always remind me of my childish adventures with the "windlass well."

In spite of all warnings to the contrary, I insisted upon making it my favorite place to play. I would turn the iron handle, coil the rope on the wide, wooden roller, then let go of the handle, which would fly back, hit me on the head with a resounding whack, and down I would go with a howl that filled the great well with answering echoes.

The echo voices of that well were a never ending source of entertainment to me. The day that I first succeeded in getting my chin over the square boarding that protected the depths and I saw the little girl reflected in the cool, shadowy depths, I felt that I had found a playmate at last, and determined to go and play with her.

"Yoo-hoo!" I called.

"Yoo-hoo!" she answered cheerily.

"Hello!"

"Hello—o—o—!"

"Come on and play," I invited.

The words were scarce out of my mouth before she answered:

"On and pla-a-y."

When she didn't come to me, I determined to go to her. But though a very small girl, I instinctively felt the older folks about the place would not approve. However, one evening our household was being entertained with the preacher of the neighboring church. While they lingered over the dessert which followed the proverbial ministerial chicken dinner, I excused myself from the table, slipped out to the yard, climbed over the casement of the well, into the bucket which sat upon the shelf and was just swinging myself clear when my folks, noticing a suspicious silence about the place, ran to the door in time to see the tail of my pink skirt disappearing. The iron handle had just begun to turn when they caught it, wound me up, took me out and—

Well, the rest of the details would be too painful to the reader and the writer alike.

Just as there was naught but black death and clammy despair at the end of that beckoning, luring, echoing voice, so am I persuaded that there is nothing but despair, disillusionment, and ruin in the black depths of the pits of unbelief.

Childhood days—childhood dreams, childhood plans, and childhood pets—days of barefoot freedom, days of the galloping hoofs—flying hair and flying manes tangled—a bare-backed rider sticking like an Indian to the steed whose hoofs spurned the soft turf.

I remember the day when I had invited the school children home with me—children who did not have a horse and to whom one was a great novelty. Five of them wanted a ride, and none was willing to wait for the other, yet none could guide the horse. Therefore, I had to go too.

It was decided that six of us should ride together. Mounting, we all sat like clothespins on a line. The last girl up sat out almost over the horse's tail. There was no place

"Nothing stronger than orangeade, thank you."

International Newsreel.

for me but the neck and I depended upon a tight rein and holding the horse's head up to maintain my seat. After sagging a lot in the middle and groaning in protest, Flossie at last started off good-naturedly. Each girl locked her arms around the waist of the girl just ahead.

All went well until we began to descend a meadow slope. One of the rear girls nervously dug her heels into a particularly ticklish spot on Flossie's side and up went Flossie's heels and down went her head.

I was the first one off, therefore the last to extricate myself from the landslide of girls, but was in time to see the horse standing, head still down, feet apart, actually laughing at us.

How I loved old Flossie!

Patiently she used to take me to school, winter and summer, sloshing through the mud in the spring, plowing knee deep in the snow banks in winter.

One day when driving to school Flossie and I saw the first "horseless carriage" top the hill of our country road. It was a Ford—a snorting, smoking, sneezing, fearful monster. It rattled and clattered and shivered along, guided by the hands of its proud possessor, the local doctor.

Poor Flossie. She jerked to a standstill and stood with her four feet spread, nostrils dilated, snorting in fear, the hair rising up on her back. She shook from stem to stern and promptly tried to climb over the shafts.

The doctor was obliged to stop his contraption and lead the horse past. She shied in a wide circle and threatened to tip the carriage into the ditch, eyes wildly rolling at every step. But when she was once past—oh, my!

Flossie was as fat as a butter ball and had never felt the whip. I only carried it along to flick her with the silken tassel to encourage her into a brisk trot. But on this day she picked up her feet and flew down the road as I hadn't seen her do since the day the hornets were after her. We entered the town, I with feet pressed on the dashboard,

clinging to the reins with a half frightened, half proud feeling that I was driving a race horse.

The farm never lacked thrills and excitement in those days of childhood and early high school. There was always something doing. The day, for instance, during the dry summer when we were obliged to take the horses to the swamp well for water. Old Sandy, pawing and floundering, got mired in the swamp. I was alone with the two great work horses, and cried wildly for help, but to no avail. Finally I took the rails off the nearby fence, slid them under poor Sandy and kept him from sinking until I could go for the neighbors.

I often think of that incident when I witness the rails of saving faith and love being placed under some soul, mired and sinking in the bogs of sin and despair.

That swamp was a never-ending source of interest and delight to me. I have only to close my eyes now to see the dragon flies skimming along on transparent wings; the darning needles that I gave a wide berth because the hired man had told me they would sew up my ears if I wasn't careful, the blue flags that I used to gather for old Mrs. W——'s ailments; the ribbon grass in which for weeks I spent many hours daily because father had offered me a dollar if I could find two blades alike; the pussy willows; the cat-tails; the tadpoles; the turtles that snapped at fireflies; the pollywogs; the lady frogs that were always crying warningly, "Knee-deep! Knee-deep!" and the bullfrogs that as faithfully advised, "Go-round! Go-round!"

At night as the moon sailed over the swamp, the orchestras of frogs serenaded her royal highness long and loud as she stood upon the balcony of the stars. Quite a close harmony they made, too, at times, with the katydid and crickets singing tenor and the hoot owl bringing in the bass.

Father brought home an owl one time and put it on the back of a kitchen chair where it blinked and blinked in the lamplight. He told me if I walked around the owl long enough it would wind its neck up like a spring in a clock.

Though I walked round and round until I was dizzy with the wide, unblinking yellow eyes following me, the head still was on straight. The owl, turning his head with me as I walked, snapped it from one side to the other so fast that I thought it went clear round. I couldn't understand why it didn't wind.

Being such an outdoor girl, I was quite a problem while convalescing from pneumonia. Almost every pet on the farm had to be brought to my room. Whitetail, the dignified family cat who had never suffered herself to be petted until I was sick, came in and permitted me to dress her in doll clothes and stroke her by the hour.

Then she would go down cellar and catch a mouse for me, nipping it daintily through the neck, and lay it down upon my pillow as her love offering.

Sometimes I have wondered if she thought I was starved. I pretty nearly was; but was not reduced to mice. Each day she repeated the performance until one day she discovered I was not using the mice for the purpose they had been caught. With an extremely injured look on her face, she turned and walked away, and from that day on there were no more mice offerings from Whitetail.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the hired man one of those weary days while I lay in bed.

"I would like to hear the frogs sing," I said. "Do go down to the swamp and bring me three or four frogs and put them in a pail of water by my bed."

An hour later he came sloshing up the stairs in wet boots, triumphantly bearing in his arms, much to mother's disgust, a bucket with some lily pads and four frogs.

The water must have been too high in the bucket or something, for the frogs hopped out and under the bed. By this time the hired man was far away in the field and mother had to crawl under the bed and get them.

Needless to say, that was the end of the frogs. In striking up the peace terms at the close of the performance,

mother promised to have the frogs carried back to their families in the swamp.

The memory of childhood days, I suppose, is refreshing to every one from the poet who wrote:

> "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,
> And make me a child again just for to-night,"

to the busy business man in his office and the toiling little mother in her kitchen. To me, these memories are like throwing up the window for a breath of fresh air when a room is hot and stuffy.

There was Jenny the pet pigeon who fell into the pan of milk on the lower shelf of the kitchen cabinet, and came out a creamy white dove, leaving a tell-tale path across the linoleum and thoroughly disgracing herself by flying upon the shoulder of the preacher who had come to tea; the guinea pigs who were the worry of my life when visitors came to the farm because my father had told me if any one picked them up by their tails their eyes would fall out; and the kittens that I would never permit any one to drown until at last the number increased to thirteen cats sitting in a row awaiting their evening meal—all these are refreshingly happy recollections.

Many of the simple happenings of childhood days have stood me in good stead, too, teaching a lesson and bringing a moral in later life.

For instance, I have thought a great deal during the last few months of my narrow escape from death beneath the pawing hoofs of a maddened bull.

When quite small, I was the proud possessor of a new white dress covered with large red moons. I had just been dressed in this frock and sent, bucket in hand, to do my daily chore of bringing in the chips for the breakfast fire. Just behind the barn by the large sawing machine, where father hewed and cut the timbers for the bridges he was building, there was always an abundance of fresh, dry, cedar chips.

My pail was nearly filled when hearing the lowing of the cattle coming in, I straightened up to look. The sight that met my eyes was a startling one:

There near the gate, head down, nostrils distended and eyes blazing stood the "gentleman cow." From all appearances he took violent exception to the fine red moons in my dress which I thought so beautiful. He had always been so gentle and harmless before that I had never feared him; but now, something in the menacing way in which he advanced toward me uttering low, angry bellowing noises, frightened me.

"Boo-o-o!" he bellowed as he advanced.

"Boo, yourself," I cried, and threw a chip at him and told him to "go away."

Without halting he came on—in a business-like determined way I did not like.

Towering over me, he struck me with his great head and down I went, new dress and all, in the muddy barnyard. Fortunately my father had sawed the bull's horns off some time previous, but I believe it was only the mercy of God that kept the animal from pawing me under his great, angry feet, and that gave me the presence of mind to escape.

I struggled to my feet, but again he knocked me down. My dress was covered with mud and my face with blood; but in the midst of my fear I looked about for an avenue of escape. It was very evident that it was too far to the corner of the barn for me to run that way. Looking around I discovered a hollow place that ran under the pile of lumber which my father had stacked up over a sawhorse—a hollow that ran clear to the other end. Into that I struggled, and while my attacker watched for me at one end, I escaped through the other and started for the house.

I seemed perfectly numb; my mouth was filled with dirt and blood, but tightly in my hands I clasped that bucket of chips. I had been sent after chips, and chips I was going to take back. It never occurred to me, somehow, to let go of the bucket, even in the midst of my trouble. It was not

until I fainted in the house that I released my hold on my bucket of chips.

Being called upon to endure hardships as a good soldier, and to bring back precious souls for Jesus, no matter how hard the conflict, the Lord has put that within me which causes me to go through, refusing defeat, refusing even to be discouraged, and I often think of the little girl in the bedraggled, red-mooned dress, who brought home the bucket of chips. Like that little girl we have each been given a white dress—a white robe of righteousness—with the red of the Precious Blood in it, and have been given a basket—our lives—and sent out to gather precious souls for Jesus. Though the struggle is sometimes hard, and though the devil with legions of lies and accusations may seek to destroy us, somehow I know that just as that little girl was gathered up, scarred by the combat but with the chips still in her arms, our Heavenly Father will meet us at the end of life's little day and gather us, with our tight-clasped, precious burden of souls, into His arms.

Childhood's happy days on the farm sped away into the year of study in the little white schoolhouse, then into high school days.

It was while in high school that I attended my first dance—the school ball. My parents had always taken a firm stand against dancing; but after my first dance I knew they must be mistaken for my first partner was a preacher. Other church members were there, so surely it was all right and my parents were a little old-fashioned. I was thrilled by the orchestra, the flowers, the attention paid me, the beautiful clothes and the well-appointed luncheon.

My future and educational prospects looked promising. No effort or labor was counted too great upon the part of my parents to send me to school, and indeed it was no little matter for them—ten miles to be covered each day on the train or with horses and cart over country roads with their mud, rain or snow.

There was introduced into our classroom at this time a

textbook of physical geography which delved into the formation, rock strata, etc., of the earth and learnedly described the origin of life and the process of evolution.

How these theories or teachings impressed other students I cannot say, but they had a remarkable effect on me.

CHAPTER V

QUICKSAND

QUICKSAND!

Pernicious quicksand!

Cloying, treacherous, relentless quicksand!

The soul-destroying quicksand of unbelief!

"Tell me," I pleaded, "which is the right; my school-book or my Bible?"

"Little girl," the high school teacher answered as he looked down from his superior height, "your Bible is a wonderful book. As a classic of English literature it has no rival, but—"

"Yes," I was all eagerness, "tell me."

"But as for Genesis, the story of creation, and like passages, I'm sorry to say they are not only untrue but ridiculous."

"The story—of creation—not—true!"

"It is merely a myth. Other religions had their fables; the world held on the back of a turtle; held on the shoulders of a giant and so forth."

"But the Bible—" I interrupted.

"The Israelites," he continued, not heeding my feeble voice, "had a myth like this: They thought that God created the sun, moon, stars and earth out of nothing and hurled them into space."

"But the Bible—" I choked.

On he went while the face of his shocked auditor must have depicted the horror which seemed to grip her very heart in ice-cold manacles.

"But, sir—"

The foundation of my life was dropping from under me and I was sinking, sinking in the smothering quagmire from

which there might well have been no return—the quagmire of everlasting death. I would not let him go. I must know more. What books could I read? Darwin? Tom Paine? Voltaire? Ingersoll? Yes, I could remember them. I would read them all.

"But, oh," I sobbed, "I just must know! You see—you see—everything depends upon it."

Perhaps he saw the tortured child's spirit shining through the misty eyes. At any rate he suddenly remembered an appointment and with a thoughtful, troubled frown, started away. He stopped, looked around, started to speak, apparently changed his mind, and closed the door.

He left a desolate little girl standing in the center of the room, looking bewilderedly at clusters of chemistry test tubes, batteries, weird lights and blackboards covered with strange formulæ.

My little world of faith had crashed about my ears and for me the light of the day was gone.

Ever since I could remember I had been rocked to sleep with Bible stories and sacred hymns of trust. I had talked about God as easily and as readily and trustingly as I did about my earthly father.

The foundation stones of my faith, almost my very life, then, depended upon the divine inspiration and infallibility of the immutable Word of God: the Holy Bible.

It never dawned upon me to put the Bible through a sieve, picking out the "false" and the "true." It was all or nothing for me then. And it is to this day.

I stood for some time in that chemistry room, deep in painful thought.

Man? A process of evolution?

Why, then, God had not created him at all, as the Bible said He did.

The horror of it all broke over me. Had the martyrs died in vain? Was it all a ghastly mistake? Had people who had pillowed their dying heads on the word of God and smiled in peace and confidence as they declared the gates

were swinging open on the other side to receive them—had all these trusting souls been deceived?

If God had not created the earth, if God had not created man, if man had come by evolution to his present state, then there was no God.

And if there was no God, in all likelihood there was no life beyond. All churches and church workers were wasting their time and man was as dumb driven cattle; he ate, he slept, he died, and was no more.

Although it is true I had been studying evolution as taught in high school for some time I had never believed the book could mean what it said. I had felt this scholastic demi-god of a teacher, whose word, of course, was law to me, could not believe it either.

To discover that the true belief of this man was evolution, coupled with the cold and emphatic manner in which he denounced the Bible as a myth was the blow that really stunned me.

With his words ringing in my ears I hurried to the library with faint hope that I might yet discover that this theory of evolution was unconvincing. On the way down I reviewed his talk in detail and recalled that he had said that very few people believed the Bible any more. At first this had seemed impossible. But I remembered his argument; if the taxpayers believed in the Bible why did they pay their taxes to support the schools that destroyed it by teaching evolution?

At the library Darwin, Voltaire, Paine and Ingersoll, in no uncertain terms, spoke their pieces, did their work and did it well while the churning sands of the quagmire of unbelief eddied about my neck and seemed about to sweep me under and away.

Full to overflowing with "nebular hypothesis," wild, unproven theories and "it-may-well-have-been-supposed's" my foolish unguarded heart proved a fertile soil for these noxious weeds of eternal destruction—unusually fertile be-

cause of the hours for reflection furnished each day by the five-mile trip from our farm to the town high school.

I could think of nothing else as I handled the reins of old "Flossie" during the drive or sat staring engrossed from a train window at familiar landscapes.

A lacy willow whose drooping foliage I had so much admired, would come into view; then the tall poplar—eternally pointing its finger Heavenward—God had had nothing to do with the fashioning of either of them, then? They just grew?

That great tree where at least a thousand blackbirds congregated each Sunday morning, holding, I thought, church to sing the praises of God; blackbirds who would swing aloft in a shining raven cloud as we passed under their beech choir loft—God had no part in their being?

And that poor little sparrow I had picked up in the field, its wing drooping, broken; He had not marked its fall? He didn't care, there was no Heavenly Father to see or know?

At last, driven by desperation to that childhood court of last appeal—home and parents—I burst through the door one day and cried:

"How do you know there is a God?"

A stillness of stupefaction reigned for a minute, gave way to amazement and then soothed down to startled protests.

"Why, Aimee, who made the world? Who made the moon and the stars?"

I echoed glibly my new logic: "Why, it was all a molten mass of lava, the heat of which caused it to acquire a whirling motion. The moon flew off, the stars flew off, the sun flew off, the earth flew off and—"

"But, my dear, who made man?"

"Man? Oh," rather condescendingly, "as the earth cooled and contracted the oceans formed in its pockets. Then came fungous growth, then cell life and then life divided into three divisions—the fish in the sea, the birds in the air and the creatures on the earth. From this latter division came man, springing from the same line as the monkey only

man sprang farther. They are now looking for the missing link."

There was no dissuading me now.

Delving deeper into the subject I read all the books I could find. Finally I wrote an article, signing it the "perplexed school girl" and sent it to the *Family Herald and Weekly Star,* published in Montreal, then Canada's leading paper. My inquiries were even answered by Archbishops. Arguments both for and against the Book and its teachings were brought out. Among the letters that poured in for months from England, New Zealand, Australia and all parts of America, each containing a different explanation, not one said:

"Child, the Bible is true. Take the simple Word of God and believe it just as it reads."

I tried to question several and various ministers but they told me not to "bother" and "never mind."

One evening I looked in at a Revival meeting which my parents frequently attended. As I stood in the back hall the evangelists' daughter asked me to give my heart to Jesus.

"Do you still believe in that sort of thing?" I asked. "Don't you go to school?"

After a few moments of conversation she requested, "Please wait until I call my mother."

Her mother, a sweet-faced little lady, tried to convince me, but in vain.

"Will you wait until I call my husband?" she pleaded.

Her husband-evangelist certainly knew his Bible and one after another of my arguments he answered until I took my last trench—the plea that if evolution was not true—why did taxpayers support such a "viper"?

Quite a group had gathered about us by that time.

I quit the discussion and, fur-capped, collared and mittened, went out into the white Canadian night, entered the cutter and started home, wrapped in contemplation broken only by the chiming of the sleigh bells and the singing of the snow beneath the runners.

Upon arriving at the rosy windowed farmhouse, I immediately climbed the stairs, entered my room and, without stopping to light the lamp, went swiftly over to my window, threw it wide, and falling upon my knees, sought the quiet of the starlit night.

What a gorgeous night it was. Well is Canada called "Land of Our Lady of the Snows." The whole world was one vast mantle of shimmering white.

Trees, fences, barns, roofs, everything was arrayed in a radiant pageant of purity, the apple trees sheathed in coats of diamond and pearl. Overhead in the frosty silence the stars shone in multitudinous resplendent glory, the moon, a silver ship of state, sailed gallantly down the Milky Way, lighting the whole earth with the elfin twinklings of fairyland.

What glorious magnificence. What celestial and terrestrial array.

There must be a God back of it all.

The splendor and vastness of it stirred me strangely.

With arms stretched Heavenward through the open window I pleaded:

"O God—if there be a God—reveal yourself to me!"

The words, though softly spoken, winged their way through the stars and reached the throne of God, and He who stands ever ready to answer the plea of an honest seeker, heard my prayer that night. Within forty-eight hours the answer came.

The following day my father and I were riding down the main street of the little town in a cutter, on our way home, when I saw a sign over the door of a big store which announced that "Full Gospel Revival Services" were being held within.

"Oh, father," I exclaimed, "let's go in. I've heard of them. They shout 'Hallelujah' and 'Amen' and everybody in town is talking of their enthusiasm."

"Why not go to-morrow night," he asked, "before you go to your rehearsal in the town hall?"

I had been rehearsing for some time on a big Christmas program which included a short play I had written and some of my original recitations, for I was much interested in elocution and the stage.

The next evening, less than forty-eight hours after my prayer at the window, my father and I were seated in the next to the last row of the little Full Gospel meeting. I looked on with critical and curious eyes; I even smiled. But the smile soon wore off my face when the evangelist entered.

He was straight and tall, well over six feet, broad shouldered, and carried a Bible under his arm. He turned, and I saw an earnest, strong face, a pair of level, sincere, blue eyes. He spoke in a deep, ringing voice. When he started to preach he held the complete attention of that entire audience. There was absolutely no doubt as to his sincerity nor the depth of his feeling. He was a man among men and spoke with the conviction of a strong character, and what he said sank into my heart like a swift flung arrow. It was a shaft of conviction from the bow of the Lord.

CHAPTER VI

"THE FLAMING SWORD"

"REPENT!"

"REPENT!"

"R E P E N T!"

The flaming two-edged sword of the Word flashed in the upraised hand of the evangelist.

"Repent and be baptized, every one of you, unto the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

" 'Repent and be converted that your sins may be blotted out!'

" 'God now commandeth all men everywhere to—

" 'REPENT!' "

Over and over, like the insistent beating of a sun-down gong, his vibrant voice flung that amazing and arresting word against the faulty ramparts of my unbelief.

Startled into petrified attention, I sat staring into the eloquent face of the preacher.

That man certainly believed and meant what he said.

It was as though he drew a straight line down the center of the universe, placing God on one side and the devil on the other, lining everybody up—sinners on the one side and saints on the other.

That man made a real difference between a sinner and a saint—between a worldling and a Christian.

I had never noticed much difference. The people who went to our church smoked the same cigarettes, played the same games of cards, danced the same dances and told the same stories as did the people who did not attend church. The only difference was that one had his name on the church books and the other did not. But to this man, the vow of Christianity meant something.

His ringing words shook the very soul. "Repent and be converted that your sins may be blotted . . . you must be born again . . . in the world but not of it . . . come out and be ye separate . . . come out and touch not the unclean thing . . . cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and your hearts, ye double minded," were phrases constantly upon his lips.

He went on to enumerate the very things I had been doing—dancing, theater going, professing Christianity and not living it, trying to explain away the Bible. It was as though he deliberately pictured my own life attitude.

In the middle of his sermon this fiery young evangelist suddenly lifted his hands and began speaking as the Spirit gave him utterance.

To what can one liken it?

It was like a shaft of light shooting through the darkness—like the rending of the temple veil from the top to the bottom—like the brushing of all the cobwebs from my mind, as though from the cellar I had been lifted to the housetop under the shining of the open Heavens. Doubts were gone, and from that moment to this I have never doubted there was a God and that He spoke to my heart that day telling me I was a poor, miserable sinner and if I did not repent I would be lost.

It was as though a barbed arrow of conviction had penetrated the deepest recesses of my soul. I was utterly and absolutely miserable and stricken with my need of God, and felt that if I should die at that moment I would be lost.

I became restless and said to Father:

"Come on, Daddy, let's go."

I do not remember how I got through the rehearsal that night, but I do know that for three days I battled the most awful and real conviction of sin and of my need of God. I had never done anything really bad; just lived the life of the average school girl; yet for three days this overwhelming, inescapable conviction persisted.

I endeavored to rid myself of it one night by going to a fancy-dress carnival at the skating rink. But though I was a good skater (as most Canadian girls are), in the first preliminary circle around the glistening, frozen floor I slipped, sprained my ankle and had to be carried off the ice.

The third day after my visit to the gospel meeting while driving home from school alone, the overwhelming conviction became more than I could bear. It seemed that the heavens were brass and would fall upon me and I would be lost if I did not immediately repent of my unbelief and Christ rejection.

Again I lifted my hands to Heaven, this time with a far different prayer than I had uttered at my bedroom window four nights previous.

"God, be merciful to me, a sinner," I cried. "God, be merciful to me!"

Instantly the light streamed over my soul. I had a peculiar sensation of something warm, cleansing and healing flowing over me from head to foot, and the great peace, the "Peace that passeth understanding," flooded my heart. My fear was gone and in its place there was a blessed rest and sense of security. Something moist and warm splashed down upon my ungloved hand. I discovered it was my tears. Soon I found myself singing

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

Singing with such fervor, abandon and depth of meaning as I had never known before

"Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise."

I consecrated my life to Christ then and there.

I have never done anything half-heartedly. Some people go through life always undecided, always neutral; but from the time I was a tiny child whatever I did, I did with my

whole heart. And as I sang those words, it seemed that nothing short of a life of whole-hearted consecration would suffice.

"Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love—"

This did not mean lending God-given talents to ragtime music—the jazz of yesterday—or turning the soiled pages of a dime novel.

"Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee—"

This did not mean whirling in purposeless circles on the dance floor.

As the flaming gates of sunset closed in the sky, it seemed that all my frivolities and foolish questionings were consumed in its fiery glow, and that the old life was shut out forever.

The portals of dawn were opening in my soul—opening upon a new day, a new world, a new life in Christ, and even now the Master who had gone before was turning upon me His smiling face and beckoning me on.

I went home and swept all the ragtime music off the piano.

"Mandy Lee," "Under the Old Apple Tree" followed "Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown, worryin' 'bout what he'd do when the rent came round," went into the sheet-iron burner in the dining-room, to join a flaming collection of dancing pumps and novels.

My father came rushing in, fearing the chimney would be set afire, and wanted to know what was going on. I explained with the fervor of a new convert that it was the Bible and the hymn book from now on. Father took it quite philosophically, but "opined" that I "would not hold out two weeks."

But I did hold out! The two weeks stretched into, at

this writing, nineteen years; and though in the years that have come and gone there has been some sorrow mingled with the happiness, some trials have forerun joyous victories, my heart is singing as happily and my purpose is as firm and unwavering as it was in that dawning glow of my conversion.

Oh, how happy I was. How the days sang their way into blessed weeks. My joy was so complete there seemed nothing more to be desired. I, who had hoped that if I ever did become a Christian it would be when I had become too old to enjoy the world—I, who had always thought religion a lusterless existence for old folks who sang, "Hark, from the Tombs a doleful sound," suddenly realized that there was more joy in serving the Lord one day than in serving the devil a lifetime.

I felt that Jesus was with me every moment; a glorious, understanding companion. I was alone no more. He walked by my side, brushing away my troubles. His presence was real to me.

For the first two weeks I was happy almost beyond expression. Then one day in prayer there came surging over me the realization that my Christian life was a somewhat selfish one. The Lord was doing all the giving, I all the receiving. It seemed so one-sided. How I longed to do something for Him.

"O Lord," I prayed, "Thou hast done so much for me, what can I do for Thee? What service can I render in return? What can I do that would please thee most?"

Over and over the question revolved in my mind—"What service can a Christian render that is the most acceptable and pleasing to the Lord?"

Straight as an arrow the answer winged its way to my heart.

"Be a winner of souls."

A winner of souls! I was startled.

"O Lord," I cried, "I wish you had asked anything else in the world; for it is the one thing I cannot do. I am only

a girl—a farmer's daughter, living five miles from the nearest town, in a country of widely separated farms and big estates. Surely I cannot be expected to preach the Gospel and save souls."

And yet—and yet the thought smoldered on and on for days.

People born in the country have more time to think and things are more vital and real to them than they who live in the crowded marts of traffic. I used to kneel beside my bedroom window and look up at that ever fascinating Milky Way and picture the great day of the Lord when the nations of the earth should go sweeping up the golden stairs from earth to glory and enter the gates of Eternity. I pictured the soul winners of the ages, faces glowing, eyes shining, hallelujahs ringing, placing in the arms of the Saviour the golden sheaves they had gleaned from the harvest fields of life.

"Here, Lord," I could hear them say, "here is a soul I snatched for Thee as a brand from the burning. And here is one who was on the very brink of destruction and the preaching of Thy Word of love brought him back to hope and life and grace. And this young woman who is now a child of Thine was on the verge of suicide, heartbroken, life wrecked, and, Lord, Thy preached Word has brought her into light and peace and everlasting rest. Here, Lord, are the souls I have won for Thee."

One by one I could picture them—Wesley, Moody and the evangelists of their day, Peter and Paul and the faithful Apostles. The minister from the revival services in the mission in Ingersoll would be there, I knew.

Then, in fancy, I would draw near the shining portals—draw near not with gladsome expectant feet as the others, but with temerity. I could picture the Saviour holding out His arms expectantly to receive the souls I had won, the sheaves I had gathered; could see the quick look of disappointment on His face when He beheld my empty arms.

"O Lord," I would cry, "I have won no souls for Thee!

I was so situated that this was impossible. I was but a girl and could not labor in the fields; but oh, I have loved Thee just as truly, Lord, though I have not preached Thy Word."

I visualized His dear face, the disappointment that would be mitigated there by His kindly smile, and hear Him say:

"I know that you love me, child. Enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord. By grace are ye saved, and not by works."

But it seemed that Heaven would never be quite so bright because of that first disappointed look upon the Master's face.

There and then was born in my heart a desire, like that in the heart of Ruth of old, to be a gleaner in the field, that when life's little day was done, I, too, might beat out that which I had gleaned and find it a measure full of barley, and take it at last into the City.

Just how I was to become a soul winner, I did not know, but so desirous was I of pleasing the Master that I felt I would willingly cross the continent on my knees to say to one sinner, "Jesus loves you."

I began to read my Bible afresh, with the desire of discovering the secret of a soul winner's power and success. As nearly as I could tell, the enduement of power for service was synonymous with the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

There was the Apostle Peter, for instance—an ignorant, illiterate, sunburned, wind-whipped Galilean fisherman, mending a torn net upon the shore—undependable, unstable. One moment he was cutting off the ear of the high priest's servant, the next denying that he ever knew the Master, wincing from the taunts of a little maid and a little later plunged into despair saying, "I go a-fishing," despondently giving up the whole thing—

But that same man, upon entering the upper room and receiving the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, was utterly transformed. The moment that rushing, mighty wind filled the room and tongues of flames fell upon him, and he was filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak with the languages of Heaven and the nations, something tremendous happened

to him. It was as though into the empty hulk of his own vessel had been poured shining liquid gold of divine strength and courage, power and eloquence. In that moment he stepped out of the rôle of an ignorant, unlearned man, and became a heaven-clad, God-inspired, eloquent evangel of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The man who but a few days before had run from the questionings of a little girl, now strode boldly to the forefront, faced a milling mob—a mob made up little differently than that which had crucified Christ on that memorable Friday—lifted up his hand and cried in a ringing voice that reached all ears and penetrated all hearts:

"Ye men of Jerusalem, hearken to my words and be this known unto you—"

What a sermon! What a challenge! It was as though Peter had become but the mouthpiece, the overflowing channel through which poured the water of life from the Throne of God into a desolate wilderness—a sermon that brought a cry to the lips of three thousand men:

"What shall we do to be saved?"

What a tower of flame he was as he stood and answered that question with uncompromising authority:

"Repent and be baptized, every one of you, unto the remission of sin and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

I read of Stephen, of Paul, of Andrew and all that company whose worthy lives are silhouetted against the sky of religious history. They had certainly received some divine enduement of power in a specific and definite experience—an experience that so charged them and was so worthy of note that as they entered a town the men of that city cried out:

"They that turn the world upside down come thither."

The high priests, listening to their message, exclaimed:

"Are these not ignorant fishermen? How is it that they speak as oracles of God?" Then too, I found that the Master spoke definitely regarding this experience. He had com-

manded his servants to go into all the world and preach the Gospel, but bade them tarry first in Jerusalem until they received the gift of His Holy Spirit from on high.

Had not Paul closely questioned the Ephesians:

"Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?"

Surely here was the answer to my question, the solution to the problem that faced me. Somewhere, locked up in the mystery and wonder and glory of that which was embraced in the term "The Baptism of the Holy Spirit," lay the secret of enduement of power for service.

I remembered the time that my father had taken me to the world's fair at Buffalo. With thousands of others I had stood at eventide marveling at the beauty of the Tower of Jewels—flashing, flaming, scintillating with the lights that covered it from top to bottom.

Oh, to live a life like that, a life so shining and beautiful, so radiant and so bright as that tower, for Christ.

"Would you like to see where the power comes from?" my father had asked me one day.

At my eager acquiescence he had taken me down a seemingly endless flight of stairs until we stood below the great Niagara Falls. With a deafening rush and roar the foaming avalanche of water came pouring over the brink. Putting his lip to my ear, father shouted through the din:

"Look, dear; here are the power houses."

There were the drab little buildings of brown stone, and inside were flying turbines, turned by the power of that mighty cataract. Niagara had been harnessed to drive the power-giving machinery that hummed down there at the bottom of the falls, generating the power for that radiant thing of living beauty that caused multitudes to gather every evening and gasp in amazement, the Tower of Jewels.

Was not that Tower of Jewels emblematic of the Christian soul winner's life, and was not the real secret of success in soul-winning service for Jesus generated in the power house of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire?

This, then, was what Robert Semple, the evangelist in

the Ingersoll mission, had meant. This, then, was the secret of his power.

From that moment I became a ceaseless supplicant for the Spirit that energized and motivated those successful soul winners of old.

The evangelist had, by this time, gone on to Stratford, for another campaign, but the wonderful light that he had left shone on. Services were held in the hall by other speakers whom he left to carry on the work. There were cottage prayer meetings also in the home of one of the ladies of the congregation.

Her home was only two blocks from the high school, and it was necessary for me to pass her door daily. It became a shrine of blessing to me. They were poor folk with a large family of growing children. They set a humble table —when there was more company they merely added more water to the soup.

This good woman usually had potato soup, seldom having the meat or vegetables to make other dishes. One never would have believed potatoes and water with a dash of salt and pepper could taste half so good.

The charm of the hours spent in her home lay in the fact that the little housewife and mother had received this shining, glorious gift, the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and she earnestly prayed for me that I might receive the desire of my heart.

Somehow the fact did not strike me as incongruous until later that I, who had always been so full of pranks, was now spending all my spare periods in a prayer meeting, or that I had tucked away inside my algebra, where a novel used to repose, a New Testament, poring over the words, "Ask, and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find. If your earthly father knows how to give good gifts unto his children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the gift of the Holy Spirit unto them that ask. . . . If ye ask bread, will he give you a stone?"

One morning at nine o'clock, the great moment came.

I had been snowbound for a week. Neither the wagon roads nor the railroads had been open. Snow plows and snow shovels alike had been unavailing.

As fast as men shoveled out the white fleece that fell so gently from the sky, the Lord of the storm clouds poured it in again.

Snow: Snow: Snow:

It was all one could do to shovel it away from the front doors enough to get them open in the morning and tunnel back to the street. Men struggled to work, walking between walls of snow that curled over at the top and fell like cascading, sifting, feathery billows.

Being snowbound in town with all telephone lines down, I spent the week with this good lady; spent the greater part of it on my knees, praying by the hour, eating a little, sleeping a little, rising in the middle of the night and, wrapping blankets around me, dropping on my knees by the bed and praying again that my heart might be cleansed, that I might be emptied of self, sanctified wholly, and be deemed a worthy vessel, that the Lord might vouchsafe unto me His gracious imbuement with power for service, the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Saturday morning and the end of the week.

I arose early, before any one was awake in the house, before the big base-burner in the living-room had been shaken down. In the pale dawn the red plush rocker and chairs stood out gaunt, stark figures. Jack Frost had too completely painted the windows with his magic brush to allow but a filter of the cold morning light to penetrate that chilly room.

Kneeling down by a Morris chair I lifted my hands up and began to pray.

Not one hour of my waiting upon the Lord had seemed a burden. Each hour of prayer throughout the week had been a precious, hallowed thing which gleamed and shone with unearthly beauty.

"Lord, fill me!" I prayed. "Fill me that I may serve

Thee truly, that I may serve Thee acceptably, and fittingly tell the story of Thy love."

In a moment the blessing fell. Streams of glory from on high came pouring down, joy like the billows of the sea swept over me. The fountains of the deep were broken up, my soul was flooded with an indescribable joy. The whole earth seemed to be spread out before me as a wheat field—white unto harvest.

Suddenly, as I prayed with fast closed eyes, the wheat seemed to change before me into human faces and the leaves turned to human hands upstretched, and over it all I seemed to see the words of the Saviour:

"The fields are white unto harvest, the harvest truly is great and the laborers few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers."

In that hour he placed in my hand a sharp sickle—the Word of God—and in my heart rang these words:

"The Lord hath given unto thee a sickle—the two edged Word of God. Go gather in the grain, but ever remember that thy sickle is given thee for the cutting of the wheat. Many reapers, alas, use their sickle rightfully for a few brief hours, then turn to cut and slash their fellows. None other can wound so deeply, for none have so sharp a weapon. Apply thyself to the task before thee. Cut but the wheat and gather precious sheaves."

Somehow it was a lesson that I have never forgotten to this day; and while so many preachers, of so many denominations spend so much time quibbling, criticizing and denouncing one another, even taking time to honor me with an occasional side thrust, I have made it a steady policy never to answer back or return the blow.

Besides, I was not cut out for fighting preachers. It always has seemed such a silly waste of time and energy when there is real work to be done.

How real, in that hour of outpoured blessing, was the plan of redemption, the work of atonement wrought upon Calvary's rugged brow! What a revelation of the value of

a soul, the glories of Heaven, the horrors of hell! Truly an hour under such open heavens can teach the human heart more than months of struggle midst the mazes of man's theology.

The Lord filled me full that day—full to overflowing—and at last took my tongue and spoke through me in a language I have never learned, the ecstatic praises of His own glorious Name, even as He filled the hundred and twenty on that memorable Day of Pentecost so long ago.

I arose from my knees with beaming face. Outside, the storm was over. The streets were being cleared. It was almost noon. Members of the household came in, shook my hands and rejoiced with me.

But within my heart there were two great realizations:

First, that the Comforter had come in to abide; and that I must live and walk in consecrated obedience to His will.

Second, that I had been called to preach the everlasting Gospel.

In the evenings I would sit for hours in our little Canadian home, playing and singing:

> "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
> Over mountain or plain or sea;
> I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
> I'll be what you want me to be."

My parents would come to the door and listen with eyes tear-dimmed. They knew the call had come. They knew that soon the great farmhouse would be empty and the shining new piano, a recent birthday gift, would be locked. Still there was no wavering when the great cause just out beyond the hills was calling.

Yet, how could I go? How absurd and far-fetched it all was! I knew I was called, but where was the door? In my own room on my knees Human Reasoning and the Bible argued the question:

"Why, you are but a child," whispered Reason. "What do you know about preaching, anyway?" nodded Common

Sense. "Here are preachers, a country full of them, learned, college bred, who have read books and digested theological studies for years. It is preposterous for you even to think of going out as a worker."

"Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called," argued the Word of God; "but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

"Has God not declared that with a worm He will thresh a mountain—that when we are weak then are we strong, and that a little child shall lead them?" the voice of the Father whispered to my heart. "Has God not said that upon the servants and the hand-maidens He will pour out of His Spirit in the last days, and they shall prophesy? Did He not say that after the Spirit had come, 'out of your innermost being' (not out of your head, intellect or knowledge) 'shall flow rivers of living water'? Open your mouth wide and He will fill it."

"Yes, but remember, in addition to your youth and lack of mental equipment," cried Human Affection, "there are your parents to be considered. You are an only child."

"Here you have love and home and comfort, all you can wish for," added Love of Comfort. "If you go forth as a worker you will have to leave all that."

"If any man love Father or Mother more than Me, he is not worthy of Me," reminded the tender voice of Jesus. "No man hath given up houses or lands for My sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive a hundred fold now in this time, and in the world to come eternal life. If you would come after Me you must take up your cross daily, denying yourself, and follow Me."

"But what about going out with no salary and living by faith?" objected Prudence and Forethought. "What about shoes and clothes and necessary expenses?"

"Take no thought for what you shall eat or for what you shall drink or what you shall put on, for the Lord knoweth

you have need of these things," calmly interrupted Implicit Faith.

"Lord, by your grace I will take up my cross," sang Consecration. "I will trust and follow Thee, come what may. My all is on the altar. Have Thine own way with me. Whether 'tis 'go' or whether 'tis 'stay,' let your perfect will be wrought out in my life. I feel my own weakness and insufficiency—know not what the future holds—am but a child; but here I am, Lord, if Thou canst use so humble and unworthy a vessel. Such a burden for souls is mine that I would be willing to journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific to say to one lost soul: 'Jesus loves you.'"

The question was settled in my heart that day—settled for time and settled for eternity. An abiding p[illegible] came into my soul—a peace which has never left me. I [illegible] that God had called me to the ministry—I knew not [illegible]ere, I cared not how it should be His will to have me serve Him. I had once and for all accepted that high calling, my life was in the hands of the Master to mold and to use as He should see fit.

To-day, after nineteen years in the Service of the King, my life is still completely yielded to Him; and "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have entrusted to Him against that day" when we shall all be gathered home.

Those years of service have been fruitful ones for the Master. Hundreds of thousands of souls have kneeled at the altars seeking Christ, thousands have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, other countless thousands have been healed in answer to prayer and believers have been strengthened in their faith.

Besides all this, there are almost one thousand young men and young women training for the ministry in our Bible School. Scores of them have already gone forth as evangelists, pastors in our Foursquare Branch Churches or as home or foreign missionaries, and at their altars other thousands

have confessed Christ and, in turn, have gone forth to bear the Message afar.

To these young students I often say:

"If God calls you, never worry about the way to answer His call. If a wall of difficulty looms before you, walk straight ahead in the path He has pointed out, and before you reach the wall, a way will be opened before you."

The door to the ministry was opened for me in a most unexpected manner and a most unusual one.

CHAPTER VII

LOVE OPENS A DOOR

Joy.

Blissful happiness.

Wonderful, sustaining love.

One night in the home where I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, I was attending children ill with typhoid fever. The door opened. In walked Robert Semple, the evangelist.

"Why—why, Mr. Semple!" I gasped. "Where have you been?"

"At Stratford, holding a revival."

"But why are you here?"

Smiling broadly at my surprise, he answered:

"I heard that the children were ill so I came over to sit up with them."

"But—that's what I'm doing."

"Fine, we'll both sit up with them for a little while."

Mr. Semple prayed for the little ones, earnestly asking:

"O Lord, Thou blessed Prince of Peace, give rest to these, Thy children. Touch them, calm their raging fever as Thou didst still tempestuous Galilee."

The rest, the assurance of his deep confident voice seemed to hallow the room.

"Speak but the Word, Lord, and it shall be done.

"Peace, be still."

The sleeping children lay still on their pillows and tossed no more. The silence of the room was broken only by their even breathing and the clinking fall of a glowing coal in the big base-burner.

Mr. Semple quietly rose from beside the bed, flashed a smile at me, indicated silence with finger to lips, dimmed

the bright lamp and motioned toward the lighted dining-room beyond.

We tiptoed out.

"Now tell me," he began, as he drew up a chair for me at the table, "how have you been? I am awfully glad to see you."

Glad to see me. Was there—was there really a note of happiness in his voice?

How competent, how wonderful he looked.

My heart swelled within me as I thought of the blessed joy and peace of Christ that this man had brought to me through his ministry, calming the fevered restlessness of unbelief, pointing the way to faith and trust.

I thanked him for the inspiration and encouragement of his letters and informed him with not a little pride that I had looked up and read every Scripture reference which he had outlined.

"Now you tell me what you've been doing," I concluded. "How have your meetings been? Let's forget me and my little world."

His eyes glowed and his voice rang with the indomitable force of a soul winner.

"Wonderful meetings—hall filled—altars tear-wet."

He painted a glowing picture of pathos, humor and accomplishment.

I listened enraptured, my eyes closed, visioning him standing straight and tall before the crowds; bringing them to their knees, to tears and to Christ.

"Oh," I interrupted, "how glorious! How wonderful it is to be a soul winner."

Mr. Semple went on to tell me of his plans, how he had been called to carry the Gospel to idol-ridden China.

As he talked of this call he opened one of the children's geographies which was lying upon the table and said, pointing to a map of the Orient:

"See, there is Hong Kong, where I am going."

Fascinated with the thought of a life of such Christian

service, I suddenly burst forth with my pent-up hope that even I might be a winner of souls.

I told him how I had offered the Lord my life for service great or small and how I sat for hours at my piano, playing and singing with eyes brimming:

> "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
> Over mountain or plain or sea."

"And, oh, Mr. Semple," I concluded, "what a blessed privilege it would be to bear the light into the darkest corners of heathendom."

Now, I wasn't hinting. Nothing was farther from my mind.

But I found one of my hands imprisoned in his and heard him softly saying:

"Aimee, dear, will you become my wife and enter the work with me? I love you with all my heart."

My heart stood still for what seemed an age and then started pounding like a trip hammer. I gulped a couple of times trying to say something but only got as far as:

"O—ah."

"Just a minute now, dear, before you answer; let us kneel in a word of prayer and ask our Heavenly Father's will," he said.

Robert prayed as we knelt side by side, hand in hand. I couldn't pray for the lump in my throat. But I closed my eyes very, very tight. The room seemed filled with angels who lined either side of a golden, sunlit path of life that stretched away into the vista of coming days of glorious love and joyful service; a path that led to the city of the King; and therein walked Robert and I, hand in hand.

I opened my eyes and the picture faded. I closed my eyes again. There was the same pathway, but this time there was only one figure. I was walking steadily into the light—but alone.

I did not know the meaning of that picture then; but my

lips whispered "yes" to Robert and my heart sang "yes" to the Lord.

Had the portals of vision swung a little wider and had I seen a tear-wet mound of fresh earth in Happy Valley, Hong Kong, and a little black-garbed girl-widow with a new-born babe in her arms grieving there, I still would have said "yes" to Robert and "yes" to the Lord.

. . . . . .

There was great activity in and about the Canadian farmhouse. Bowers of goldenglow graced the yard like heaps of sunshine. The jonquils and hydrangeas nodded knowingly to each other. Long tables were placed and leveled beneath the fragrant apple trees.

The apples weighed down every limb, and the grapevines were so laden with luscious clusters that they must needs be propped up, in the month when I was wed. The corn was bowed to the earth with the burden of full ears, and the wheat had ripened into golden fruition. Fruit and fullness of harvest were everywhere. Oh, that my life of service might be as bounteous!

There were neighbor ladies, and ladies from the church and from the town in our house these days. There were hours of being fitted and hearing about other brides and what they did on their wedding days. Friendly, fussing hands patted here and patted there.

It was the day of plaited skirts, and the day of discussion as to whether it would be considered proper to show the ankles, and whether the neck should be to the ears or the collar bone. The sleeves, it was decided, might be daringly cut to the elbow if the filet of lace was sprayed in a soft shower just a little below.

There were strange sounds from the cellar to the attic—sewing machines humming upstairs, the silverware being magnificently polished in the pantry. From the basement came the sounds of whipping and churning, the beating of eggs and the whipping of cream and the patting and molding of butter and delicate puddings; while, on dark shelves, cakes

were being seasoned and ripened. There was the distant protest of perishing chickens, and the bustle of stuffing soft feathers into silk-encased pillows. Neighbor ladies, who were assisting, engaged in discussions of the value of roast and fricassee, country and southern fry, potatoes mashed and potatoes creamed; or welcomed and enthused over the lady who came with a new recipe of a cake with an icing two inches thick which was the white of eggs, whipped cream and sections of blood-red oranges.

There were silver cakes, gold cakes and angel food.

The calf and the colt stood around the door to wait for the steady stream of peelings, and the neighbor children came to lick the batter pans.

There was the chink of neighbor chinaware which came to supplement our own. Knives and forks and spoons came with tiny red or white or blue identification threads tied around them.

Then came the arrival of wedding presents which were placed in a room in stately grandeur. The horn-handled carving set sent by the boy who used to like me pretty well (the carving set that is still in service at this present day), the cutglass and silver cruet; salt, pepper, vinegar and mustard jars of the latest approved shapes and sizes; the cooky jars and hand-painted plates; the tablecloths and doilies.

. . . . . .

To-morrow was the day of days!

The wedding garments were all laid in state upon the bed in the spare room. The traveling suit, the trunks, the suitcases were in their places.

Excited but weary, I threw myself down in the little room where so often I had prayed, and where had come to me such wondrous blessings, and tried to sleep. As I dozed, the endless activities of the house still whirled about me. In my dreams wedding presents became mixed with wedding cakes and pies, a cutglass and silver cruet chased salt and pepper holders around in endless circles. The horn-handled

carving set chased the roast chickens around the festive board, wedding dress and veil floated up, up, up on a mountain of presents to reach the orange wreath which rested on top, then with the slip of a foot on a jelly-roll, a harmless dreamland fall, down, down, down into a marshmallow whipped cream cake with icing three feet deep.

CHAPTER VIII

WEDDING BELLS

RICE!

Roses!

Old shoes!

"Everybody kiss the bride!"

A scurry, a bridal bouquet, a cloud of ribbons, trailing to a haven of broad, willing shoulders.

Laughter—pursuit—a moment's submission—hasty kisses planted on burning cheeks—a dash for the beribboned carriage, trembling behind prancing, satin-sheened horses—the light flick of a whip and Robert and I were off.

Gayly we drove to the railroad station while the sun dipped behind a cloud and a honeymoon came smiling through.

"Mrs. Semple," I murmured shyly to myself, holding tighter and tighter to Robert's hand. Then—

"Wasn't the bower of flowers wonderful?" I asked enthusiastically.

"I did not notice it much, dear," he replied.

"Why, Robert! The neighbors worked for hours on that! Didn't the bridesmaids do well, and wasn't the flower girl pretty?"

"M-m-m. I don't think I saw them, darling."

"Weren't the presents gorgeous? Wasn't the table beautifully decorated?"

"I am sure it was all wonderful but I didn't find an opportunity to really look at them, sweetheart."

"Why, Robert, where were your eyes?"

"They were on you, dear. I saw nothing but you."

I laughingly accused him of having kissed the Blarney Stone because he came from Ireland; but, oh! how delight-

fully happy we were as we sped away on the train that day for Robert's pastorate in Stratford.

Happy days—days brimful of service and unaccustomed tasks in the vineyard of the Lord—days when strange voices and sounds melted into a medley of tinkling pianos, chiming out revival melodies—singing voices, clicking train wheels, glad receptions and tearful farewells as we traveled from city to city, conducting enthusiastic campaigns.

There came a day when, after several months of service in Chicago, Robert gathered me in his arms and said:

"Darling, I feel the time has come for us to leave for China."

"I am ready, Robert—anywhere in all the world with you."

Straightway he began to farewell in the various churches and missions where he had been speaking, saying good-by and telling people we were about to depart for the scene of our future work.

I played the piano and testified in the meetings. Robert was the preacher and I the minister's wife. He stood on the platform and preached in the blazing glory of his message, and I sat in the audience and boosted and said:

"Isn't he wonderful?"

I often think that a bit of encouragement goes a long way toward helping one along any path of life. Robert certainly had a sincere admirer in me.

But through those early days of farewelling, a pucker gathered now and then between my brows.

"Robert," I suggested, after meeting one night, "doesn't it cost a great deal to go to China? Have we the money, dear?"

"When God calls, He provides the means," was Robert's answer.

Silenced and feeling somewhat rebuked at my manifestation of lack of faith, I said no more upon the subject, but the pucker lingered upon the brow of practical me. I had not yet learned the lesson of implicit faith.

Came the night when Robert was farewelling at a large Italian Church which had been founded and brought into fruition largely through our ministry.

What a wonderful people they were! How they loved Mr. Semple!

At the close of his sermon, they asked permission to pass by and shake hands with us one by one. Robert stood on the platform and I stood in the right-hand aisle in the audience as the long procession came.

"God bless you and keep you! Good-by!" they said.

Italian folk, like their sunny clime, are warm-hearted and demonstrative. The ladies, as they passed by, kissed me, which, of course, was according to custom. But before I realized his intention an Italian brother planted a resounding smack upon my cheek, much to my consternation, saying:

"God bless you, Sister! God bless you!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, stepping around the other side of a chair. "Why—why—the Lord bless you, too, brother."

Every one that passed gave us what they called a "green handshake," leaving money in our hands and pockets; but after that incident I took care to shake hands over the chair.

I had a sinking feeling as I glanced at Robert. I thought he was looking straight at me. How should I ever explain to him, I frantically asked myself. He was of a strict Presbyterian type, and I wondered how I should begin.

At last the meeting was over and we were on our way home. Walking down the street to the elevated railway, I looked up at him. His face seemed rather troubled, and he looked straight ahead.

"R-Robert," I stammered and swallowed hard, "there is something I want to say to you."

"Yes, dear," he replied, "and there is something I want to say to *you*."

O-o-o-o! He had seen it then, I told myself in despair.

"But, Robert—I—"

"Just a moment, darling. I must get this off my mind

first," he interrupted. "This evening while I was shaking hands with those dear people—the Italian men were shaking hands with me and some of them kissed me. Then the first thing I knew, before I had the slightest warning, an Italian lady—in shaking hands—had—kissed me, too."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Thank God!"

He looked at me in surprise and I found courage to relate my experience.

All of our pockets were full of money, which coupled with other offerings that came in, provided our fare to China.

We farewelled in Toronto, and sailed from St. John, New Brunswick, for Liverpool with passage booked from there to north Ireland where Robert's Scotch-Irish parents lived. A glorious revival service, the results of which still live on, crowned our efforts there.

That was an eventful voyage on the *Empress of Ireland*.

It was my first sight of the ocean, and I had never traveled anywhere before on water. Looking out over the vast expanse of that broad-bosomed ocean, I thrilled with expectancy of the journey.

It was a lovely day as we steamed out of the harbor. But the first ground swell tipped the ship up on one end and down on the other, and it seemed to me that the world had turned over and the sun had gone out. I surveyed again the endless miles of now rough water, but my thoughts were back at that placid farm pond. My heart sank. Water! Water! Water! The waves dashed against the side of the ship.

The first day was just rough weather. It seemed to me like a terrible storm. But, oh, the second day—!

One of the worst storms in years broke over that turbulent North Atlantic and our poor ship staggered and struggled until it seemed that every lurch would be its last. I promptly went below and lay down in my stateroom. My most vivid memory, strangely, of that hurricane is of swaying dresses. They hung before my eyes and seemed to

touch first one side of the stateroom and then the other as the boat rolled and rocked.

With every roll I would clasp the edge of my berth and cling for dear life, feeling we were rolling over. The ship went up and up until it seemed it would touch the sky, then down, down, down until I expected to hear it scrape the bottom. It sank, seemingly without support, every timber creaking, and I hoped it would not break when it hit.

This sort of thing kept up all the way across. I never expected to see land again; but if ever I did, I vowed, I would never again go near any body of water larger than a filled bathtub. I had had plenty of ocean travel.

We left Canada shivering in the wintry blasts and arrived in England a week later to be greeted by the warmth and green countryside of Spring.

I found Robert's parents, the grandparents of Roberta, to be lovely people. They filled my homesick heart and made me feel welcome in their quaint, honest, sincere Irish way. I wanted to eat in the kitchen dining nook—it was so spotlessly clean and homelike; but they insisted that we were company and must eat in the parlor.

I was intrigued with the big open fireplace in the kitchen from which came the delicious and appetizing food as only the real Irish folk can cook it. Meats deliciously browned, flaky home-baked bread, golden-brown biscuits and beautifully prepared vegetables all came from that great hearth. What a kitchen it was!

Then there was the great grandfather's clock, more than one hundred years old. I used to sit and listen to it, wondering what it could tell if it could talk instead of tick.

It seemed so queer to hear Robert's mother tell of when he was a baby. That big six-foot fellow! She spoke of chubby little hands and big Irish blue eyes and showed me a tintype of him. My heart grew soft with longing and I thought of another day which was to come as I sat and sewed tiny squares of outing flannel.

Speaking of sewing—what a time I had at first!

Robert's mother had threaded my needle, put a thimble on my finger and seated me by a window with the light just so. I hesitated to tell her that I did not know much about sewing, that my own parents had never been able to tie me down to a needle and thread. There seemed no way out so I started to struggle with the new task.

Taking the tiniest possible stitches, I thought I was doing remarkably well. I pricked and sucked my finger time and again and sewed and sewed. Mrs. Semple returned, finally, looked at my work so carefully done, and exclaimed solicitously:

"Why, darling! You need not have basted it!"

After Robert's evangelistic campaign in Belfast, we left his beloved land, famed for song and lore, and went to London, England, where he preached while waiting for our Orient-bound boat. Foggy ol' Lunnon. We spent happy days there!

One morning Robert said: "Well, dear, it is time we were leaving."

I thrilled, yet shrank at the thought of that mysterious Oriental land, and tragedy seemed to touch my heart with a tiny chill as I pictured the long voyage into such a strange world and recalled how Robert's mother had cried when we left her—cried in a way that left me with the feeling that she expected never to see him again.

At the London Orient dock our friends gathered in throngs to wave last good-bys and sing:

"God be with you till we meet again."

Their voices died away in the distance. Our eyes, tear-dimmed, looked at the fast receding shore. Then we turned our faces outward again for the first glimpse of that land where we were to minister in the name of the Lord.

Forebodings melted with sunny days and hours on deck, with Robert reading to me from "Pilgrim's Progress."

Whales spouted and plunged as we skirted the edge of that turbulent graveyard of ships, the Bay of Biscay. We rounded the gunstudded heights of mighty Gibraltar, the

watchdog of the Mediterranean, and glided into those sky-blue waters where dolphins played and splashed, their sleek bodies glistening in the sun, and where flying fish spread their wings and soared above the smooth-surfaced depths.

On across the Red Sea we went.

"What makes the Red Sea red?" I asked the captain. "It doesn't look red to-day."

"Sand storms," he replied. "The wind blows the sand off the desert and lays a light covering of it on the surface of the water. The reflected rays of the sun give the waves a reddish cast."

Robert and I spent hours on deck speculating as to just where Pharaoh and his hosts had crossed. What a day it must have been when those proud waters reared their heads, pausing in their onward rush to allow the hosts of Israel to pass through dry-shod! What confusion must have reigned when, with a deafening thunder, the waters rolled together again and buried the Egyptians in their foaming depths.

It was on these banks that Miriam once stood with her timbrel and sang in triumph when the horses and riders of Pharaoh's hosts had been defeated.

Black, shiny fins of persistent sharks cut their way through the waters on either side of the ship.

We entered the Indian Ocean and in a short time were in Calcutta, India—India, the land of fakirs, Bengal tigers, trained elephants and massed tropical foliage; India, the land where huge leopards prowled in search of human prey, continually struggling to enter the village streets.

My memories of Calcutta and Ceylon are tinged with the horrors of leprosy. At Ceylon, from the leper colony, hordes of beggars poured out daily into the streets and huddled on the curbs, holding out begging bowls with unspeakably hideous hands. Worse, those who had no hands waved fly-infested stumps. All cried in nightmare voices:

"Alms, for the love of Allah!"

These sights shocked my nerves, so sensitive at this time,

until my fingers became locked in a vise-like grip on my sunshade. After I reached the boat, my husband had to pry them loose.

Strange India, on one hand, its unspeakable woes and on the other hand, its lovely homes, wealth, gayety, balls and lavish entertainment; castes as high as the Rajah and as low as the beast; gilded mosques and temple shrines; sandal-shod priests and wailing worshipers; hourly calls to prayer from the lofty minarets; the thrum of the tom-tom and the rhythmic rise and fall of white-clad bodies, now erect with hands upflung, now prostrate with heads in the dust—India, superstition-ridden, beautiful and ugly, lovely and horrible.

Pungent memories lingered long after we put to sea, even as the incense from the temples clung to our linen garments.

Robert bought some white suits in India. It seemed to be quite the thing to do—the weather was so hot and Hong Kong was just around the bend, with, they told us, practically the same climate. Native tailors came aboard and made three suits in a single day—measured, buttoned and all.

Robert, princely fellow that he was, looked finer still to my adoring eyes as he displayed his new apparel. But the suits, made so hastily, gave way all of a sudden and Robert, very crestfallen, was rushed to a stateroom where I applied the needle which I was now learning to wield with some efficiency.

However, our new cork helmets with green linings were more satisfactory and we wore them around the deck and felt mightily pleased at having become so quickly adapted to the country.

It was on the Indian Ocean that a simoom overtook us—a terrific Oriental storm, the like of which I have never seen in the Occident. The waters became deadly calm, and shiny like a sea of black oil.

The captain, anxiously watching the barometer with ex-

perienced eye, ordered all passengers below and all portholes and hatches locked.

The whole universe seemed breathless and hushed. There was not a sound but the distant muffled beat of the ship's great engine heart and the gentle swish, swish of the ebony-hued waves as the liner smoothly glided along. Even the sea gulls were gone. No sign of storm was apparent to our inexperienced eyes, but the rapidly falling barometer could not lie.

Then, on the distant horizon appeared a black funnel-like cloud, racing across the water. I heard a high-pitched sound, as of a woman's shrill scream, rising in intensity until it became one prolonged ear-splitting shriek.

I was kneeling with my face pressed to a porthole. All this talk about monsoons and simooms had intrigued me.

Suddenly, under the oncoming cloud, I saw a wall of inky water sweeping along at a terrific speed. Just before it struck, the ship was riding motionless on the unbroken mirror of the water.

O-O-O-O-O-O! Boom! Crash!

Roaring like ten thousand demons, the wind almost lifted us out of the water.

With one long zoom, the boat plunged, nose down, and then shook and shivered and plunged again until every timber cried out against this agonizing grip of the mad winds.

There was nothing to do but run with the storm and for two days we ran. Tons of water heaved over the sides and sloshed down the bridge and sloping decks.

Even after the gale had howled itself out of breath, moving around on that ship was a precarious experience. The crew tied ropes around us and staked us out on deck for air.

Everybody told everybody else of all the terrible storms they had weathered, heard of or read about. It was a gala fête for old timers. They reveled in "I remember whens" and told how storm signals were placed along the China coast, ever ready to be hoisted when a gale threatened.

They said that when the signals were up, all ships would scatter for their harbor homes like frightened ducklings. They lamented the junk boats in which thousands of poor Chinese, forbidden to land, were drowned like rats.

It was all very new to me and I listened with wonder as they talked of this new and grotesque land.

We were just rounding the "point" of the Indian Ocean when the storm crashed down upon us and when we slid from its writhing coils we were almost in sight of Manila. The gallant little ship righted her course, nosed into the China Sea, and we sped along. Finally, the captain announced we would see Hong Kong in the morning.

There was not much sleep that night for us. By this time the Orient and China had lost a good deal of the cherry blossom, colored lantern, embroidered kimono romance for me. China was going to be a serious matter.

Robert, at the prow of the ship, looked shoreward with the light of purpose and conquest in his eyes. His purpose was to see souls saved.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," the Master had said.

And Robert had answered, "Here am I, Lord; send me."

The greatest joy the soul winner knows is storming the citadels of unbelief and planting the Bloodstained Banner of the Cross on the erstwhile alien hills of heathen lands. It matters not the color of the fleshly tabernacle which houses the jewel that is the soul, be it brown or yellow, black or white, it is precious in His sight. For that bright prize, the soul, countless missionaries have laid their all upon the altar—life, health, home, comfort, worldly possessions. For the salvation of one such soul the true missionary will gladly make the supreme sacrifice, considering that the servant is not greater than his Lord.

While Robert would look eagerly upon China, I would try to stifle the little rising tide of anxiety. Would I be all right? Would I be a burden to Robert in his work here? Would we have a home? Would there be a little

quiet nest where one could be alone, away from the terrible glare of the Oriental sun pushing down like a fiery dart?

"Now you are going to be a brave little missionary wife," I would say to myself. "Even if you are only nineteen and far away from home for the first time."

Robert was very tender with me these days. In addition to the love he bore me, was the dawning wonder of approaching fatherhood. With a curious mingling of his emotions, he would put into words the answer to the question I had left unvoiced as to our future home.

I would smile, and pride myself that there was no quiver of my lips.

When I would say I needed no other shelter than the circle of his arms, he would enfold me and whisper:

"Then come home, darling," and lock his arms more closely about me.

There was a strange fierceness in his manner, as though he would interpose his tall form between me and every wind that would ever sweep across the hills and vales of life.

There was always the lovable Irish touch of the word "darlint" in his endearments.

Oh, that death had never loosed those beloved arms! I know they would have warded off the deep tragedies and fierce winds and fiery trials which were to follow! I know the poignant sorrows, which lay in wait in my struggle alone with the world, could never have touched me.

Had a man's cool and determined logic been available in years to come, what grief and misfortune might have been spared the helpless, inexperienced little mother-evangelist!

CHAPTER IX

KALEIDOSCOPIC HONG KONG

Hazy hills.

Shimmering, scorching sun.

Shifting, scurrying sampans.

Hong Kong!

Cork helmets pulled low, as unaccustomed eyes winced from piercing sun-shafts, we stood on deck and viewed that sparkling gem of the Orient, Hong Kong harbor.

Rising up out of the distant heat fog appeared "the peak."

The great skeleton ladder of an inclined railway wound up its precipitous side.

Hong Kong, the festooned, ornate town dipped its dragon-like claws into the beautiful, moon-shaped natural harbor.

The water was literally alive with boats. Junks with black bat-like winged sails, manned by long-cued, wrinkled yellow natives, darted in clusters from a great area of tiny eggshell "house boats."

Boys swarmed about our ship like minnows, shrieking up in their "pigeon English," exhorting the passengers to drop a coin into the clear tepid depths. With a little flutter of the water they would flash to the bottom like gleaming yellow fish, then pop to the top, spouting little geysers of water and clutching triumphantly their coin in one dripping saffron hand, their almond eyes shining as they looked up for another piece of change.

While waiting to land we heard horrible tales of the flower boats just around the bend of the Canton river, where fathers sold blind daughters into slavery.

Pointing to the closely packed mass of "house boats," an officer of our ship explained that thousands of families dwelt in these tiny craft, generation after generation, living and

dying without ever landing from their "city on the water." Sometimes, he concluded, a family of twelve or fourteen Chinese would wallow out their existence in one little, frail boat hardly big enough to turn around in.

It seemed this water population had no land grants and had to eke out a pitifully meager sustenance from the deep, not only staying always on the water but practically cut off from communication with the shore world.

The gayly bannered city, elongated between the mountains and the sea, stretched in both directions. The Oriental buildings, strange in their carved, elaborate architecture, had a beauty peculiarly their own. Teeming, sweating humans swarmed and struggled ceaselessly adown scorched thoroughfares beneath blazing Eastern suns. Hot stones burned yellow sandaled feet. With bewildering clamor of Oriental tongues, Chinese taxi drivers, the jinrickisha men, swarmed the dock in ever-increasing hordes, each man beneath a wide-brimmed coolie hat, insistent almost to the point of physical combat that he take us to our destination.

Sedans there were in abundance—two brawny Oriental, stolid, unblinking coolies with long poles resting on their shoulders and upon the poles slung wicker canopied litters. What a sight it was, amid the inscrutable, strange countenances of the natives, to see the white-clad European figures of the missionaries. They, hearing of our arrival, had made it a gala day and had come from everywhere to welcome us and get the latest first-hand news from home and loved ones who had sent them greetings.

We were eager to view the sights of Hong Kong and one of the older missionaries asked us to go with him to the markets. We descended a flight of stairs, past fly-infested meat stands, peculiar foodstuffs which the Chinese consider edibles. There were ten-year-old eggs which commanded a tremendous price, the eggs having been buried in the earth and seasoned. There were "lats" which the Chinese insisted were not rats but squirrels. To this day I have never been sure which they were; but they resembled

rats. There were strange fruits and vegetables. The bananas were green instead of yellow, though they were thoroughly ripe.

Just down the aisle was a large wooden keg, around which stood a group of Chinese men. As we drew near we observed that the container was full of worms; peculiar, long worms. As we watched a moment, horrified, a Chinaman put one sen, one-tenth of a cent, down on the counter to pay for one of the wriggly creatures, reached into the keg, drew out a long one, lifted it high, threw back his head and slowly lowered the worm into his mouth, where it disappeared with one last despairing wiggle.

We suddenly wanted to go away from there and get some air. Robert said that the worms weren't even respectable fish worms; they were long, flat and pink underneath with brown scallops down the side.

Later I often heard the missionaries remarking upon the hospitality and sensitiveness of the Chinese converts. They said, for instance, that if invited to dinner at a convert's home it would be bad taste to refuse to eat what was served. They spoke about the various dishes of the Chinese, many of them very lovely. But on the other hand, it was said, the natives frequently served a nice ant appetizer of "pleasing sour flavor." As I would sit and listen to the missionaries telling what was expected of a good soldier of the Cross at a Chinese dinner table, I wondered whether I should ever have the courage to rise to the occasion when my time should come. Though I was spared this painful ordeal, my respect has always been unbounded for those who had the grace not to offend their native hosts.

Life in China is not really all the average young Christian worker in the homeland fancies it to be. When in the Occident one sees the Orient through rose-hued glasses, considering largely the romance, travel, picturesque scenes, cherry blossoms, lotus bloom and magnolia, delicately painted vases and tea in frail china served on teakwood tables inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl; perfumed

ladies with tapering fingers coquetting behind flattering fans.

Life across the sea was a very grim reality to Robert and me. Having spent the first few days in the home of a missionary, we soon became located in one of our own.

How happy we were when we had found it: European houses were at a premium. Imagine my surprise, then, when we located a half block of connecting houses all vacant, with the exception of an end one. This was occupied by a missionary couple who had two of the dearest of children—babies who both fell asleep in China, leaving empty-armed parents who had suffered thus to bring the light of Jesus to that pagan land.

After looking through all the empty houses we selected one several doors from the missionary family. Our place was right next to a Hindu Temple. Soon we had purchased our simple furnishings and hired a native cook at ten cents a day, having found that without a servant we would lose caste in the eyes of the Chinese and our ministry would thus be hampered.

If it is true that one gets about what one pays for things in this world, we possibly received just about our money's worth of cook.

Next we engaged a Chinese teacher and both Robert and I studied hours daily, beginning in the tones and the smaller syllables.

We were bewildered to find that one must not only learn to speak but to sing the language in various keys. For instance, the word "sen" pronounced flat or with an upward intonation or in a tone lower would mean different articles entirely.

Imagine the horror of one of our missionaries who thought he had quite mastered the language, when he dismissed a meeting and thought he had said, "Let us all go home," but found he had really said, "Let us all go to the devil!" The wrong tone inflection had caused this terrible error.

Robert and I studied earnestly and diligently, though

assured by older missionaries that it took some people as long as twenty years to get a good working knowledge of a dialect, and that some hundred different dialects were used throughout China, not one of which could be understood by those using another.

Possibly this is one reason why a real inroad in an evangelistic sense never has been made into China.

Mr. Semple did not waste an hour, at all times studying or preaching through an interpreter, distributing Chinese Gospel literature or praying for that mighty land which lies under the inky pall of superstition and heathenism.

"Just think," he would say to me in the evenings, coming in hot, flushed from his task, "just think, every third baby that is born in the world is Chinese. One-third of the people in the world are Chinese, every third funeral is that of a Chinese. What a mighty task lies before Christianity!"

Sometimes he would open the door, and come in singing to the air of "Bringing in the Sheaves,"

> "Bringing in Chinese,
> Bringing in Chinese,
> We shall come rejoicing,
> Bringing in Chinese."

Again there were times when he would say:

"Do you know, darling, I do not believe that I am ever going back to America. I believe that when the Master comes, I will rise to meet Him from Chinese soil, my arms laden with yellow pearls won for Him here."

And I would assure him sincerely:

"I am with you, Robert, wherever you go, whatever you do."

After the dishes were done at night, Robert would kneel and pray in the dining-room—pray in the dusk without stopping to light the lamps—pray for China, prayers of such earnestness as I have never heard from other lips.

I, seeking a breath of air after the stifling heat of the

day, would sit out in the hammock on the piazza with my feet curled up under me for fear of rats that were bold by day and bolder by night.

"Robert, were you not afraid to kneel and pray there in the dark with those rats padding around?" I would ask.

"Why, I didn't notice them, dear," he would reply. "I was praying for China."

But he would always help me chase the last rodent to its lair and stop up every new-found hole. I was not afraid of mice as most women are, but I certainly was timid about those rats. They were almost as large as cats and raced through the house heeding not property or personal rights, or even traffic signals.

Sitting there on the piazza by day or by night, when it was too hot to rest in the beds enclosed by mosquito netting, I saw the world pass by in a very curious kaleidoscopic review.

There were practically no horses in Hong Kong. Wherefore human beings, human shoulders must bear the burdens. Coolies working for five and ten cents a day were harnessed like horses, drawing heavy loads or bearing across their shoulders great yokes from each end of which hung tremendous weights; bales of cloth, loads of brick or stone. These coolies ran at a dog trot back and forth before our home in an endless procession all day long—the beasts of burden of China.

They groaned as they jogged along, and I could not help but wonder if they had ever heard the name of Jesus, those poor coolies with bare feet, with sandaled feet or with bits of cloth or straw matting bound with cords or bamboo shreds to keep their pounding soles from the blistering stones.

These burden bearers were in no manner confined to men. The pad, pad of small feminine feet resounded on our street as mothers and young girls, heavily laden under their creaking yokes, sometimes carrying young babies strapped to their backs, passed by on their hopeless way.

How my heart ached for those unfortunate infants of

China! Hour after hour, from morning until night, they hung in their carryalls, their little heads snapping back and forth with the dog trot of the mother. If they cried their mother could not stop to tend them. If they slept, their little heads fell back, tender eyes exposed to the blinding, merciless glare of the sun. No wonder there were so many blind babies in China, when, covered with disease and filth, their eyes are so exposed day after day through infancy. No wonder the flower boats, that dread curse of China, that unholy traffic, never want for victims.

How could the Chinese toil like that? How could they endure? We were warned repeatedly that white people must never step out of doors without a cork helmet or umbrella—warned that the scornful laughs of the strongest men had frozen on their lips as they died instantly—sunstroke victims.

From my piazza, I watched venders of all sorts of foodstuffs go by—especially noticing those selling highly decorated roast pigs that had been offered to heathen idols. These pigs were scored in fanciful designs and beribboned in riotous colors from nose to tail.

Looking upon them we understood for the first time what the Apostle Paul meant when he said "Touch not the meat offered unto idols."

Not all the people who passed our house were poor, either. Jinrickishas, flower bedecked, constantly rolled by. Licentious soldiers; European soldiers with coyly painted Japanese girls, made the blushes rise to my cheeks.

How could one preach the Gospel to these Chinese and tell them how to live and how to die, teach them of the Christ of our Christian country when here were soldiers from the Continent, liquor-sodden, flaunting boldly their un-Christian immorality?

On our way to the little Chinese mission, we would pass favorite haunts of these drunken defenders of civilized nations. The Chinese whom we were trying to interest would point to them and say:

"Is that an example of your Christianity?"

One thing I had never reckoned on was the quickness in retaliation of the native. Sometimes we would ask one to give his heart to Jesus and he would say:

"You tell us to come to Jesus and give up our opium. Who forced it into this country? The honorable white men brought in Bibles and opium on the same boat. They started and encouraged the culture of the opium-bearing poppy, good upright Christians."

Sometimes a particularly bitter native would add:

"Do you know how your people came into possession of Hong Kong? You may have forgotten, but we have not. It was when we protested and refused to receive the ships full of opium. Your white men came in with their gunboats and started war and when we were unprepared to fight we were obliged to capitulate and give them Hong Kong as a peace offering. That is why that flag flies from the turret yonder."

The Chinese of China are not the abject, lowly, truck gardening or laundrying yellow people we see in America. In their own country they seem to be quick-minded, serious students and keen of perception. They speak right up, do these Chinese of China, and oftentimes, in no uncertain terms, deal sallies which need the keenest attention to answer. They insist that their religion is much older than ours. We are a new nation, they say, and they count a thousand years as we count centuries.

A story is told of a young Chinese Christian who was on his way to the cemetery with rice and chicken to put on the grave of his grandmother.

"Li Chee," he was asked, "how long do you intend to continue putting offerings of food upon the grave of your ancestors? You know they cannot rise and eat it. When will you stop?"

"Most reverend, delightful, educated missionary lady," he replied, respectfully, "we who are as humble as dust under your exalted wisdom feel that we should desist from placing

delicious food upon the graves of our honorable ancestors when your people cease placing flowers upon the respected graves of your most glorious ancestors. Can they rise and smell the flowers?"

The rich, the noble, the learned, walked, rode or were carried in that never-ending pageantry of color that passed my door; even the very highest dignitaries, upon whose royal purple gowns great dragons spread their shining scales from color to hem.

Hindus there were in abundance, with their brightly clad women.

Funerals wound by in seemingly endless array, and I spent much of my time watching them. First would come Chinese players with whining Oriental instruments; then with silken banners fluttering would come litters of food to be offered at the graves. After the litter the paid mourners walked, crying as if their hearts would break. Next came the body of the deceased himself with his widow beating upon her breast. His neighbors brought up the rear of the procession. Everything was decorated in gay colors of quaint Oriental beauty.

Military funerals would pass; officers borne in stately grandeur upon gun carriages, covered with the flag of their nation. Taps would sound and in Happy Valley cemetery just round the corner, a firing squad would sound the last salute. But of all the funerals I like least the Hindu's ceremonies come first.

CHAPTER X

TRAGEDY LAND

THRUM!

Thrum! Thrum!

"Allahu, Akbar, Ashhadu.

"Anne Muhammadan, Rasulu-allah.

"All-ah-hh—"

Tom-toms.

Chanting Hindus.

It was the first Mohammedan cortège I had seen making its way to the temple next door.

All the color and ceremony of the other funerals was there—flowers, gifts, mourners, banners; but unlike the others the deceased was borne openly upon a silk canopied, flower strewn litter.

As the procession turned into the temple, I could plainly see the body, and the fragrant, almost sickening odor of the flowers filled the street.

"Perhaps he will be placed in a casket within the temple," I thought.

In a moment there came from the dim recesses of that Mohammedan shrine the familiar, rhythmic, insistent beat of the tom-tom, the sound that somehow vibrates and pounds within my very being even to this day. Through the side door I caught the flash of the rising and falling bodies in the familiar and accustomed form of worship.

Thrum! Thrum! Thrum! Thrum!

On and on, on and on, incessantly, the monotonous sound continued until it seemed as though those tom-toms had been beating since the world began, and would beat on and on, on and on through all eternity. On they beat and roared and thrummed until I felt that Heaven and earth,

sky and sea, were filled with that primitive, hypnotic, compelling sound. Now soaring above it, now sinking below it came the weird chanting wail:

"Allah is God! Mohammed is his prophet! Allah! Allah! A-a-a-a-a!"

Rising to an ecstatic height and volume, sinking to a ghostly, hopeless wail, the voice kept time.

The sing-song, ever recurring intonations, the everlasting rhythm that, like the precise dropping of water, was never slower, never faster, never changing in tune or tone, beat upon my nerves and seemingly my very soul with all the force and horror of the drops of water which fell upon the heads of the victims of the Inquisition—drop, drop, drop—until their reason crashed.

With one final look at the rising and falling bodies of the worshipers, I turned away and decided to try to drive that awful rhythm from my brain by concentrating on a letter I was writing—a letter whose news would be a month old before it reached its destination in America.

I had just succeeded in corralling my thoughts when my nostrils were assailed by the pungent odor of greasy smoke.

Rising quickly I hurried to the kitchen, thinking Ah Chee, the imperialistic Chinese cook, was either burning some more of his outlandish native dishes or had set the kitchen on fire. However, he was not in the kitchen, neither was there a fire in the blue burner oil stove.

Looking through the open kitchen window, I saw rolling billows of smoke—acrid, greasy, nauseating smoke—coming toward our house. I ran to close the window, and as I lifted my hands to pull down the sash, I was frozen into terrified paralysis by the sight that met my eyes. My hands gripped the sash until the knuckles fairly cracked. My whole body stiffened, my eyes glazed in horror.

The small temple backyard, adjoining ours, was full of people, and there in a circle knelt the Hindu worshipers. A tom-tom orchestra was in full swing on one side, beating out its nerve-racking dirge in slowly increasing measures

now. The white robed figures still went down and up with the spellbinding regularity.

The greasy smoke poured from a stack of cordwood in the center of the circle. On top of the blazing, smoking fire was—a squirming Hindu!

Merciful heavens! They were burning a man to death!

My clutch of horror on the window sash now changed to a trembling attempt to keep from falling. My head swayed dizzily and waves of anguish swept over me.

I did not know that this was the crude form of Hindu cremation, and that the writhing figure on the blazing pyre was the corpse I had seen carried into the temple a short time before.

For several minutes I stood in a dreadful coma, while the smoke billowed around me as a busy worker at the pyre sloshed cans of oil on the belching flames.

Breaking the spell with a sudden downward jerk of the window, I fell back sobbing, blindly groping my way to the front room, and fell moaning across my bed.

Just at that moment Robert came in and, hearing my moans, ran to me, swept back the mosquito net curtains and looked down in helpless alarm.

"Oh, darling!" he cried. "What is it?"

Every nerve aquiver, in a queer little high-pitched voice, I answered unreasoningly:

"Don't touch me or I'll scream!"

Robert was amazed, but realized this was hysteria and promptly gathered me in his arms.

For the first and only time in my life, I broke into real and uncontrollable hysteria. Scream after scream broke from my set lips.

It was a peculiar sensation, as though at a great distance I was listening to the voice of another woman. With no conscious effort, I emitted those wild screams. It seemed impossible that it was really I. Finally I wadded the bedclothes together and covered my mouth, trying to muffle my voice.

By that time the Chinese cook arrived on the scene, three steps at a time, crying:

"Missee! Missee! Waz amalee you?"

Like the tempering of a storm, I grew quiet and Ah Chee explained:

"Hindu man him burnee dead man allee time. You no see urns in Hindu Happy Valley?"

I remembered then that I had seen the little urns and had remarked upon the fact that the Hindu graves in the Happy Valley cemetery were marked by one stone, topped in each instance by an urn.

Happy Valley, strangely, was a land of wonderment to me. For instance, behind the high stone wall in the Chinese section I had been puzzled by the heaps of food lying on the graves—chicken, rice, roast pigs—and the idols with grotesquely carved faces. All, as I learned, were placed there in tribute to the memory of the deceased ones.

The valley was sometimes a breath of life to us. When the steaming humidity of the day would be too much, Robert and I would trudge up there, sit on the grass and drink in each little breath of fresh air. Though a cemetery, the valley was one of the outstanding beauty spots of Hong Kong. Such a wealth and profusion of flowers—lotus, water lilies, wax-like magnolias as large as dinner plates, and hundreds of the most gorgeous tropical-hued blossoms. At times I found it a beautiful place to walk amid the quiet green, away from the hard glare of daylight, a haven where angel statues spread their marble wings above me. What a relief the coolness and shade of that quiet spot was! Little did I think that the dear form which upheld me during most of my walks would rest amid this beauty.

Life in South China seemed, particularly at this difficult season of the year, to be a fight against heat—a strenuous fight for very existence. We often tried dipping sheets in water and hanging them over the doors and windows in hopes that the air would cool a little as it came through.

It is not strange that one of the first words I learned to

say in Chinese was "suet go," meaning "ice cream," and "ling mung suey," meaning "iced lemonade."

Besides the heat, we had to put up with the unpleasant task of examining our rooms, beds and walls, many times a day, for centipedes, reptiles, and scorpions, which flourished in abundance. Of centipedes the natives had a great fear. Frequently I would be reading and there would come the whir of a wooden shoe above my head. Looking up startled, I would find the servant had, with unerring aim, crushed a centipede against the wall above my head.

Speaking of servants, which leads naturally to cooks, a British missionary lady friend, who boasted that she had the only really clean Chinese cook in the country, was one day rather taken back. Her husband, like all good Englishmen, was very fond of plum duff. She made the pudding after the approved style, tying it up in a white cloth bag. Then she deposited it in a steamer, set it over a pot of boiling water and covered it securely with a lid.

"Now, Sing Lee," she said, "all you have to do is keep water in the pot below and the pudding will cook from the steam."

"One smart China boy savvy," he said. "Keep water boiling bottom side, honorable pudding steam top side."

About an hour and a half later, entering the kitchen to see if the plum pudding was finished, my friend looked into the lower kettle and was amazed to find the water black and covered with a scum.

"Sing Lee," she exclaimed, "what have you done to that water?"

"Nothing, Missee. Keep plenty water bottom side, plenty steam top side."

"Don't fib to me, Sing Lee!" she exclaimed. "I want to know what you put in the bottom of that kettle."

At last he confessed, thus:

"Missee burnee too much fire wood. Sing Lee makee boil trousers same water under pudding save fire wood."

Sure enough, there hung his trousers, drying on the line!

He reasoned that they had not touched the pudding, therefore he might boil them in the water beneath, forgetful that the pudding was cooked by steam.

. . . . . .

There was practically no sanitation in China—no sewers and little if any street cleaning. If a horse died in the street, it was often devoured by dogs and the bones left to bleach there.

The method of fertilizing the ground was unspeakable. I was not warned, until after my husband's illness, of the danger of eating lettuce, celery, tomatoes, etc., uncooked.

How often, after Robert began to be ill, and myself afflicted with malaria fever, I wished our long block of houses was not vacant. Why was it, I often wondered, with the downtown so full and crowded, that this section by the Hindu temple was uninhabited. Finally I got the answer to my question and it was a strange one. I was told that the very house we were living in was haunted and for some time no one had been found who would live in the entire block.

The Orient, and the people who dwell there, are very different from modern America, and a "haunted house" is taken at its face value and given a wide berth without much investigation.

A haunted house! We all laughed and then got a thrill as we remembered several occasions that had mystified us. We laughed, as superior white people; but nevertheless it was rather strange, we could not help thinking, how footsteps had been clumping up the stairs night after night, and how the water faucets had been turned on with no one near so far as we knew. Several times upon hearing the first footfall at the bottom of the stairs, Robert and I had rushed to the top, holding a lighted lamp high above our heads, to see who was coming.

Clump! Clump! Clump! The footfalls had come up the stairs; but nothing had been visible. Closer and closer they had come to us until we had involuntarily reached out

to touch the intruder and then—just the stirring of the air as though something had gone by.

Clump! Clump! Clump! Down the hall, into the dining-room and apparently right out through the window that overlooked the Hindu temple and crematory, had gone the footfalls.

One night as "It" had gone by the big water jug just inside the dining-room, the faucet suddenly turned and water flowed forth.

Spooks? Ghosts? Haunted house?

Nonsense! Of course we did not believe in such things; but there was a thrill just the same and to add spice to the affair, our Chinese cook always rushed forth at sunset with the exclamation that he would be back "tomallee" and to "look out for funny noise."

. . . . . .

Our conquest for souls we carried on with all our strength until at last Robert's illness, which at first he refused to acknowledge, became so serious that we decided a change of climate was essential. So we went north to the island of Maco, and took up a new mission station.

We had just gotten nicely started in the work when Robert was confined to his bed, laid low at last after an indeed gallant struggle against the dread Eastern fever.

The memory of those days seems more like a nightmare than a reality now. Through a mist of fever and ague, of which I was then a victim, I would rise and stumble across the room to care for Robert. Then, when he would sufficiently recover from his attack, he would come across the room to care for me.

At last we took the boat from Maco to Hong Kong. There Robert was carried on a litter, up, up, up the long winding hill to the sanitarium, borne on the rhythmically swinging shoulders of coolies. I, who was still able to sit erect, rode on the little inclined railway.

In that hospital we were placed in separate wards. I should have loved to have been with him every moment so

that his presence might comfort my heart, nearly broken with the horror of that strange Oriental loneliness and the grimness of that storm-swept mountain summit. Just at that time such comfort was most needed; but the strict rules of the English hospital permitted only three short visiting hours a week.

One day as I was counting the hours until the morrow, living in the anticipation of those few precious moments when I would be with Robert, the brisk doctor came to me, his face and manner more kindly than I had ever known, and told me that I might visit my husband that afternoon. My heart swelled in gratitude and I exclaimed at his goodness in breaking a hospital rule for me. Little did I know the reason for that consideration—that it was to be my last visit with Robert.

With shining eyes and yearning hands I hurried to his side and brushed back the hair from his hot brow. How white and thin he looked! His eyes seemed bluer and looked larger than I had ever seen them before. His well-marked Bible was open in his hand. In whispers we talked together and at length he said:

"I wonder what in the world you would do if I weren't with you any more—if you were left alone out here?"

Outside the hospital windows clouds rolled and billowed across the barren China peak on which the hospital stood, and I shivered a little as he spoke. The wind was springing up and the great metal lanterns were swaying and creaking. Brushing the mists of depression aside, I smiled his question away and said:

"Of course I will never be left alone here. Haven't I you?" And I leaned closer, whispering in a small undertone of the secret so close to my heart.

As I talked, a gray look slowly overshadowed his face. It was as though some great, gray bird had flown across the sky and thrown its shadow upon him. Was it the grayness outside or was it the approach of some strange presence I could not understand?

The nurse came and said:

"Come, dear. I am afraid you are wearying him."

I arose and stood at the foot of the bed, clinging to the white enamel rail, looking down into Robert's face. He smiled up at me and the shadow seemed to be lifted for a moment as though a radiant sunbeam had shone through. The words he spoke then live always in my heart:

"Good night, dear. I'll see you—in the morning."

A queer lump came into my throat and I gulped a little, but answered as brightly as I could:

"Good night, dear. Good night."

I'll see you—in the morning. Oh, how those words have lingered in my memory and cheered me.

In the morning!

There is going to be a morning when the sun shall rise to usher in a day whose light shall never fade, a morning when hands shall clasp again the hands of those whom we have loved long since and lost a while—a morning when tears shall be dried forever and the mists of saddened memories shall thenceforward roll away.

I returned to my own ward, and to my bed as in a dream. Somehow sleep would not come that night, though I turned over and over on my pillow, seeking a cool spot upon which to rest. The wind had risen frantically, was shrieking now. The gale, borne down among the yellow waste of the China sea had burst upon us!

The storm-signals would all be flying in the harbor below. The sampans and the junks would be furling their clumsy sails and scurrying for shelter. It was shipwreck to be caught far out at sea during the typhoon season on that cruel, rockbound coast.

"Whoo-whoo! Whoo-whoo!" wailed the wind as it rushed in from the foamy waters, over the hill and across the tremendous expanse of that strange land which the Occidental mind can never seem to encompass; the land of strange sights, weird sounds and languorous odors, of the drooping lotus, the white, dream-laden poppy, growing row after

row for endless miles; the land of deep-cadenced wailing, of sing-songed intonations ceaselessly ascending to the accompaniment of multitioned hollow gongs in heathen shrines; the land of clap-clapping sandals, of single-stringed fiddles and endless funeral processions, achant with strange jargons and afire with strange rites; the land of cork helmets and smoking altars, of brightly plumed birds, of yellow-skinned lizards and great black poisonous spiders; rats with snakish beady eyes, rats as large as rabbits, almost; the land of loathsome prisons and public executions, horrible with their curved swords poised above coolies' heads—the land of walled cities, impenetrable secrets and ancient lore.

This land it was which permeated my mind that night; gaunt dragons of Oriental fantasy seemed to whirl and circle before my consciousness as the wind shrieked and the unwieldy iron lamps grated against the rough stonework just outside my windows.

How lonely I was! How very far away home and friends seemed to be in that hour! How white Robert's face had been—what could he have meant by mentioning such a dread possibility as my being left alone?

A nameless fear swept over me. I tried to shake it off and compose myself by prayer, but still those dragons whirled and the wind shrieked and an ever-increasing horror grew upon me and held me in its icy grip. I swallowed repeatedly but the lump in my throat grew. Little prickles ran up and down all my nerves. I grew panicky with the feeling that something was going to happen.

Just a little after midnight I heard the rubber heels of the nurse coming swiftly along the corridor, and the swish of her starched garments as she approached my bed. I knew somehow that, passing all others, she would come to me. She did. Her hand fell upon my shoulder and she spoke insistently:

"Wake up, dear, quickly—quickly!"

"I am not asleep," I stammered.

"Get up, quickly! Put your feet into your slippers, your arms into your kimono and come."

Stumbling out of bed I tremblingly endeavored to do as I was bidden, quivering the meantime:

"What is it? Oh, what is it? My husband—"

"Don't stop to talk, dear. Just come," she urged.

The next thing I remember I was stumbling down a long, dark corridor toward the ward in which Robert lay. One light was burning at the end of that long room—the light over his bed. Through a mist I saw the white-robed internes, doctor and nurses bending over him. On, on, as in a haze, I passed the other beds, dressed with their long mosquito netting and standing out of the gloom like white specters.

Then, at last, I was standing by Robert's side. I looked down upon that beloved face. He was smiling—not at me, because his eyes were closed; it must have been at Jesus. Something happened to my knees. They would not hold me up. I crumpled to the floor and as I fell I caught his hand, pressing my lips, my cheek against it and whispering brokenly, desperately:

"Oh, Robert, you wouldn't, you couldn't leave me—now!"

In a moment however there came the doctor's voice like a bursting shell out of the night:

"He's gone."

"Gone? No! No!" I cried wildly.

But it was true. It seemed for a moment that I would scream in anguish, but before the cry could leave my lips the comforting arms of the Lord had enfolded me and I found myself with uplifted hands, speaking words that, without His grace, I think I could never have uttered:

"Hallelujah! The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Kind hands were lifting me to my feet and tugging at me to pull me away from the bed.

"Oh, let me kiss him!" I begged. "Just once!"

But they led me away back to my room.

The sun was blazing down the next day. The storm had outworn itself. The China coast was stifling.

Things happen so horribly fast in that humid Oriental clime. So, it was but a few hours until the nurse came in and drew all the shades at my windows. Then outside I heard heavy footsteps—men walking as though bearing a burden—I knew it was the body of my husband—and each heavy footfall was as a stone falling on my wounded heart.

How could I bear it here alone so far from home, friendless, tired, penniless.

The Lord was with me. We in Christ who sorrow, sorrow not as they that have no hope.

Just a month after Robert died, my little daughter was born in that English hospital on "the peak" of Hong Kong. I called her Roberta Star because she was my star of hope.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE SHADOWS

"ROBERT!

"Oh, Robert!

"Speak to me, dear."

My answer was the gentle stirring of the breeze through the immense, heavily perfumed lotus blossoms; a whimper from the soft little pink and white bundle that lay nearby on the grass; the whir of wings from a brilliantly plumed Bird of Paradise flashing in the sunlight which filtered through the thick foliage.

"Oh, darling—my husband—tell me what you would have me do? Just a word, Robert, dear—can't you speak—just one word? Shall I stay or go from China; just one—"

I fell forward with outflung arms embracing the new-made mound.

But the breeze, the babe and the bird were all that broke the crushing silence in the sleeping city of Happy Valley.

The breeze, the babe, the bird—slowly this thought penetrated my grief; was not the message of the fragrant lotus-laden wind that of slumber and peace which had come to my beloved in the arms of Jesus?

Was not the flash of glory of the Bird of Paradise a reminder of the glories of the City where Robert dwelled, forever more beyond the shadows? Was not the murmur of my baby the call of duty, the necessity to carry her from this land where she had but one chance in ten to live?

This latter must be the answer to my question: "What shall I do?"

I raised my wet face from the modest grave distinguished only by a numbered marker, gathered up my little daughter

and through the fast descending twilight made my way for the last time from Happy Valley.

Roberta was six weeks old; I had come down from the hospital that day for the first time since her birth. She was so frail and delicate a flower, I must leave China at once.

. . . . . .

"Wo-o-o! Wo-wo!"

The hoarse-voiced ship's whistle marked thirty minutes to sailing time.

"Wo-o— Wo-o!"

"All ashore that's going ashore!"

A shower of frantic kisses and tears fall from fellow missionary sisters—repeating for the hundredth time the message to those "back home." A slowly increasing, mad boiling of frothy water appears above churning propellers; a blur of white-garbed, handkerchief-waving Europeans and Americans grows smaller and smaller; streets of gay-bannered buildings melt into one long shimmering rainbow; dim skyline of brown peaks fades; sparkling waters dull; heat haze gathers thicker and thicker and thicker and—

China was gone!

Oh, China, ancient China, Christ-rejecting China; China, where so many have laid down their lives upon the altar of devotion to the Gospel; impregnable China, cruelly throwing back with disease and superstition the pitifully thin ranks of the ever onward marching army of the Cross; ranks of gallant crusaders seeking as their only reward precious souls for Jesus!

Babe in arms, I stood at the rail of the *Empress of China,* San Francisco bound.

It seemed to me, as I strained to catch the very last glimpse of that fading coast, that my heart was there, left in China with Robert and that my arms would be empty forever. But there was a stirring of my precious bundle. I looked down—my little Star of Hope; my arms were not empty.

Hugging her close, I sprinkled her dear face with hungry kisses; how precious she was.

A chill wind off the eastern sea blew across the deck. I drew the tiny blanket more tightly about Roberta and hurried below, out of the darkening dusk, to the warmth and light of the cheerful stateroom.

Outside, the dark waters swished against the sides of the vessel as it nosed its way through the barren unlighted wastes of open sea.

My baby, weighing but four and one-half pounds, looked for all the world like a darling, breathing doll as she lay sleeping in her Chinese basket of golden yellow. Shading the light, I bent over her in silent adoration and then looked out through the porthole at the billows of black, cold water slipping by.

What a wilderness of writhing, restless waves.

How could one ever find one's way across this terrifying unmarked expanse?

And yet, there was not the least cause for worry. On the bridge just above, the safe sure hands of the helmsman piloted the ship aright. He knew the way. The undecipherable, sphinx-like face of the sea was an open book to him. I need not fear. It was sufficient that he alone had chart and compass.

How like this sea was my life. How like this throbbing, pulsing ship was I.

To-night, I was setting sail. But my sea of life was uncharted now and my bark was unhelmed. Unknown reaches lay before.

But hold! Were they unknown? Was not my Heavenly Father on the bridge in the skies? His hand would hold my ship to its course. He had charted the future; He knew the end from the beginning. He, Whose Word declares that the very hairs of our heads are numbered and that our names are graven in His palms—He would not be unmindful of His own.

I crept into bed, pillowed my head close to the little Chinese basket, and slept.

Thirty days that voyage lasted, via Japan and Honolulu.

At first the passengers looked at me curiously, in widow's weeds at nineteen and with a baby.

There was plenty of time to think.

How good God had been. Truly, He had proved a husband to the widow, a Father to the fatherless.

Why, there in Hong Kong, just after Robert died and I was practically penniless, a letter had arrived from a sister in Chicago.

"Dear Sister Semple," the missive read,

"It is 2:30 A.M. here in Chicago. Just after midnight, I was awakened suddenly, thinking of you. It seemed that the voice of the Lord had called to me saying: 'Sister Semple is in trouble, rise and send her help at once!' I hesitated, promising myself to do something in the morning. I could then send aid more safely by money order. But as I tried to sleep the call came again: 'Arise; send it now, I am able to keep it safe!' So, here it is, dear, sixty dollars, and may the Lord bless you and keep you, is my prayer."

That loving gift had paid my husband's funeral expenses.

Help from missions and my parents provided passage to the States.

But, and I wrinkled my brow, a bit perplexed, I would land in San Francisco and from there I must journey to New York by train, and transcontinental fares were high.

And more, the breeze on deck each day was beginning to carry its chill message of northern waters and the fact that it soon would be December!

We would arrive home in winter, and here was my baby, certainly not fitted out for America's snow and ice. Right now, she needed a thermos bottle, a bonnet and a shawl.

There came a rapping at my stateroom door.

"Come in."

"Madame," a white-clad steward appeared in the doorway, "a gentleman passenger in my corridor who disem-

barked at Kobe requested me to bring you these. He thought they might be nice for your baby."

He handed me a lovely soft wool shawl and a big thermos bottle in which I might keep warm water, so much in demand.

Only a short time later, while nearly everybody was ashore sight-seeing at Yokohama, a little tapping fell upon the door.

"Do look at this irresistible little bonnet of eiderdown and shell-pink satin!"

The voice was that of a beautifully gowned, sweet-faced woman who enthusiastically held forth for inspection a truly beautiful infant creation.

"Imagine," she continued, "finding this in Japan! Buying this for your baby made me so happy. I imagined for the moment that my own Muriel was a baby again."

I can honestly say that these wonderful gifts came through no hint or indirect appeal from me—not the slightest. And for that matter, never in my life have I appealed for aid, except through the usual channel of freewill offerings, and absolutely, always free will.

There is a funny little pride in me which prohibits the subterfuges sometimes resorted to, to fill the lean purses of those who live by faith. For instance:

In Chicago once, a friend came to me and said:

"There's a wealthy group here rather curious to see you. Mrs. —— says she'll give you one thousand dollars if you'll come and speak at a tea she's giving to-morrow."

That hurt me—as if the children of the King would put themselves on exhibition for a stipend. I dispatched the word that I would be more than glad if the wealthy lady and her friends would come to the revival, but my public appearances were limited to the service of the King.

That incident, in varying circumstances, has happened many times.

I don't beg when taking up a collection. I feel that it is the privilege of God's children who cannot preach, to help

in any way they can to bear the message of the King; it is a wonderful privilege they can avail themselves of, if they wish; if they do not, the loss is their own.

But back to the voyage home!

Finding that I was a missionary's widow, the ship's passengers began to plead:

"Please conduct services for us; Sunday at least. It will be a long time before we land—four weeks."

I answered that I did not feel equal to preaching.

"But you can lead us in song," they persisted, "and read the Bible a bit."

So it was that each Lord's day while we were on the Pacific found the saloon filled with people, and the windows and doors filled with heads of those who crowded outside to listen.

Every one was so exceedingly good and kind to me—ladies in glittering evening dresses came tapping along on jeweled heels to mother me and offer advice about the baby.

Whether it was the knowledge of my recent loss and the fortitude with which I kept up, or just what, I know not, but the captain of the liner said he had never seen a minister receive such attention on board or so hold the crowds.

I didn't attempt to preach; just played the piano; led the passengers in song, read the Bible—read a bit and cried a bit—but even when I gathered the children for Sunday school their parents hovered around and tears glistened in the eyes of many.

Upon disembarking at San Francisco, some one touched my arm. Turning, I saw the purser. He pushed an envelope into my hand and turned away with this comment and a friendly smile:

"Here's something the passengers asked me to give you."

"Oh," I began rather bewildered. "What—"

But he had disappeared.

That envelope contained sixty-seven dollars, the solution to my problem of how I should reach New York and relatives.

Although a few minutes later I was supplied with more than ample funds, telegraphed by loved ones, I could not help but think how the Lord had supplied my needs on that voyage. Elijah's ravens were still on the wing. Our Heavenly Father still cared for His own.

Then began the long trip from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

From San Francisco, I crossed the ferry to Oakland and soon my train was thundering east.

My thoughts began to keep time to the ceaseless tattoo of the clicking car wheels. "What'll you do? What'll you do? Now, what'll you do?"

What would I do? Where would I take up the broken threads of my life?

I had been like an ivy vine clinging to a good stout wall. Now the wall was gone and I was just a crumpled heap on the ground.

An unexpected turn of kindness like a warm ray of sunshine helped brighten up that transcontinental trip for me, and, incidentally, furnished other passengers with discreetly screened smiles.

The conductor on the train was very short-tempered, a regular old bear.

Train sickness, with the crying of the baby, made the mountain passes a trial for me.

Some of my fellow travelers advised: "That old grouch of a conductor ought to see that some one helps you. He'll bite your head off, though."

But the bear was to turn into a lamb. Stalking through the car as the train was snailing up a long mountain grade, the conductor favored me with his customary scowl. Then his deep frown lifted and he stopped.

"Now, that's too bad, little girl. I'm sorry you're sick," he sympathized, much to the amazement of myself and all within earshot.

But that was only the beginning.

That gruff conductor marched up and down with my

baby in his arms, actually cooing to her, and carrying her bottle in his pocket to keep the milk warm.

God also tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

. . . . . .

My parents had grown lonely on the farm with the departure, forever, as they thought, of their only child, and had moved to New York in a little apartment.

They were overjoyed to see me, of course, but I found, no doubt like thousands before me who have traveled the "road back home," that nothing was the same.

The little girl of the farm now was a mother with her baby. She yearned for a nest of her own instead of that which had been hers as a fledgling.

I tried to help in meetings, for it never occurred to me to seek consolation outside of the Lord.

I was simply besieged with a restless loneliness and left New York for Chicago to be with the dear people of the mission where Robert and I had worked together.

The elusive bluebird of happiness; I sought it later on the farm, but it was too bitterly cold there for the baby, so back I went to New York to my parents, then on to Chicago again to my friends and the mission work.

I would be on a platform, leading the singing or reading from the Word when Roberta, a little blanketed figure on a front seat, would begin to cry. Down I would run, tend to her and then continue the meeting.

My only interest lay in the meetings. They were at night. But being out at night was taking the bloom from little Roberta's cheeks.

It seemed an impossible situation; so disheartening; such devastating loneliness.

Possibly, had my heart been happy, I could have surmounted my difficulties. But those long walks home through the streets from meeting, babe in arms—how I needed Robert.

Everywhere, the world was one big ache for Robert.

I would pass a window in which was displayed that fa-

miliar picture of a proud father bending over a soft, sweet little mother with the downy head of a new-born babe nestled in her arms. A lump in my throat would choke me.

Oh, if Robert would only have lived to see our daughter's face, even for just a minute, I might have borne it better.

I would walk along the boulevard with Roberta, now a year and a half old, little rose-petal fingers twined about mine. We would come to a busy corner; roaring traffic. I would gather her up and look anxiously for an opening. A gentleman would take a lady's arm and help her across the street. My eyes would be blinded with tears.

In a restaurant, a man would draw out a chair for his companion, lovingly take her cloak from her shoulders and I would choke again with sheer heartbreak thinking: "Robert used to do that for me."

Loneliness; oh, the poignant, terrifying grip of it; and Roberta's dire need for a home and better care than I could give her without one; first one and then the other would prey upon me.

It was at this time that I married again. I took up my household duties with the understanding that I should go back to the Lord's work if ever the call came.

That call came a year and a half later—a clarion call that brooked no denial and I have been in the harvest ever since.

I found that the life pledge of service I had made to the Lord on our old Canadian farm was not to be lightly set aside.

My husband, recognizing the call, went with me and helped me for a time but decided to go back to his world of business. But as for my call, there was no going back.

I found truly, as that servant of old, "Woe is me if I fail to preach the gospel."

CHAPTER XII

INTO THE SUNLIGHT

"WILL you go?

"Preach the Word!

"Will you go?"

Like trumpet tones came the final call of the Lord as I hovered between life and death:

"Now, will you go?"

Feebly, in that bare hospital room which had been designated as my death chamber, I gasped:

"Yes, Lord, I'll go."

Those were the four words that changed the course of my life like a powerful temblor shifting the channel of a stream.

When I married and stepped out of active service, there had come a break in health; a break in the flow of life, just as sudden and complete as the break in an electric current which follows the turning of a switch. When I returned to service, my health was restored and I have been well from that day to this.

I suffered a complete nervous and physical breakdown, had two operations in a year and came to such a condition that I couldn't bear the "singing" of a teakettle or the light of the sun through the windows although shaded to protect my eyes.

Christians from a nearby church prayed earnestly for my healing again and again. But always in my heart rang the question:

"Will you go? Will you preach the Gospel?"

My answer at first, was: "O Lord, that is impossible, I have a child to care for and a home to make."

Later my reply was: "I have two babies now, I can never go."

"Then don't cry to me for healing. When you are ready to go I will heal you, uphold you and give you such strength as shall cause all who behold you to marvel."

Then called by telegrams which stated that I was dying, came the day when my family was at my hospital bedside.

I was moved into the death room; all hope for life abandoned.

A nurse, about two o'clock in the morning, stood beside me, murmuring:

"Poor little girl, poor little girl."

Her voice was very faint. I could just hear her through miles of "fog"; farther and farther she retreated until I heard her no more. The mantle of death was enfolding me.

Then that one ringing last call—

"Now, will you go?"

And my gasping, inaudible answer—my choice of service rather than the grave!

No sooner had my answer been given than warm, life-giving strength, like wine, flowed through my veins.

The Lord poured such health into me that within a few days I was able to be up and go home.

Wasting no time in carrying out my promise I packed my suitcases and with a baby in each arm, set out for the farmhouse in Canada.

You ask: why the farm?

It didn't occur to me to go anywhere else first but home; like a racer returning to the starting line. I had gone forth originally from the farm and from there I should set forth again.

I told my parents of my call. They smoothed my path by offering to care for the children awhile.

The next day I took a train to a city about one hundred miles distant where an evangelist was conducting revival services. Robert and I had conducted meetings in the city before the war when it was called Berlin. Its new name was Kitchener.

Old friends in Kitchener greeted me warmly. They in-

sisted I should go right to the platform of the big tent, that first afternoon.

"No," I replied, "I'll sit in the audience for this time, thank you."

I felt cold, out of the center of sunshine of the open heavens; not quite worthy.

The evangelist was one I never had heard. He undoubtedly preached a wonderful sermon but (apologies to him, a good friend of mine now) I do not recall what he said. I doubt if I knew very clearly then, for but one thought occupied me—to get down to the altar, to the seat of mercy.

When he gave the call for seekers and for those who wished to renew their covenant, I was the first down the aisle.

A flood of emotion swept over my heart. I felt that I was kneeling before the very throne of God.

A sense of my own unworthiness made me loath to touch even the rough unfinished boards of the rostrum.

I had always heard that it was so difficult for a backslider or one who had broken his vows to get back that I settled down for a long siege.

I thought I should have to pray and plead for hours to be forgiven.

Settling myself desperately to the task, I began:

"Oh, Lord, please for—"

I was going to say "forgive." But before the word was uttered it seemed as though a hand was cupped over my lips and the Lord spoke to my heart:

"There, child; it is all forgiven."

A peace settled over my troubled spirit.

"What is this?" I asked myself. "A lethargy of spirit to keep me from praying through?"

I started again:

"Dear Lord, please for—"

And again I was checked by the reassuring witness:

"All right, my child, say no more. You have suffered enough."

Then, like the bursting of a dam, my heart broke and melted with a floodtide of love and gratitude.

Had the Lord been cold and His favor hard to win, I might have borne it better for I was all braced in anticipation of a long siege of penitence and pleading, but such love, such magnanimity of grace brought me to His feet in a tempest of tears. I wept like a child.

"Oh, Lord, Thy love hath utterly won my heart. Never again will I murmur in Thy service; no day too long; no task too humble; no burden too heavy. Take my life forever."

Drying my tears, I turned to the woman on my left and pointed her to Christ; then to the man at my right and prayed that he might receive the Holy Spirit.

Meeting over, I plunged into the work; overflowing with enthusiasm and gratitude, I rushed up to the evangelist and eagerly offered my services.

"Oh, what can I do to help?" I pleaded.

Never having seen me before, he looked rather surprised and replied:

"Why, I don't know; thank you very much, though."

Outside I met a lady who had an official appearance and broached my desire a second time.

"Isn't there something I can do, please, to help any one?"

"I don't think of anything," and she went on sort of puzzled-like.

Down the long rows of sleeping tents I went—this was a big, old-fashioned camp meeting—eagerly searching the faces of those who sauntered in the fast fading rays of the warm afternoon sun.

At the end of the avenue was a worker tightening guy ropes on a tent. I queried:

"Pardon me, shall I help you?"

Another surprised, good-natured negative rewarded me,

so I wandered on, not a whit discouraged in my hope of finding something that needed doing.

At length there yawned before me the cavern of a big kitchen and dining tent.

A worried-looking man strode out.

"Excuse me," I piped up, "is there something I can do here?"

He stopped, looked dubiously at my silk dress, frowningly at the kitchen and asked a little doubtfully:

"Can you wash dishes?"

At the same time he parted the canvas sides of the tent and motioned for me to look within.

I answered I could, and looked.

That couldn't be a stack of soiled dishes! Not that high!

But it was! A mammoth pile in cold water, filmed with grease. And washing dishes was my pet aversion.

However, I'm proud to say that I don't believe my eyes popped out noticeably. I was looking for something to do and here was plenty of it.

So, soon, dress turned up, a towel pinned about me in lieu of an apron, I plunged elbow deep in fresh, sudsy warm water.

Singing happily the while:

> "Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were an offering far too small;
> Love so amazing, so divine, shall have
> My life, my love, my all."

The mountain of dirty dishes at my left dwindled as I sang and scalded and wiped and polished and the shining pile of china at my right grew and grew.

Oh, it was so good to be back!

What matter how lowly, how humble the task, I was serving Him whom I adored.

My song changed to a whistle:

"Sunlight, sunlight in my soul to-day."

Happiness just bubbled up and flowed like a singing fountain; arising not from external circumstances but from the source of all true happiness—from within—the heart.

During lulls in the rattling of dishes I had heard oven doors opening and slamming behind an adjoining canvas partition.

"Who's dat awhistling out dar?" came a deep voice, and there appeared a tall, spare, pleasant-looking colored man, white cap set jauntily on the back of his head, spotless white apron swung over one arm—dear old "Daddy" Seymore, a colored brother, picturesque, deeply spiritual and beloved by all who knew him.

"Who's dat awhistling, ah want to know," he repeated, emphasizing with a saucepan. "Don' yo' all know that whistlin' gals and crowing hens always come to some bad end?"

The gentle rebuke in his tone was offset by his smiling eyes. I replied:

"Oh, you have that wrong; it's whistling girls and hens that crow will take care of themselves wherever they go."

That was rewarded with a feigned frown of annoyance and then recognition dawned on his shining face.

"It ain't—laws alive—it ain't—sho' nuff—it ain't Sistah Semple?"

"That's what you used to call me, daddy, back in Chicago before I went to China. What are you doing way over here in Canada?"

And we fell eagerly to talking of meetings, evangelists, old times and old friends to the accompaniment of swishing suds and pattering plates.

"There!" I exclaimed triumphantly, putting down the last dish. "That's done."

Laying aside my towel-apron, I flicked the soapy water from my hands, rinsed them in the clear stream which flowed from a tin dipper held by "Daddy" Seymore.

Hanging up the dipper, "Daddy" turned a startled glance on me.

"Laws, chile, it am time fo' dat dinner gong."

"Can I help you any?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, his brow wrinkling. "Help me? Lands sakes, no! Yo' shouldn't be doin' this at all!"

"Oh, yes, I should," I told "Daddy." "If you only knew how happy I am to be back, to be in the service; what matter whether I sit on the platform or do K. P. duty in the galley. Anyway, the evangelist here doesn't know me. I just want to serve any place."

"Well," he shook his head, "all right. There's tables to set."

Tables there were to set and tables to be waited upon and trays there were to fetch, trays brimming with plates of soup and other steaming dishes from "Daddy's" sanctum.

How those preachers could eat!

I was initiated into the mysteries of how to stack many dishes on a tray, the niceties of balancing, etc.

Dinner over, I found a woman who was willing to accept some help setting the dormitory and sleeping tents to rights.

I had asked again: "What can I do?" and had been given the job; and I think I've never been out of a job since—only wish I were triplets or at least twins to do more.

I repaired to my own little tent, dressed hastily, smiled back at the shiny-eyed, rosy-cheeked reflection in the little mirror—what a difference a few hours had made—and hurried over to the meeting to ask:

"Isn't there something I can do?"

"Can you play a piano?" was the counter-question.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

I believe I hit every key from top to bottom that night. Trills and frills I never had acquired before ran from my flying fingers.

The next day and the next were as the first and from then on there was no shortage of "jobs."

I made myself so useful that the evangelist's wife invited me to assist in the coming campaign in London, Ontario.

London was twenty miles from our Canadian farm home.

Between campaigns I made a flying trip home to see my babies. Rolf was asleep in the hammock and Roberta was swinging him and singing a lullaby.

"Have you anything I can do to help in the few days between meetings?" I had asked the evangelistic party before leaving Kitchener.

I think as I look back that my queries must have become immensely amusing.

The evangelist looked down at me from his superior height and said:

"Why, I can't think of anything at this moment."

"Anything—just anything," I pleaded, "tell me something that needs to be done."

"We need a banner," he had replied, with a twinkle in his eyes. "We need a banner—a fifty-foot banner to hang across the street in London, announcing the dates and location of the campaign. Can't paint a banner, can you?"

"Why, certainly," I replied. "I would be glad to paint it for you. Do you desire it in two or more colors and just where can I get the correct wording for it?"

"D-did you ever p-paint a banner?" somewhat taken aback.

"No, but I will now. Everybody must learn some time, mustn't they?"

It seemed to be very hard to convince the evangelist that I could paint the sign. He appeared reluctant to risk so much valuable material on a novice.

I finally concluded by going home with the canvas, the paint and the brushes, even though I did pay for them myself.

After I had cuddled and rocked the babies to sleep that night, I unfolded the fifty feet of canvas, laid it across the table and spread it all over the backs of chairs in the farmhouse kitchen. My father with carpenter pencil, square

and compass assisted me in blocking out and spacing the letters and then I set to work.

"COME TO THE GREAT CAMP MEETING," ETC., ETC.

I painted in black, outlined in red and shaded in peacock blue.

Before morning I became so preoccupied, or possibly a bit drowsy, that I bent lower and lower over my work until before I knew it, I had my nose in the paint and had to use turpentine to get it off—the paint, I mean.

The banner was proudly hung over the main street intersection in London.

One day toward the end of the campaign a lady came to me and said:

"Sister, please come to Mount Forest and hold meetings. I have a little hall and the Lord has laid it on my heart to get you to come home with me."

Such were the simple stepping stones to sacred service.

I set out for Mount Forest, a few miles distant, to conduct my first meeting. And of all the campaigns that followed that first one stands out in my memory as unique in many ways, and as a criterion of those which were to come.

CHAPTER XIII

WHERE THERE'S A WILL—

FIELDS!

World-wide fields!

Fields, white unto harvest!

The train was roaring into Mount Forest, and I, with the Word of God as a sickle, was about to enter the fields as Ruth of old.

My hostess met me and we started toward her home.

Mount Forest was a small farming town, rather quaint in some respects.

The one and only business street consisted of the usual small-town general store, barber shop, bank, grocery, etc. Between the bank and the printing shop was the little meeting hall.

It had formerly been a small store. Right now there were a few dozen chairs before a tiny platform.

"A doll's church," I thought.

That afternoon, I worked diligently in my room, rather breathlessly preparing the first sermon of my first campaign.

That night I preached to a small congregation, quite too small to fill even the chairs that were there. But I labored just as earnestly over this handful of people as I did later in packed auditoriums.

The next night brought forth the same handful and the following night they were there again.

"W-where is the rest of the congregation?" I asked.

"Why—why, this is the congregation," my hostess replied; "practically all there is."

"How long have you been preaching to them?" was my next query.

"More than a year."

I concluded her congregation had been "preached up."

"I'm going out to get a crowd," I told her, and picking up a little chair, set forth.

"How are you going to get them?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't know, but I can't see any reason for preaching to a few people when we might just as well have a crowd."

So I set forth in quest of a new congregation, with no idea as to how I should go about finding it.

Coming to the town's main corner, a block from the hall, I set the chair down and used it for a rostrum.

Upon it I stood an instant undecided as to what to do next.

"When in doubt, pray," was my first thought.

Lifting my arms, I closed my eyes and prayed silently.

Almost instantly I heard the pattering of approaching feet, then voices, more voices.

"What's the matter with her?"

"Dunno."

"What ya' reckon it is?"

"Maybe a cataleptic state."

"What kind of a state?"

"Cataleptic; sorta' unconscious-like."

"Think so?"

"Sure."

Discussion waxed hot and the crowd grew.

Try that some time, if you want a crowd.

I did not follow that program purposely by any means. Often in Chicago I had taken part in street meetings; nice, lighted, gayly bannered trucks, music, singing and good speakers.

When I found myself on that corner on that chair I really prayed for guidance, for I never had conducted a solo street meeting before and I knew not what to do.

However, at length a curious finger from that crowd poked me to settle the "cataleptic state" argument and I opened my eyes quickly.

There was my crowd!

Jumping down, I exclaimed:

"Quick!

"Quick!!

"Come with me!"

Catching up the chair, I fairly flew up the street. And after me ran the wondering crowd.

Through the mission door, I sped.

And after me tumbled the now amazed throng.

"Shut the doors; don't let any one out," I advised the usher, and hurried to the platform.

I launched at once into my sermon, and, I am happy to say, no one tried to leave. From that day to this I've always preached to crowds.

Early the next night the little hall was filled and it was apparent that many were going to be turned away.

Wishing and wishing that I had money enough for the big town hall, I tried to think of some way to obtain it.

That seemed out of the question so I turned without further ado to what I had at hand and decided on the big tree-studded lawn that sloped from the lady's piazza to the rear of the hall.

Appealing to the farmers for their lanterns, we soon had a string of lights about the piazza and the lawn, and there I held my church that night.

Great broad-shouldered farmers came down to the improvised altar and gave their hearts to the Lord. That meeting and those that followed, were glorious; the power fell, and scores found their way to the Kingdom.

At the time when I first began my own meetings, women had not taken the place in the affairs of everyday life which they occupy now. The woman in the world of business, the woman before the public eye, was the exception; men still largely abrogated those activities outside the home. Thus it was that a woman preacher was something of a novelty, a dress in the pulpit something new. However, if the Lord chose a woman to attract to Himself those who otherwise might not have come, who shall question the wisdom of the Lord?

Orthodox ministers, many of them disapproving even the men evangelists, Sankey, Moody, Sunday and the rest, solely because they won souls by evangelism instead of orthodoxy, disapproved all the more a woman who invaded the fields, not alone of orthodoxy, but of men. Still more they disapproved when the woman evangelist carried evangelism still further by making her services not a sepulcher of ritual to be opened only on Sundays, but a pæan of joy and fervor for every day of the week.

Right at the outset, there was borne in upon me the realization that the methods so often used to impart religion were too archaic, too sedate and too lifeless ever to capture the interest of the throngs. And it was the hungry throngs that Jesus wanted, not the sedate, the lifeless few. So I developed methods which have brought hundreds of thousands to meetings who otherwise would never have come, and when we went on we left them singing, their hearts filled, not with me, but with God.

Our Lighthouses (churches) are ones of joy and not of solemn rite. We sing because we are happy in the Lord. Our worship comes from the inside of our hearts, not from the outside of our frock coats.

Thousands of people come to the Temple every night, and other countless thousands listen over the radio, because the old-fashioned gospel is practicable and applicable to everyday life. They would rather come and they would rather listen than do anything else.

Our Gospel is the Foursquare Gospel, and the very warp and woof of it is evangelism. The four cornerstones, the major tenets of our belief, are:

1. *Jesus Christ the only Saviour,* wherein we preach the necessity of the born-again experience, bringing with it a real change of heart. Good works and good morals of themselves are not sufficient. Jesus said "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of Heaven."

2. *Jesus Christ the Mighty Baptizer* with the Holy Spirit;

is the coming of the Spirit into the cleansed and purified heart, imbuing with power for service.

3. *Jesus Christ the Great Physician;* we believe that the works He did and the miracles He performed when His sandaled feet trod the shores of Galilee are still wrought by faith and prayer. In short, we believe that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

4. *Jesus Christ the Coming King*—the fundamental doctrine accepted by myriads whose hearts swell with faith that He who ascended into Heaven will some day come again in the clouds of glory to catch away His own.

That, in brief, is the doctrine of the Foursquare Gospel.

The real cornerstone of Angelus Temple and the whole Lighthouse system as it is to-day was laid back in the day when I preached on that front porch—when the farmers sat and listened to the Word of God. They were generous, big-hearted souls; possibly the courage of a little woman standing there and preaching to them appealed to their hearts.

At the end of my first week I was reminded that I had taken no collection.

The next night, I timidly took one. It was sixty-five dollars. I sat up almost all night watching it, I was so proud of it.

It didn't occur to me, as self might have whispered:

"Now, just tuck that money away in the bank for yourself and your babies. The people have given it willingly with no strings on it. You've worked hard and earnestly."

"Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all else shall be added unto thee."

The money had been given to me, but I felt the Lord's work needed it far more than I, so I put it back at once and have been doing that ever since.

Hearing of a man who had a used tent for sale, I made my way to the next town.

He wanted quite a bit more than my sixty-five dollars for his tent but, finally, convinced I had no more, concluded:

"Well, you can have it, if you won't put me to the trouble of taking it out of the bag."

"Oh," I assured him earnestly, "I wouldn't think of putting you to all that trouble."

I gathered the tent up and shipped it back to Mount Forest.

There I unpacked it, spread it out, and—

Most of my readers are probably better business people than I, but take this tip from an evangelist:

Never buy a tent in a bag!

When I had taken it out, I found that the poor tent was a sieve, mildewed, rent and torn, motheaten and seemed just utterly impossible.

I wasn't very much of a business woman then, and my stewardship when I bought that tent wasn't any too brilliant. At that time I simply believed anything anybody said —much to my own disadvantage, I believe I do still—and when the man showed me a bag and told me the tent inside it was in the best of condition, I was much too tender of his feelings to insist that he show it to me.

All my friends fell to with a will and we sewed and patched. But, braced up here, it would lop over there; propped there, it would sag wearily here.

At last it was up and looked fairly well with the bright mottoes, which we had painted, fastened to the canvas walls.

In the middle of the very first meeting, just as I was getting nicely into my sermon, a little wind sprang up and, small as it was, it was too much.

The poor old decrepit tent sighed; the canvas gave a shrill shriek and started to split.

Down the poles the heavy top began to slip and slide, slip and slide!

Eek—squeeke-r-r-rip!

It seemed as though I would just naturally collapse, too. The breath seemed to be oozing right out of me exactly like it was out of the inside of the tent. There was I, intent upon my message with a full audience wrapped up in my

words and here was the roof collapsing over our heads.

So startled was I that I just stood there, staring at the billowing folds, my mouth open but no words coming forth.

In those days of early evangelistic enthusiasm, everything was either the Lord or the Devil to me; and I thought that the Devil was trying to break up my meeting.

Scarcely realizing what I was about to do, I instinctively lifted my arm, pointing to the tent top, and cried:

"In the name of the Lord, I command you to stay there till the meeting is over."

And believe it or not, that tent caught on a protruding nail and stayed.

"O-ho!" you say, "that was not God, Sister! That was chance!"

Perhaps; just the same, I give the Lord the credit.

People who advance the other explanation seem somehow to me very much like the little boy who was slipping down the roof of the barn. Poor little fellow; he was falling faster every moment.

"Oh-oh-oh! Lord, help me," he cried in a frantic prayer, "Lord, help me; I am falling—I am falling off the roof!"

At that moment his trousers caught on a shingle nail and his sliding stopped. Securely held where he was, he again lifted his voice to Heaven and said:

"Never mind, Lord. I've caught on a nail now."

So many of us are like that little boy, we pray when some trouble arises and when the darkness is past begin to reason with ourselves:

"Now, possibly that was not God who delivered me! It might have happened some other way," and begin to figure on chance.

After the meeting was over, we took the tent down, spread it on the ground.

The next day, I again took the big needle, got a lot of women from the congregation to help me and worked all morning and all afternoon sewing yards and yards of can-

vas, dozens of bolt ropes, spreaders and guys all over the tent.

When it grew dark the tent looked like an old inner tube all covered with patches—so many patches that there seemed to be very little left of the tent. Then we got it standing again, this time to stay.

When we had finished, every muscle in my body was weary. I was so tired that I ached; too fatigued to preach, too exhausted to do anything. Surely nobody would expect me to preach, after such a day as that. So I determined to rest that night, and pinned a little note to the tent postponing the meeting to the morrow.

"No meeting to-night," the note read. "The evangelist is too tired after mending the tent all day."

But I did preach that night. And the next night. And the night after that.

Preparatory to going to bed instead of preaching, I took my Bible and knelt down to pray. The Bible somehow fell from the bed to the floor, and there it opened of its own accord.

"He that saveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it," were the lines I saw staring up at me.

Yes, I preached that night. I changed into my uniform, and though dead tired, when I stepped upon the platform and we sang the first hymn, all my weariness dropped from me like a cloak unclasped and thrown aside.

It has ever been thus since that night; no matter what labor or troubles the day brings, no matter how physically or mentally fatigued they leave me, I am always completely refreshed the instant I stand in the pulpit. As my day, so is my strength—the more I have to do, the more strength I seem to have to do it.

And when the message comes, I feel the infusion of power just as does a copper wire when the electric current reaches it. I am revitalized, remade alive.

Many souls were saved that night simply because, after

I had mended and erected the tent, God showed me that He would provide strength sufficient for my every need. Never since, in any emergency or through any long-drawn siege, has that strength failed me. The current is sent to the cord and the light flares its hallowed beacon through the world.

At that particular service, which I had so nearly foregone, eighteen of those big, broad-shouldered farmers were converted. They came down to the rough altar and their huge shoulders shook with their inward sobs. When at last they rose from their knees, their faces were shining.

Never since have I taken it upon myself to cancel or postpone a meeting. Whenever by weariness I have been tempted to do so, the remembrance of those eighteen farmers is enough.

The meetings went along gloriously, continually increasing in power, in numbers, and in results at the altars, where the lives of men and women were transformed from darkness into light.

From the greatest to the least, from city officials and the best families to the most hopeless sinner, who in this instance seemed to be the town bell-ringer, the effects of this revival reached.

The town bell-ringer was a novel character and seemed to be the football of every one in his drunkenness; kicked out of saloons, earning his pittance by ringing his bell up and down the street.

"Hear ye!—H-e-a-r ye!" and along he would go to announce an auction sale, a football game, or whatnot.

After he was converted, he told me that I was the first person who had ever called him "Mr. Conner." Others had always called him "Monkey Abe."

A marvelous transformation was wrought and, sobered and dressed in a freshly cleaned and mended suit, he proudly strode up and down the streets ringing his bell more loudly than ever.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! I have given my heart to Christ. Come down to the revival to-night and hear Sister Mc-

Pherson preach about the Christ who saved even me."

. . . . . .

For the two years immediately following that night, in summer and in winter, north or south, I worked by day and dreamed by night in the shadow of a tent. I watched my tents as a mother watches her only child; I could not bear to be out of sight of them. They were the entire world wherein I lived, breathed, and had my being. I slept on a soldier's canvas cot in a little tent beside the big one, myself and my two children; and as I slept, I sometimes stroked the sides of the cot and thought that I, too, was a soldier, bivouacked upon the battleground of the Lord.

Obviously, it would be quite impossible to detail in a little volume such as this all the vicissitudes which befell and all the glorious revivals which were held in those big tents. We traveled thousands of miles together, from hamlet to town and from town to city, and thousands of souls found the golden stairs within canvas walls.

One night on a hilltop in Maine, another on the low-lying Florida peninsula; north and south, in winter and in summer, my tent and I went up and down the land seeking those whose need was greater.

Sometimes, when the wind howled and the sleet came slanting-wise in sheets, I would have to stay up from dusk to dawn with a sledgehammer in my hand, driving in stakes as fast as the straining guys loosened them in the ground; and sometimes, after the meeting, would sit staring into the heart of a dying camp fire, alone under the stars with the palm-fronds whispering their lullaby, seeking to read in the glow of the embers a message for the morrow.

Oftentimes, after the freight on the tent was paid and other incidental expenses attended to, when moving from one place to another, we would find ourselves in a strange town without a cent of money or a bite of food. But no town, however new, was ever strange to me, and always some one came along with a basket in his hand or an invitation to dinner.

CHAPTER XIV

THERE'S A WAY

A BREEZE!

A picturesque bluff!

An irresistible view!

Far below, the sparkling radiance of Narragansett Bay.

These were the attractions that caused me to decide on the site for the camp-grounds for my second revival meeting, which was held at Providence, Rhode Island.

Having carefully saved all offerings above traveling expenses, the new tent had been ordered. Again and again I had climbed the narrow stairs to the tentmaker's kingdom and had become quite initiated into the details of tents; ten-ounce top and eight-ounce sides; center poles; ridge poles; push poles; block and tackle; guy ropes; wooden stakes; iron stakes; nails and sledge hammers. But while waiting for the new tent I was glad to work in the old one, for I have always worked upon the promise that life is short and eternity long and there is no time to waste. The missionary fields are white and perishing for want of the preached word.

The first thing to do, of course, was to find a piece of land in Providence. I walked and searched, and rode street cars until at last I decided upon that splendid hilltop site overlooking the beauties of Narragansett Bay.

My decision was made entirely from the artistic standpoint. It was summer time and here it would be cool, the view unparalleled and the site most appealing and attractive. I did not reckon on the winds and storms for I had not learned the lesson that they who live in tents must always stand in fear and have their eyes cast toward the clouds.

The tent was erected, lumber purchased, and the seats made. The lights were in, the piano opened, and the meeting begun.

'Twas to be a ten-day camp meeting, and for two days all went well. But on the third night the flaps of my little sleeping tent, which stood guard beside the big tent like a small waterboy beside an elephant, blew so violently that it was difficult to compose myself to slumber. At last I drifted into peaceful sleep, in the midst of which I sprang to my feet with a terrified:

"What is it? Oh! What is it?"

Crash! R-i-p! T-e-a-r! BOOM!

My knees trembling under me, I parted the curtains of my tiny sleeping tent and looked out to the place where the tabernacle tent had been.

What a sight! There it lay, torn and disheveled upon the ground.

This might have seemed of lesser importance in later life, but at that time it was a veritable tragedy. For a moment my face quivered, and I thought I should cry; but suddenly I forgot to weep and began to laugh. The old tent did look so funny, with a pole sticking up here, the piano bobbing up there and the pulpit lifting its head yonder, the chairs and seats making queer little peaks everywhere.

Several great rents had been torn in the canvas from ridge pole to border.

The sudden storm was now over. I dressed and went out to look at the ruins. The moon was shining fitfully through scurrying clouds and waters were booming upon the rocks at the bottom of the precipice below.

Up to this time most of the congregation had come from some distance; the immediate neighborhood being almost entirely Catholic. It's an ill wind that blows no good, they say, and this morning, seeing me sitting forlornly in the midst of the torn canvas, and by this time looking very solemn about it all as I tried to draw the rents together

with my tiny needle and thread, the neighbors came over and volunteered their help and advice.

"Lady, you can't sew heavy canvas with that sort of a needle. You need a tentmaker's three-cornered needle and strong waxed thread. Your stitches won't hold any longer than it takes you to put them in, when the next blow comes."

"Why in the world did you ever pitch a tent on this bluff anyway? It is one of the most windy locations in the city."

"Yes, why in the world did you?" they all chorused.

"Wh-why, I thought we would have such a wonderful breeze, and . . ."

"Well, we had the breeze all right, there is no denying that! But now, let's see what can be done. What time is the next meeting?"

"Two-thirty, and we cannot make it. But we will surely have it ready for the evening service."

So, for hours we stitched and when several of my helpers had to go to their work, the folk who came for the afternoon meeting pitched in and the work went on. At last the rents were repaired, and the tent was up.

We had a glorious meeting that night and the next afternoon many were at the altar finding Salvation. I sank to sleep that night, tired but happy.

In the night came another terrific blow.

Boom! Crash! R-i-p! Smash!!

Deeply distressed, I threw my coat about me and went out through the gales of driving rain. I knew what had happened. The tent was down, and torn worse than ever.

The next morning, I assured the poor old tent that its days were not over and I sewed it up again and somehow got it up. That night we had another service.

When, however, the tent went down on the third night, it was torn beyond hope and breathed its last expiring sigh. It was truly mourned by its sad owner and some very real tears were shed on its old battle-scarred sides.

What should I do?

Give up . . . ?

The thought never entered my mind. From childhood days I have been taught when once convinced a thing was right, to never stop nor turn backward. Often have I thanked God for the Canadian grit and courage which was my inheritance.

When at various testing times in my life, people have inferred or suggested that I might be leaving or giving up, I have always received such inferences with mingled surprise and resentment.

The words "can't" and "give up" simply must not exist in the vocabulary of a successful missionary or an evangelist.

My aristocratic neighbors had worked with a good will on the first day and had been lovely on the second day, when a few had come over and labored like Trojans, but the third day was too much to ask of even good neighbors. Besides, any one could see that the tent was beyond hope now.

I walked around and around and surveyed the fallen giant from all angles. A little lad about twelve years of age who had stayed around the tent a good deal, stalked after me Indian fashion. When I would shake my head dolefully, he would shake his, too, and we commiserated together. There just wasn't a place to get a hand-hold on the old canvas, and what to do, was the question.

That night the meeting must go on; the crowds would be coming, not knowing about the tent having fallen. Our work was not then important enough to be headlined in the newspapers so folks would know in advance that the tent was down.

I dropped into a chair, and, with chin cupped in hand, began to think the thing out and the little lad sat down just beside me and cupping his chin likewise, thought, too. Suddenly I startled him by jumping up with a little cry of joy:

"I've got it, Buddy, I've got it!"

He jumped up, too.

"Gee! Got what? Where is it?"

"You know those ten little sleeping tents—the little tents that we expected to erect for campers if it became necessary? Let's get them; put them in a row, lash them end to end and make a long narrow tent. Let's crawl under the big tent and pull out the benches and put them in it and we will beat this storm yet."

What a day it was!

Hot, dusty, weary, we crept under the torn canvas of the main tabernacle again and again; dragging out the wooden benches, carrying them one by one—the boy bearing one end and I the other—to our new edifice. Trip after trip we made, rooting around like gophers under the big canvas for lights, song books, a pulpit, some decorations and whatnot; until, trembling with fatigue, we had almost everything ready for the evening meeting. But how could we move the piano?

On our hands and knees, on the platform under the heavy canvas, we seriously debated the question. Could planks be laid down from the platform to afford a runway, and could we ever get the piano stopped if once we got it started? I laugh to myself now, when I think of my audacious courage and ambition to work for the Master.

"What—what's this!" boomed a big voice from outside at that moment. "Who's under that canvas? Come out here 'til I have a look at ya!"

'Twas late afternoon, and the voice was that of one of the brothers who had been acting as usher. He had returned from work and come early to the grounds to see if there was anything he could do.

Tired and disheveled, with black hands and many smudges across our faces, we came forth, exhausted but triumphant.

"See our NEW tabernacle!" I cried cheerfully.

"The wind cannot take that down, and I think every one will agree it is unique and thoroughly original.

"Consider the unusual dimensions of it, sir. It is exactly ten feet wide, and one hundred and twenty feet long.

Mostly long, isn't it? If we could just get this piano in now—?"

"Why, Sister, you never should have attempted such a thing! You will kill yourself or be sick! Why didn't you wait for the menfolk to get home from their work, and let us do it for you?"

"Why, because, Brother, it is almost meeting time now, and the work of God must go on. There are so many souls being saved. Wasn't that a wonderful altar call last night?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied rather huskily and with much clearing of his throat, for he himself was but a recent convert. "Now, Sister, you run along and get washed up and ready for meeting. Here comes Brother B——. We will move the piano."

A splendid meeting crowned our labors that night. I took for my text II Kings 6:6, "And the axe did swim."

The people sang and clapped and testified. We talked of Christ to our hearts' content and continued the campaign to a successful close. Though as many stood outside as were inside, all seemed to enter into the spirit and made it a success.

Being low to the ground, the wind could not tear this tent from its moorings and it was a constant object lesson on humility and a lowly contrite heart.

Humility is such an important requisite to peasant and King. Without it, we are all in constant danger of being overthrown.

Earthly thrones are generally built with steps leading up to them, the thrones of the Heavenly Kingdom are remarkable in that the steps all lead down to them.

We must humble ourselves if we would reign; stoop, if we would rise.

When true humility crowns the heart, no task is too humble; no duty is too menial. It is easy to bow in submission to the will of God and say when we have wronged a fellow-man:

"I am sorry."

Some say:

"Well, I wouldn't bow my head to man or God!"

But I used to notice in my father's wheat fields at home that it was the empty heads that stood erect while the full heads bowed modestly to the ground.

. . . . . .

The new tent was pitched for the first time on Cape Cod, Onsett Bay.

It was at Cape Cod that I was called to Corona, Long Island.

"How do you get your calls? How do you know where to go?" people often ask.

Well, a letter may come calling me to go here or there, or the call may come in various ways. In this particular instance, while in prayer the word "Corona" kept recurring to my mind.

As I was a contributor to several religious magazines, I had been praying for a Corona typewriter and my first thought was that this was the reason. However, in a few days came the shrill whistle of the postman and the missive which he bore, ran:

"DEAR SISTER MCPHERSON:

"Come at once to Corona, Long Island. Revival clouds are ready to burst on our heads. 'The Lord hath need of thee!' "

The signature on the letter was that of a lady with whom I was not acquainted, but as I prayed I felt strongly and deeply impressed that I should answer the call and go to Corona.

CHAPTER XV

BLACK IS WHITE

Busy streets.

Crowded buildings;

Everflowing cataracts of traffic!

Roaring motors! Clanging trolleys! Thundering elevated railways bearing commuters to and beyond Corona, a suburb of New York City.

Early one afternoon, suitcase in one hand, open letter with its address in the other, I mounted the steps of a humble home, and tapped upon the door.

In a moment my astonished eyes beheld the beaming face of a colored mammy framed in the doorway.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I have mistaken the house! I am looking for a lady who wrote me to come to Corona to hold a revival campaign. I thought—I thought this was the number—" I faltered.

"Yo' all isn't Sistah McPherson dat's been preachin' in Cape Cod, is you?" she queried.

"Why, y-yes," wonderingly.

"Why bless yo' heart, chile! Come in yere dis bery minute! I'se been a-lookin' fo' yo' all week. What kep' yo' all? Come in! Come in!"

Two big black arms were around me, and I was hugged to an ample bosom before I could begin to realize that this dear colored saint was the author of the letter. I had been shown to my tiny attic bedroom, removed the travel stains, eaten a bite of lunch at the carefully-set little parlor table, ere the first shock of surprise had worn away and speech returned.

"Ef eber dere was a town dat needed a Holy Ghost revival, dis am it," my hostess told me as she spread thick

blackberry jam upon a liberal slice of bread and laid it on my plate.

"Y-yes?" I queried. "Where is the service to be held?"

"Why, right here in Corona, bless yo'!"

"But what is the name of the hall or building which has been engaged for the service?"

"Why, bless yo' heart, honey, ah don't know 'bout dat. Ah thought you'd arrange all dat in no time when yo' all got here, as yo' knows more 'bout sech t'ings dan ah do!"

"But, Mammy—who's supporting the meeting? Have you a group of people—a company of believers who will assist me?"

"No, chile, ah couldn't seem to get dem interested in a revival. No, ah reckon I'se 'bout de onliest one yo' can depend on right now; but dere will be mo' when de meetin's get stahted."

"M-m-m, yes," I said, and tried to wash down with a swallow of milk the lump that had risen in my throat.

"Then there aren't any—any real—preparations for a meeting—yet?"

"No preparation? Indeed dere is preparations, chile! Preparations a plenty! Didn' I tell yo' I'se been a-prayin' fo' dis yere meetin' fo' mor'n two years? Got it all prayed through now, and de clouds am sure ready to burst 'pon dis yere town when yo' all begins to preach de Word!"

After the humble repast, at Mammy's suggestion we had a season of prayer. No one could hear that earnest voice upraised to God without knowing that here was one who conversed with the Master, as friend communes with friend. Though black without, her spirit was as snow within.

"Guess we better go out and look for a hall now," I volunteered. "I am in a strange city and do not quite know where to go first."

"Ef ah was younger, ah would go with yo' chile; but ah knows de Lord has a prepared place all a-waitin' somewhere. Yo' all run along and ah'll stay home and ask de Lawd to guide yo'."

Gathering up my courage, I set forth in search of an auditorium; but met with scant encouragement. No town hall, no empty theater, no vacant lodge rooms were available.

This was in the days before prohibition, and the only room offered came in response to an inquiry made of one who proved to be a saloonkeeper.

"I haven't much to offer," he said kindly, "but if the parlor back of my saloon will do, it will seat a couple hundred, and you may have it and welcome."

Thanking him kindly, I declined the offer, and passed on.

The next day and the next, the search continued without avail. Tired, footsore, weary, I returned and, after bathing my hot face with moistened towel, flung myself heavily in a chair.

What a peculiar situation! Was I out of the will of God? The city's desperate need of a Holy Ghost revival—its coldness and formality were laid bare before my search was ended; but was the dear old colored mammy right in positively declaring this was God's time, and that He had called me to conduct a campaign at this moment?

I leaned back wearily in the chair, and closed my eyes. A perplexed frown puckered my brow.

A footstep was heard coming up the walk below.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

A hand was knocking at the door. Perhaps it was some one coming with news about an auditorium, for I had flung out inquiries in all directions. Leaning over the banister, I listened, and was astonished at the words of the big voice that came booming up the little hall.

"I understand there is an evangelist lady here."

"Yas, suh. Sistah McPherson am here to conduct a revival meetin'."

"Well, I am the pastor of the Swedish M. E. Church down the street and I wonder whether she would have time to come down and conduct some meetings for us?"

"Jes' a minute, suh. I'll call her an' yo' ask her yo'self."

"S-i-s-t-a-h!"

"Yes, Mammy."

I almost stumbled down the stairs in my eagerness, and stood breathless, looking up at the minister who had come like a messenger from the sky at this perplexing moment.

That night I found the church half-filled with people, and they spread the story throughout the town. The next afternoon the church was full, and that night, was overflowing to the streets.

From the opening moment the Spirit of God moved upon the people in a special manner. Tears flowed down many faces, and numbers came to the altar seeking the Lord as their Saviour. The Sunday-school superintendent of a nearby church was gloriously baptized with the Holy Ghost, also the wife of one of the city's leading ministers. Interest was stirred, and even as the dear old colored lady had said, the revival was already prayed down, the clouds were ready to burst. Never had it seemed easier to preach. The Lord was very near and precious to our hearts.

Remember, this was in the day before the Methodist Church and others were ordaining women to the ministry as they are to-day.

Ere the revival had gone forward many days, the pastor of a nearby Baptist Church took occasion to warn his flock against the campaign, asking them to stay away. This, of course, is one of the greatest assurances of a crowd; for the folk immediately came to find out just why they should stay away.

The minister came also.

But one seat was left. That was in the last row, and the pastor slipped into it. He listened attentively to the message and at the close of the service, at our request, led in prayer—and an earnest, hungry prayer it was.

The following evening found the minister again in the audience. My message that night was "Lost and Restored," and many crowded the altars seeking salvation and a deeper spiritual life.

Among those who came forward to shake hands after the benediction, was the erstwhile opposing minister.

"Sister," said he, and I noticed that there were tears in his eyes, "I wish to extend to you an invitation to come to my church as soon as possible and give that same message. You are crowded out here. Our church is considerably larger. Will you, in the Master's Name, accept the invitation?"

It was an eventful night when, the invitation accepted, this message was repeated in the above-mentioned church. It was packed from pulpit to the door and far out in the street. The windows had been opened, and the people stood on boxes or ledges, looking in.

On the platform sat a number of ministers, clad in correct clerical garb; and to a wiser, more formidably learned company, surely few young evangelists ever had spoken.

Lifting my heart to God in earnest prayer for power to preach the Word to this assembled throng, my eyes roved once more over the sea of faces, then turned to the dignified clergymen who, it seemed to me, sat like human interrogation marks at the very thought of a woman preaching the Gospel. But I launched into the subject and no sooner was the message begun, than the power of the Lord fell.

The theme concerned the dispensation of the Holy Ghost from the day of Pentecost unto the coming of the Lord; and as I told of the former rain and how the Holy Spirit fell with a rushing wind and tongues of flame and copious showers of blessings, tears streamed down faces. The great revival where three thousand souls were born into the Kingdom in one day, the healing of the lame man at the gate called Beautiful, the persecution of the Apostles, the flourishing of God's Word, the scourging of the Disciples, the multiplied spiritual blessings, the sick in the streets on beds and couches, that at least the shadow of Peter might pass over them, the joy of those who were healed, the gifts of the fruits of the Spirit, and the blessed Pentecostal glory of the early church were enthusiastically depicted in the sermon.

Ringing "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" came from various points in the audience. The wonderful old colored mammy sat just at my left, her dear old black face shining like burnished ebony.

"Lawd, pour Thy Spirit out!" I could hear her saying now and then as she prayed for God to bless the meeting. "Lawd, yo' all knows I'se done prayed through for dis yere meetin'. Pour Thy Spirit out!"

And He did, praise His name!

The falling away of the church, when, hundreds of years after the death of the early disciples, worldliness and unbelief came creeping in, the ensuing dark ages when even the light of justification by faith was dimmed and there remained but a feeble flickering of the oldtime glory, the hungering in the hearts of the people, the reformation beginning with Martin Luther, the saints and martyrs, the great reformers, on up through the years from one denomination to another to the present day, were enumerated, together with the prophecies of the latter rain outpouring of the Holy Ghost revival.

Admonishing the people to open their hearts, take down their umbrellas, receive the showers of blessing, be converted and filled with the Spirit, the altar call was given.

And how they came! They filled the chancel railing, filled the communion space and overflowed to the platform.

The eyes of the pastor filled with tears, and he exclaimed:

"Why, I have had to use a logging chain to get even one or two to the altar! See them coming!"

Happy, thrilled from head to foot with joy that the Lord had honored His Word, vindicated the message, I kneeled down at one corner of the platform and began to pray.

How the people prayed! And my colored friend could be heard above them all saying,

"Hallelujah, Lawd! Ah knowed you'd do it! Ah jus' knowed dis was a-comin'!"

When I lifted my face for a moment, I saw a strange

sight. Two men had risen near the center of the church. Some one told me that they were brothers who had not spoken to each other for more than a year because of a disagreement over the trimming of their store window. Hard feelings had estranged not only themselves but their two families as well.

"Bill, I want you to forgive me. It was all my fault."

"Not at all, Dick, old boy. It was my fault. I have known it all the time."

"No, the fault was mine. Forgive—"

No sooner had the words left the man's lips than he was gloriously saved and baptized with the Holy Spirit. The revival was on!

Seeing the demonstration of the Spirit of the Lord, I thought: "That's the first time anything like that has happened in this dignified church. They will never invite you back again."

At the altar, I prayed the more earnestly.

At the close of the service, the minister who had been in conversation for the last few moments with some official-looking men, touched me on the shoulder and said:

"Sister McPherson, I have just been talking with the Church Board, and they are delighted beyond words at the manner in which the Spirit of God has been manifest here to-night. The church is yours as long as you want it. When will you hold the next meeting?"

I blinked my eyes for a moment at the suddenness of the wonderful offer, and replied:

"To-morrow night, please, Brother."

If the church had overflowed the first night, it was literally stormed the second.

At one later service a beautiful young society lady who had recently given her heart to Jesus Christ, even though her mother had seated her in a new Packard and offered to present it to her if she would give up the church and go on with her social life, blessedly received the Holy Spirit. Kneeling beside her and watching the glory dawn upon her

countenance, a look of intense hunger swept over the minister's face. Without speaking, he arose, went back to the pulpit and kneeling down, lifted his hands in prayer saying:

"O Lord, fill me! O Lord, fill me!"

Gloriously the Lord answered prayer, transforming that quiet minister into a flaming evangel who rose to his feet and, walking up and down the platform, preached a mighty sermon. From that day he has led large numbers into the Kingdom, and has been the principal speaker at many conventions and gatherings of ministers and earnest Christians.

Having heard me declare that Jesus Christ was the same yesterday, to-day and forever, still lived to save and heal and baptize with His Spirit, some of my audience took me at my word. Great was my astonishment when, lifting my eyes, I saw coming down the central aisle a strange and pathetic little figure—a young lady, leaning upon two crutches, bowed over and twisted with rheumatoid arthritis, supported, in addition to her crutches, on the left and on on the right by two friends.

Down the aisle she came from the back row. It seemed to me as though every one was looking at her. A little gasp of pity ran over the assemblage.

I had had no experience in praying for the sick. Indeed, very little, comparatively, had been said or done about this great doctrine at this time. Yet in my sermons I had constantly proclaimed Jesus Christ to be the same yesterday, to-day and forever. I believed it, too—believed that He was able to heal—was even willing to pray for one that was sick; but oh, I did wish that I could have begun with some one who looked a bit more mendable than this poor little thing with her gnarled and twisted fingers, swollen joints, chin pulled forward until it lay upon her breast, limbs that were drawn, and hands that she could not lift to comb her own hair and with which she could scarce feed herself.

But there she came and it seemed she never would get to the front.

Step—step—step—

Gentle hands eased the poor little body along. I remember, in the dead silence that had fallen upon us all, how one crutch squeaked and a board of the floor creaked.

The eyes of the people looked first at the young lady and then at me; and I, God help me, felt my face flushing more each moment. But I cried out in my heart:

"O Lord, you are able to heal her, though I admit she does look to be a hopeless case!"

During the message, large tears rolled down her face, and when the altar call was given the girl, Miss Misnick, expressed to her friends a desire to come to the altar and be converted.

Meanwhile, I had made up my mind to have a word of prayer for her that the Lord would strengthen and give her faith. I would slip down to the front seat and there quietly pray with her. I tried to tell myself that the kinder thing to do was to make it as inconspicuous as possible. Perhaps away in the back of my mind there was a thought that if she were not completely healed, her affliction would not be so noticeable there.

But I gasped a little as I saw that the young lady was now being borne by the strong arms of her attendants to the altar. Not being able to kneel, lo and behold, they were carrying her to the platform, never stopping until they had placed her in the central minister's chair.

Earnestly she prayed. Whole-heartedly she gave her life to Jesus. Inquiry brought out the fact that she was the child of a non-Protestant family; but ere many minutes had elapsed, she had been not only converted, but blessedly baptized with the Holy Spirit.

Then I prayed for her healing. I told her to lift up her hands and praise the Lord. She might have replied:

"Oh, but I cannot lift my hands."

Instead of this, her obedience was instantaneous.

"Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" rang out her clear voice, and to the joy of all, the gnarled joints began to

straighten out, and she lifted her hands up, up, up as high as her chin, her eyes, the top of her head.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "This is the first time I have been able to lift my hands to the top of my head in so, *so* long! Praise the Lord!"

Up, up went her hands until they and her arms were practically free. Her chin, however, had been pressed against her chest for so long, that it seemed as though it had almost grown there, her neck being rigid. Her head began to turn now, and then the chin to lift as she gazed heavenward.

In a moment she was on her feet! Clinging hand over hand to the chancel rail she began to walk as the limbs straightened.

Whether it was because I had at this time never seen such a sight, I know not; but to this day the healing of that young lady seems to me one of the most mighty miracles I have ever known.

She went out of the church that night walking, climbed into the car and stepped out again at her own home. When her mother saw her walking up the garden path and when one of her companions handed the mother the girl's crutches, she threw up her hands and cried:

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" then threw the crutches down into the cellar to be used no more.

From that time forward, Louise became one of the constant attendants at the meeting. She declared it seemed to her, as she sat out on the piazza or ran the sewing machine, which she now delighted in doing, that all the neighbors for blocks around passed her door to inquire whether these things were true.

A couple of years later, I had occasion to conduct a meeting in the same church. Tripping down the aisle came a plump, rosy little lady who fell upon us like a tornado.

"Do you remember me?" she demanded.

Looking into the sparkling eyes and clear complexion and at the trim little figure, I shook my head and said:

"It's not—not Louise—"

"The very same, praise the Lord! I have been sewing, cooking, doing housework, attending the meetings; our whole family has been converted, and I praise the Lord for His goodness unto me!"

Ere I left Corona, Long Island, for Jacksonville, Florida, whither I felt the leading of the Lord for tent meetings during the winter months, the minister, without previously consulting me, announced that an offering was to be taken for my services in the church. Money had never been discussed between us.

A table was placed by the altar, a Bible opened upon it, and the people invited to lay their offerings thereon.

How they came! Choking the aisles, laying silver and paper money upon the open pages. Thus the Lord supplied our needs, provided the means for the starting of another blessed revival which brought so many to Christ.

CHAPTER XVI

SOUTH WITH THE BIRDS

AUTUMN skies!

Scudding storm clouds!

Little gusts of wind scurrying up the road!

Harbingers of coming winter!

The summer was over. Tent meeting days were done.

What a pity!

I stood gazing sadly at the white canvas bags containing the neatly folded revival tent of which I was now the proud possessor.

What a pity!

A perfectly good canvas tabernacle, eight-foot side poles, sectional center poles to facilitate shipping, canvas-backed mottoes with two-foot letters proclaiming to the world that "Jesus saves." In fact, everything was all ready to begin; and now the fall rains were upon us and the winter was in the offing.

Honk! Honk! Honk!

High above Long Island Sound sailed fleets of wild geese!

With necks outstretched and widespread wings rhythmically beating the air in perfect formation, the geese were going south.

Honk! Honk! Honk!

In a few days they would preen their feathers 'neath tropic skies and float idly o'er the smooth surface of palm-encircled lakes.

The intrepid leader loudly called to those in the rear to speed on and on and on toward the Southland.

Must we, then, be left behind to hibernate for the winter? Must the white wings of the tent remain folded until next summer?

Standing by the tent, earthbound creature that I was,

the urge of that call from the skies became solution of my problem.

Within a few hours the tent equipment was routed for Florida on board ship. My tent and I would migrate with the birds to that ever-verdant, palm-decked land, and there continue to preach the Word to the residents and the multitudes of tourists now speeding thither.

The fields were waiting for the Gospel and the splendid offering with which the Corona Baptist Church had rewarded our campaign made it possible to carry it into the Southland.

. . . . . .

Jacksonville, the gateway to the lower South, had been decided upon as the scene of our first winter campaign. So here we were, in a strange city without a friend or an acquaintance—a city of sparkling fountains and large hotels —a city of crimson poinsettias and flaming hibiscus—a city filled with tourists and peopled with throngs who had come to await the time when King Winter should have loosed his icy grasp upon the North and East.

"Lord, help us now to get a start!" I prayed.

Carefully I counted over my money. What a hole passage and freight had made in my capital! For the dozenth time I ticked off upon my fingers the things which must be done.

First, to get a lot, centrally located.

Second, obtain a permit from the mayor and the fire chief.

Third, buy lumber. (I wondered what it would cost per foot in this state—whether we would need to buy it or whether we could rent it; and what would be the best pattern on which to build seats and avoid the driving of many nails which would damage the wood.)

Fourth, electric wiring must be obtained, advertising done and a piano secured. (We would, of course, be able to rent that.) Hand bills must be printed and circulated carefully. I would go up one street and down the other

asking permission to fasten the bills in the windows with little gummed stickers.

It was the great adventure, the first camp meeting in a new state. The Lord would have to help me now, and make my money stretch. I was far from home and spending that which would have been my return fare, like water, in full faith that my efforts would be rewarded.

A tract of land, centrally located, was loaned free of charge. Some of the lumber also was donated. A large amount, however, I was obliged to purchase, as it had to be cut for the purpose of constructing benches.

But at last all was in readiness. The piano, the lights, even the altar, were in place. As a last flare of reckless buying, I had decided upon a string of colored electric lights across the top of the tent to make the camp ground cheery and inviting. I dipped the bulbs in various-colored paints and was proud of the finished work of art.

Twenty-four hours before the tent meeting was to open, I returned hot, footsore and weary from a handbill distributing tour. When I think now how I set forth in that new city, without a friend, without any assurance that the meeting for which I was outlaying my little all was to prosper, I marvel at the grace of God which was so lavishly bestowed.

Supper time!

Taking stock, I found that everything was in readiness, every bill had been paid, and as a proof of good management, I had five cents left.

As I sat there upon one of the new benches, admiring the moss and palmetto branches which I had gathered and fashioned into decorations suited unto Florida, I fanned my burning cheeks with a wide hat. I was startled to see a large shadow cast just before me, and, looking up, to behold framed in the entrance of the tent, a generously proportioned colored mammy, white teeth flashing in a friendly smile.

"Ah sees yo' all's goin' to have a camp meetin' right away."

"Yes, Mammy, we are."

"Seein' as yo' all is chillun ob de Lawd, ah thought yo' all might help me."

"Oh, we would be glad to, Mammy. What can we do for you?"

"Well, mah ole man's been out ob work and sick fo' a long time. My chillun need clothes, food and money. Ef yo' could help us jus' a little bit, we suah would be obliged and de good Lawd would bless yo'."

"Wish we could do more for you," I replied. "We just happen to be out of groceries ourselves; but as for clothes, I am expecting some to arrive most any time. The church where we held our last meeting promised to send a barrel of used clothing for the poor whom I might meet. As for money, here is a nickel, dear, if that will help you."

I untied the corner of my handkerchief, then placed the nickel in the creamy palm of the black hand.

"Thank yo', ma'am! Thank yo', ma'am!" she beamed. "De Lawd will sho' bress yo' fo' it, an' I will be back fo' de close."

The little strip of canvas which protected the entrance dropped back into place, and I was alone again with my thoughts. Only for a moment, however, for the quietude was broken by a Ford driving up, with a rattle and a squeal of brakes, at the entrance. Voices were heard.

"Yes, this is the place. There is the sign. Wonder if we will find her in?"

A whole carload of people (and however they put so many in that car has always been a mystery to me), who had heard of our meetings in the northern states and who had read some of our earlier writing in Christian magazines, had traveled these many miles from Atlanta, Georgia, to attend the services.

Greetings over, and the dusty company having been afforded an opportunity of washing up, some one of the party exclaimed:

"Sister McPherson, we have been on the road so long we are hungry as bears! Is it nearly supper time?"

Adroitly changing the subject for a moment, I slipped into my little sleeping tent and dropped to my knees beside the soldier's cot. Kneeling there I prayed:

"Lord, these children of Thine in their journey have come. They are hungry. I have nothing to set before them. O Lord, if it be Thy Will for us to fast and pray until the meeting opens to-morrow evening, amen. But if it be Thy Will that we should have something to set before these people, Thou wilt supply it for Thy Name's Sake."

Having shifted the burden of responsibility from my own shoulders to those dear, capable shoulders of the Lord, I emerged from my little tent with a smiling face and returned to the company who were now in the large tabernacle admiring the pattern upon which I had cut and builded the seats, exclaiming over the bunting which had been fashioned into loops and festoons around the platform. Really, I had made a little money go a long way.

I stood chatting with them but for a moment, when there came an interruption. A big, gruff voice on the street in front of the tent put a stop to the clatter of iron-shod feet upon the cement pavement.

"Whoa, thar!"

Listening for a moment, there came to my ears a loud thud. End over end, a large box was rolled through the entrance of the tent and the expressman, with a cheery smile, held book and pencil to me for signature.

"Is it—is it prepaid?" I asked cautiously.

"Yes, mom; and a right smart heavy box it is, too."

"Why, praise the Lord! It is the box of clothes Corona promised to send for the poor! Now I will be able to help that dear old colored lady and her children," flashed the happy realization through my mind. My immediate problems of supper for my unannounced guests forgotten for the moment, I ran for a hammer and the cold-chisel and pried the top off the box.

Just look! Here on the top was folded a coat—a little worn at the collar, but that colored mammy would feel like a queen in it; just fit her, too. Here were dresses, a sweater, and—oh, all sorts of things.

Strange, though, what made them seem so heavy. Why, the sleeves were stuffed, not with paper, but with something round and hard; and there were lumps scattered here and there through the piles of clothing. I ran an experimental arm down wonderingly, then shook the coat which I held in my hands. Out rolled a can of peas, a can of corn, a can of salmon and one of sardines. Boxes and packages revealed corn flakes, rolled oats, condensed milk, sugar, crackers, in fact, everything we needed for dinner, breakfast and luncheon the following day.

I stood for a moment, trembling. My chin began to quiver, tears filled my eyes, and I murmured over and over:

"O thank you, Lord! Thank you."

Crackers and sardines—loaves and fishes!

We stirred the camp fire into wakefulness, and I had supper ready in no time at all, and the table spread, daintily as you please, with newspapers and paper plates. Every head was bowed as we stood and sang that dear old "Grace" which I had learned years before.

"Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and every place adored,
Thy mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast eternally with Thee. Amen."

As we sang, the great clock in the next block struck the hour.

Bong! Bong! Bong!
Bong! Bong! Bong!

Our supper had been sent all the way from Corona, Long Island, to Jacksonville, Florida, and it was right there when the clock struck six!

This is just one sample of the wonderful way in which the

Lord provides for His children when they go forth without purse or script, taking no thought of what they shall eat, what they shall drink or what they shall wear.

The campaign was on!

Within a few days the crowd had grown until the tent was filled and many stood about its borders. I was strengthened for my tasks so that I was enabled, in those days of beginning, to lead the singing, play the piano, make the announcements, preach the sermon, give the altar calls, pray with the seekers, close up the tent, put out the lights, care for my little family, and with but a few hours of rest be ready for the next day's meetings. I was publicity manager, musical director, pianist, preacher, altar worker and committee of arrangements, all combined.

One evening, while giving the altar call, I noticed a young man sitting in the back of the tent with his head bowed on his arm. The other arm was in a sling. Seeing that he was in tears, I went to him and asked:

"Why are you weeping, Brother?"

He lifted a face that startled me with the stark tragedy that was written there. He was a young man, evidently a working man, in a suit that was rather worn but which was made of fine material and appeared to have been tailored.

"What is the matter? Could you tell me? Could I help you?" I urged.

"No one can help me now. I was on my way to the waterfront to end it all to-night when I heard the singing in your tent and dropped in."

"End it all? Why, Brother, what do you mean? Why should a young man like you, with all of life before him, consider such a thing for a moment?"

I strove to treat the matter lightly, thinking to cheer him.

"Oh, Sister, you don't—you don't understand!"

"Don't understand what, Brother?" I asked in a more sympathetic tone.

"I have just broken my arm in three places and dis-

located my wrist—got caught in a belt at the factory. The doctor says it will be weeks before I can work again."

"But even so, why commit suicide over a broken arm? Many men have their arms amputated, and do not think of resorting to such extremes as that."

Slipping into the seat beside him, and urging him to tell me all that was on his heart, I heard this story:

A little more than a year ago the young man, of splendid family, and a little bride had been married. The war had broken out, and everything was changed. Business reverses had brought about straitened circumstances. The little bride was still in Georgia, but he had come to Jacksonville to work in a munition plant, though unused to manual labor. He pictured the awkward fumbling at the belt, the sickening wrench, the broken bones.

Then, in a softer tone and with a gentle look in his eyes, he said:

"Sister, my wife needs money now—needs it more than she may ever need it again in her life. And, oh, God! I thought I was going to make everything easy for her. Now it will be weeks before I can go to work again. In the meantime what will she do? She is too proud to ask help of people there."

Down went his head in his arms again as he sobbed convulsively.

Laying one hand sympathetically on his shoulder, I was groping for words to speak when my little choir on the platform, without knowledge of what was going on in the back of the tent, struck up the chorus:

> "A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right,
> A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right,
> In trials of every kind, thank God, I always find,
> A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right."

My inspiration had come. I said to the young man confidently:

"Brother, listen to the words of that song. A little talk

with Jesus will help. No load so heavy but His love can lift it; no night so dark but His smile can brighten it. He will open the way for you and for your little wife. Come, let me lead you to Jesus."

He seemed about to rise, but suddenly a hand was laid upon his arm. I had not observed the young man who had slipped into the seat beside him.

"Don't be a fool," the companion said. "You know there is nothing in this religious bunk."

My heart sank, then rose again, for without hesitating longer, the young man followed me to the altar and kneeled at the feet of Jesus. I think he must have been in such desperate straits that he scarce heard the voice of his disparaging chum—the infidel son of a Methodist minister who had nearly broken his dear old father's heart by his waywardness and atheism.

Earnestly we prayed at the altar. The long mourners' bench was well filled from end to end. Some one brushed against it, jolting the broken arm of the young man with whom I was praying.

"Oh-o-h!" he cried, and his face blanched. "MY arm!"

"Oh, Brother, I am so sorry," I said, sick with sympathy at the suffering written upon his face.

"Be careful!" I warned the others kneeling near him.

"Brother, rest your arm up here."

And so we came to the successful conclusion of our "talk" with the Saviour. The young man rose to his feet, face shining, and grasped my hand, saying:

"Thank God! I believe Jesus saves me, and that somehow things will be right!"

Looking down at his bandaged arm, I could not forget that little wife who needed money so much at this particular time.

"Brother!" I said suddenly. "Don't you believe Jesus Christ can heal your broken arm so that you will be able to go back to work and support your young wife as you are longing to do? If He were on earth, He would do it in

a moment. Yet has He not said, 'Lo, I am with you alway,' and is He not the same yesterday, to-day and forever? Do you believe He can heal you?"

"Y-yes—yes, I believe He can," he said simply.

Closing my eyes I laid my hand very gently upon the bandaged arm that hung within the white sling, and prayed:

"O Lord Jesus, this poor young man has broken his arm. Thou knowest his need and the need of the little wife. Wilt Thou please heal him for Thy Name's sake? Lord, heal this broken arm, just now, and we will give Thee the glory. Amen."

A little silence had fallen over the tent as the chorus of "Oh, happy day" died out, and my voice had carried further than I realized. It seemed as though every one had heard me and all were leaning forward with the most astonished and intent look upon their faces. In that moment Fear whispered:

"Now, you have done it! Supposing he is not instantly healed? This will ruin your meeting. Better to have left well enough alone. You were getting along so splendidly."

A wave of depression swept over me, and I closed my eyes a moment. But when I opened them again, I saw that a wonderful change had taken place in the face of the young man. Wonder and delight struggled together on his countenance. I glanced at his hand. He was moving his fingers gently, experimentally to and fro.

"Why—why," he exclaimed, "I can move them! I can move my fingers, and it doesn't hurt!"

"Couldn't you move them before?"

"No, of course I couldn't. My arm was broken, I tell you!" excitedly.

Tenderly, gingerly he felt of his arm. He withdrew it from the sling. Next he lifted it above his head, and then began to tap harder and harder upon the cast. Without suggestion, he took out his knife, cut the fastening of the bandage and began to unwrap his arm.

"Don't make a fool of yourself! You're not healed.

Your arm will be in a terrible shape now! You know there is nothing in all this."

The chum had come down from the back of the tent, slipped into a front seat, and now stood beside his friend.

"I tell you I am healed! The Lord has saved me and made me whole!"

"Nonsense! You are getting yourself in for a lot of trouble and you will have to have that arm set again," said the minister's son.

But with firm resolution the last of the bandage and the splints were removed. The young man held his arm aloft and repeated the assertion that he was healed. Slipping his arm into his empty coat sleeve, he fastened the garment about him.

Slowly every vestige of color drained from the face of the young atheist. He reached out his hand and took hold of the arm which had been broken and shook it up and down, at first gently, then more violently.

"Does that hurt? Does *that* hurt you?"

Answered in the negative, he suddenly whirled, went down in a heap with both arms before his face, and fairly fell over the mourners' bench, sobbing out in an abandonment of penitence:

"O God, be merciful to me, a sinner! I have been a wicked unbeliever! Lord, forgive me now. I believe!"

That night a telegram went to a Methodist minister that surely must have made his heart rejoice. His boy had come to Christ and his house of faith was builded upon the Rock.

Several men from the munition plant were in the tent that night who knew the condition of the young man's arm. The effect of his healing was widespread, our crowds increased, and the power of the Lord fell.

The young man, two days later, went back to work, suffering no ill consequences thereby. In a couple of months his wife joined him, and they later presented me with a quaintly framed photograph of the happy husband, the

pretty little wife who had just found the Savior, and their tiny three-week-old baby.

. . . . . .

Folding the tents at Jacksonville, we set out for Tampa, leaving the Atlantic Ocean and crossing the state to this lovely city upon the Gulf of Mexico. Fortified with a liberal supply of booklets and tracts, we literally sowed the country down with Gospel Seed. Sometimes we pitched the little sleeping tent at night, sometimes turned back the hinged front seat of the car and found a few hours' repose. Wherever the wheels of the automobile turned, there was a church. I played the baby organ and stood and preached from the seat of the car. Wherever the running board moved, there was an altar, and many a time sinners stepped from out the crowd and kneeled there, confessing their sin and making our Savior theirs.

As I look back over the years to those times of early beginning, I wonder whether the refusal to be beaten, or refusal to be content with the few when we might be reaching the many, has not had a great deal to do with the success of the present work. When I see ministers and workers content to sit and talk to a half-filled church or to empty pews, I often look back to those strenuous days.

Picture Tampa thronged to the gates with tourists who had poured in from all parts of the country. Picture an automobile truck decorated with bunting and within, grouped about the folding organ, a band of happy songsters, new converts and friends, and in the midst a young evangelist determined by all means to win some for the Master. We would stop but for a few moments, and I would hardly begin to speak, ere the throngs would surround the truck. Then, after telling briefly the story of the Savior, I would invite every one to come to the big tent and hear the Word of God.

From corner to corner, from street to street we went. Between stops I would frequently catch up the megaphone

and invite passers-by to the services, announcing as sweetly as I could:

"We are on our way to the revival tent meeting. Won't you come along?"

One evening my voice was weary from long strain. A young Christian gentleman who was standing beside me, as the truck rolled tentward, said:

"Sister, give me the megaphone, and I will shout out an invitation."

Rather dubiously I surrendered the megaphone. He looked about.

Just then, a man rounded the corner, for we were at the moment on rather a deserted side street. Aiming the megaphone at him, my friend, to my horror, cried out:

"Say, Brother! Do you know that you are on your way to perdition?"

The man jumped as though shot, opened his mouth and closed it without saying a word, fairly gasping.

I seized the megaphone and called to the driver:

"Go on! Go on, quickly!"

That poor astounded man on the street—I have often wondered what became of him and whether he was a Christian or no.

As soon as we had rounded a corner, I said to my megaphone friend:

"Why, Brother, why did you do that?"

"Well, he was on his way, wasn't he?" the megaphone wielder said defensively.

"But how do you know? And even if he were, that is not the way to win souls to Christ. One can do more with the bait of love than with the club of bombastic preaching."

Did not the incident exemplify the two methods of preaching the Word? One—and ah, there are so many people in the world who use it—merely preaching the driving hard law of God; the other, appeal, through the love of

Jesus Christ and of the Father who gave His Son freely for our redemption.

Needless to say, the tent was soon packed. Such strenuous efforts could not but be rewarded.

. . . . . .

During the two winters that I preached in Florida, the tent was pitched not only in Jacksonville and Tampa but in St. Petersburg, Orlando, Palm Beach, Miami and as far south as Key West.

This book would be too small to contain the half of the interesting incidents that come trooping back to my mind—the nights of battling with winds and water-soaked canvas —the swinging of the little sledgehammers with blistered hands, hair streaming wet in the driving rain, the experience with hundreds of school children who crawled in under our tent in Key West when it was pitched on the school grounds, nights of journeying into the swamps of Georgia when armies of mosquitoes nearly ate us alive, out of which unpleasantness my two poor children emerged one series of bumps. There was the experience, while crossing the continent, when our car was stuck in a wind-swept field of mud at two-thirty in the morning.

We had run along in front of the car laying the broken skid chains end to end to obtain traction until the chains were at last lost hopelessly in the deep mire. Chilled to the bone we resorted in the extremity, to the solution which only a woman would think of. We removed our petticoats and sweaters and, tying them around the wheels, we flapped our way a few miles further. Then we were hopelessly stuck again and were forced to leave the children in the closely buttoned car while I slushed through the mud to the nearest railroad junction in search of help, with only the silly little collapsible lantern with a sputtering candle inside for light. Failing to obtain help until morning I sat in the car all night huddling a baby on each arm while the wind howled dismally over the unbroken reaches of the prairie.

There was the time when far out in the country, the radiator froze and the steam roller came along and supplied us with hot water to thaw it out.

There were the times when the little sloping automobile tent that covered the folding bed that was clamped to the running board froze stiff from our breath upon it.

It were far better, I think, to pass over the more tragic moments with lightest strokes and dwell upon those glorious altar calls where sinners found the Christ and upon the services of prayer where the sick were healed and the lame made to walk.

CHAPTER XVII

REVELS *vs.* REVIVALS

GALA festivals!
Riotous colors!
Flower-laden floats!
Pompous pageantry parading!
Hats, pennants, pompons, cheers!
Air athrob with bands, music, laughter, applause!

Good-natured throngs breaking through the ropes to dance in the streets; while others played cards and gambled at sidewalk tables and open-air bazaars—

St. Petersburg, Florida, at the time of the Mardi Gras. And on the sidewalk, one lone little atom in the press, a bewildered evangelist wondering what to do with the bundle of handbills that hung limp over her arm.

No one here wanted to think of religion. Fun, revelry, gayety, land and water sports were the mood of the hour. People were here to play—not to think about their souls; to be amused—not converted.

If Tampa had been a city of tourists, each out for a good time, a revival meeting the farthest thing from their thoughts, St. Petersburg was doubly, yes, trebly so. Head a little to one side, I studied the situation with a critical eye. In all our travels I had never seen a city so completely given over to amusement and merry-making or turned into such a playground as was this. At night the streets were roped off. Bands and orchestras played while people turned the thoroughfares into dance floors, dancing with anybody, everybody they met. Hundreds of people spent their hours in dealing cards and stacking poker chips. This was before the days of prohibition, and many there were who indulged freely in whatever cup of pleasure passed their way.

Preparations to open the St. Petersburg meeting were completed. Hand bills, fresh from the press, were distributed. For miles I had trudged, putting up cards in the windows, handing out circulars—dodgers, we called them.

The day that I began distributing bills, the great week of special festivities began. Automobile parades with the most gorgeous floats passed through the streets. Thousands of people thronged the festooned, gay-buntinged avenues so see the procession. They stood on the sidewalks, sat on cushions, folding chairs on the curbstones, in bright-awninged bleachers and grandstands.

The whinny of impatient, high-mettled, satin-sheened horses; the tattoo of burnished hoofs spurning shining pavements; the glitter of silver-mounted saddlery as pawing steeds posed before the judges!

The frantic gyrations of the cheer leaders directing the yells and songs of particular groups who rooted enthusiastically for the particular float representing their state or business!

The wail of official motorcycles as white-gloved, sprucely uniformed patrolmen cleared the way!

"O Lord!" I groaned. "How am I ever going to attract the attention of this city?"

As I stood watching the cars that passed, an inspiration came!

Why not join the parade? I had an automobile. Could I not deck it up and thus advertise the meeting and catch the public interest at the same time?

Join the parade! I gasped at the audacity of my own thought. Many Christian friends whom I knew would be utterly scandalized at such a thing! And yet, why not? Desperate conditions require desperate measures. They were all representing their state and their business.

My state was the state of Salvation! My business that of preaching the Gospel in a tent!

Determined to act upon this impulse, I went home—

home? Doesn't that sound queer? My home was wherever that little ten by twelve sleeping tent was pitched. I looked speculatively at the automobile. The floats in the parade cost many thousands of dollars. How could I ever prepare a float that would be presentable?

I decided to turn the automobile into a beautiful green hill and set upon the brow of it a small white tent, and place the baby organ and what singers could be squeezed within the tiny space.

Out in the country we gathered palmetto, which grows lush and full in tropic Florida. Beautiful gray moss that hangs in long garlands from the live oak was collected. Ferns and delicate greens were woven into great fans which covered each wheel, transformed fender and body into verdant hill and vale. White sheets were stitched together and a large tuck taken in the sides to form the walls of the tent. Three ridge poles were inserted into the top. Smaller wall poles were set around the square border. Guy ropes and main guy ropes were formed out of twisted cords. To complete the exact replica of the great gospel tent, little flags were set flying from the ridge poles.

Stepping back to admire the float, I decided to paint these signs upon the sides of the tent:

Jesus Saves!
Repent and be Converted!
I'm on the way to the Tent Revival. R.U.?

All the time I was working, working with feverish haste to be ready for the next morning's parade, one haunting question persisted:

How could access to the line be gained?

Every one had been registered, each had number and pass. Ah, well, nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Morning arrived. Bright and early we were at the place of ensemble. Slowly but surely the floats were moving out into the street. Silver bands were playing, flags were

flying, a spirit of gala festivity pervaded the very air. But I was watching with round, questioning eyes the traffic officer at the corner. Each float had a large number conspicuously displayed on the front and rear. The officer's business seemed to be to check these numbers one by one, write them down in his notebook and admit the floats to their place.

At last our turn had come.

"Oh-h-h!" I groaned. "Here is where we may be turned back."

The officer, however, evidently thought that he had our number. Turning his back upon us, he held up his hand to stop the traffic from the other direction and motioned behind his back and said, rather impatiently, as we hesitated uncertainly:

"Go on! Go on! Go on!"

Needless to say we went on. Stepping on the gas, we shot halfway down the block and—

We are in the parade!

Before us was the Chamber of Commerce, and immediately behind us were the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, the telephone companies, the merchants; and here were we, right in the midst of it, just far enough away from the silver band for our baby organ and singers to be heard.

We had not gone far until we realized our float was awakening considerable interest; for these thousands of people, like the people in Athens of old, had nothing to do but see or hear some new thing, and this apparently was decidedly new.

"What—what's this?" they would ask. "Jesus saves? Repent and be converted? Hark!"

Then from underneath the little white tent came the sound of voices singing:

"For you I am praying," and "Have you forgotten God? Have you forgotten God? O Soul, I plead, beware, take heed! Have you forgotten God?"

As the tent passed, they read the sign painted in the rear:

"I'm going to the Tent Revival. R.U.?"

Bursts of handclapping came from the crowd all along the streets. The very audacity of the thing which we had done seemed to appeal to them. "Good sportsmanship," they called it.

"I'm going. Are you?" they would say.

"Well, I certainly am! Any one who has ambition and ingenuity enough to get up an affair like that should be interesting enough to listen to. Let's go!"

That night the tent was filled to capacity, and we had no lack for capacity audiences while in that city.

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The next meeting was held in a large wooden tabernacle in Durant, Florida, twenty miles from Tampa, and produced a "doubting Thomas" who was properly squelched.

This man took special exception to the thought that the prayer of faith still saves the sick.

One Sunday afternoon, when the meeting was at its height, this brother waited until the audience was dismissed to eat lunch, then started an opposition meeting just the other side of the fence that enclosed the grounds, setting forth his theory that miracles were only for the Bible days and that all power had ceased with the writing of the last chapter of the Book.

Meanwhile, I was preparing for the night service. The lighting problem in Durant had been a difficult one to solve as the tabernacle was too far from any civic center to be supplied with electricity. Having decided that the kerosene and gasoline lamps in use there were not bright enough, I had brought with me a calcium carbide lighting outfit.

To operate this, a large tub was filled with water; a drum with a top that could be removed was placed in the center of the tub, and filled with carbide. As the carbide

dropped down and touched the water, a gas formed. This gas rose through pipes and was carried along to various parts of the building in a similar manner to that in which gas is piped into our homes.

No one else on the grounds understood the system. I was on my knees working with it when an accident occurred, and this accident made the "Doubting Thomas" a believer.

The gas was nicely generating, and I had lighted the tap just above my head. Evidently the bottom became unlatched, and the carbide, instead of dropping slowly, poured into the tub, causing it to boil and bubble violently.

I stooped over the tub with my face quite close, trying to figure out just what the matter was, when suddenly the gas touched the light above and the whole thing exploded, enveloping my face in a sheet of flame.

My first thought was that the great wooden tabernacle would be burned. Somehow I managed to stay right where I was until I had turned off the tap and the flame was extinguished. There were only a few people in the tabernacle at the moment, and I remember how astonished they were. One man dropped to his hands and knees and crept under the seats clear to the door. He looked so funny that in spite of my pain I burst into laughter.

My face, for an instant after the explosion, felt icy cold, but a moment and it was flaming hot. What a peculiar sight I was! My face was black, and my eyebrows and eyelashes were gone, as well as all my hair that was exposed. Fortunately I had on a tight-fitting hat. The pain was so violent that, running over to the cottage where we were living, I did the most foolish thing possible—buried my face in a pan of cold water. As long as I could keep it in the water, excluding the air, the pain was alleviated, but the moment it was taken out, my suffering was more intense than ever.

My face began to blister. Some of the ladies came with soda and applied it. Up and down, up and down, I walked under the trees, and all this time the crowds were gathering

in the tabernacle. Some one had succeeded in repairing the lighting system. I could see the automobile headlights coming down the road, hear the cars drawing up, doors opening and slamming, see the people going in, see the wagons lumbering up and unloading their quotas.

One thought above all others predominated: "What, oh, what, will that brother say who told the people that the Lord no longer answers prayer on behalf of the afflicted? The meeting will be ruined!"

Oh! O-o-o-h! my poor face!

Oh! O-o-o-h! O-o-o-h! the meeting—the meeting!

Ten minutes to meeting time. Five minutes to meeting time. Meeting time, and still I walked up and down, scarce able to endure the agony.

Five minutes after meeting time. Ten minutes after meeting time.

I had rather a record of never being late to service. Some evangelists like to have the song leader start the service and carry it on for half an hour and then themselves walk in fresh at the last moment for the message, but somehow, I have never been able to do that. I have always loved to be in the service from the earliest moment and catch the spirit of it, the better to decide upon the tenor of my message.

Sure enough, my worst fears were realized. The man in question got to his feet, a bold sort of a fellow he was anyway, and began to make a speech, assuring the people that there would be no meeting to-night as the lady who preached Salvation and Divine Healing was ill, having burned her face.

The gist of what he said reached my ears, and I was shaken with righteous indignation.

Rushing to the pan of water, I washed off the soda, at least all except one spot on the end of my nose which I missed and found later. With my stiffly starched white collar bespattered with water, my eyebrows and eyelashes gone, and my hair singed, it must have been rather a wild figure that presented itself at the tabernacle door. But

praying to God for strength, and telling Him I would go in the Name of the Lord, I entered and mounted the platform.

I gave out the first hymn, my lips so stiff with the burn that I could scarcely articulate. At the end of the first verse I lifted up one of my hands and in naked and desperate faith, exclaimed:

"I praise the Lord that He heals me and takes all the pain away!"

A great shout went up from the camp.

My intense suffering was relieved instantly, and right before the eyes of the audience, the angry red burn faded from my face, the little white blisters that were forming disappeared, and at the end of the service the flesh had resumed its natural appearance. This turned the tide of battle decidedly in favor of the present-day power of God, and the doubter was put to shame and silence.

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Spring was at hand, the northern states were calling, the southern campaign was brought to a triumphant close, and I piloted the Gospel car northward with my family.

It was late at night when we neared the state of Virginia. We all expressed the desire to press on and spend the night on good old Virginia soil. We had heard of the warm-hearted hospitality of its people and wondered whether or not it was really true. Crossing the border we entered a sleeping little town and drew up under the trees by the side of the road to unfold our automobile bed and erect our tent covering for the night.

Waking early and peeping out from under the protecting curtains to get our first daylight view of the place, we were surprised to find two houses near us, one just across the street, the other a little to our right. A man and his wife, standing on the piazza of the former, were looking toward us, talking earnestly, no doubt wondering who we were.

As we prepared to resume our journey, the man came hurrying across with a silver tray, laden with a large glass

bowl brimful of ripe, crimson strawberries, a pitcher of thick cream and a bowl of powdered sugar. Then a little girl came running from the other house with a pan of steaming hot biscuits and a quart of fresh milk from the Jersey cow in the field. Neither knew what the other had done. This was our first experience of the far-famed Virginia hospitality.

The next meetings were held in Pulaski and Roanoke and were well attended.

Among the number who surrendered to the Lord at Pulaski was a young woman, a bride of but a few months, a frail little flower that seemed too delicate to bloom long in the garden of the world. Shortly after her conversion, we missed her for a few days.

One evening, as I was stepping into our Gospel car, a young man with a rather wild look in his eyes rushed up to me, seized me by the arm, and exclaimed excitedly:

"Sister! Can you come with me? Can you come to our house at once? My wife is dying and calling for you!"

When I questioned him as to who she was and where she lived, he said:

"Don't you remember the bride who gave her heart to Christ a few nights ago? She never was very strong, you know; and, Sister, she is d-dying to-night! They—say—she will not live—till morning, and will die in convulsions. She is begging for you to come. Won't you, please?"

I smiled up at him.

"Yes, Brother. I am going to the church for a meeting now, but as soon as that is over I will come."

Meeting over, I was on my way. Passing through the outskirts of the town, soon the motor was purring along the broad country roads. Then, according to his explicit directions, I turned to the right, leaving the mountain road, and began to climb up what appeared to be a rough wagon trail full of deep ruts. Up, up, up it went, winding, twisting among the trees that stood sentinel, silhouetted against the night sky, and waved friendly hands as I climbed those

Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia—the home of the long-needled, soft-voiced pines that whisper eternally of storm and calm, of snows and flowers, of man and of an eternal God who ever watches over all.

Above, the rugged peaks, their grim lines softened 'neath the moon halo, seemed to lean toward each other and whisper of ages past and of an eternity to come.

The mysterious lacy shadows cast a mantle of charity over the rough wagon road as it wound its way up beneath arched boughs and silver leaves.

Would I know the house when I came to it?

An opening in the forest—a stone fence, its flinty material gleaned laboriously from the austere soil that the plowshare might forerun a meager existence from the rocky hillsides—and behind it the rose glow of a window and an open doorway! There was a group of neighbors standing upon the tiny porch with uncovered heads.

The little company stepped silently aside to let me pass. The door was opened into the living-room and there, upon a bed drawn near the window, lay the little sufferer propped up on pillows.

Her eyes brightened.

"Oh, you—you—did come!" she whispered. "You did —come!"

"Yes, dear. I am so sorry you are sick."

"Yes, Sister—they say—that—I am to—die to-night. Oh, I am so glad—that—I am ready!"

She reached out a little transparent hand and drew me down beside her.

"I did want—you to come! Haven't been converted—long—you know. It's all—so new to me—and none of my people are Christians—nor our neighbors either. They just didn't happen—to hear—how wonderful Jesus is—and accept Him—I guess. I wanted—Christian near me—when I died."

"Yes, darling."

"Sister—you'll stay with me—won't you—till I go? Don't leave me—will you?"

She gasped, clinging with pathetic weakness to my hand, the thin little chest rising and falling spasmodically with the effort of speech. The pulse at her throat fluttered frantically like the wings of a dove seeking release from its earthly prison.

"Yes, I will stay," I assured her.

Quickly and quietly the company, the father, mother, sister, brother and husband, disappeared from the room. The neighbors still stood on the porch. They left us alone, I think, feeling we would want to have a few words in quiet. The voices of the kindly watchers came to us in subdued undertones. We were alone in the room.

"Sister."

"Yes, darling."

"Tell me about Heaven—will you? What is—it—like?"

"It is such a wonderful place to describe. The first thing to know is that it is a place—not a state. It is a real city—bright and beautiful. Every gate is of solid pearl. There is not one little crevice in them for anything unclean to gather or sully their pure white surface.

"The walls are of twelve different beautiful foundations all set with precious stones—sardonyx, emerald, chrysolite and beryl—that sparkle and gleam in the light of that everlasting day; for there is no more night there.

"The streets are made of pure gold, refined until it is as pure and clear as glass. There are beautiful mansions builded for us.

"Over and round about the Throne is a rainbow, bespeaking everlasting peace. Jesus Christ is sitting on the Throne and the air is athrill with the praises of the redeemed.

"Just over there, dear, are the Elders casting down their golden crowns before the Throne saying, 'Holy! Holy! Holy!' I think the angels will fold their wings as the redeemed sing, for they cannot sing the redemption story.

They have never been down deep in sin and known the cleansing power of the Blood of Jesus Christ.

"We will never be tired up there. We will never be sick or sorry any more. We will want to see Jesus and look upon the lips from which the pearls of the Beatitudes fell and kiss those nail-pierced feet which have trod so many weary miles for us. Everything will be so wonderful—so sweet and so peaceful."

"Sister," she said, "sing to me—will you?"

"Oh, darling, I can't sing. My voice is so tired and hoarse from speaking constantly."

"I don't care. Sing to me—Sister."

So, with a lump in my throat, a mist in my eyes, I sang as best I could:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

"In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Brushing tears away, I paused abruptly and looked at the quiet little form on the bed. All of this time I had been praying earnestly and silently that she would not die in convulsions as the doctors had declared she would. She appeared to be resting without pain. Suddenly I realized that she was passing away. I rose quickly from the chair in which I sat, went to her side, and touching her on the shoulder said:

"Oh, darling, don't go yet! Isn't there something you want to say to some one?"

"Oh, yes!—my husband—my mother—father. Call them all quickly! Hurry—Sister!"

She seemed in a fever of fear lest she should go ere she could give to them the message that was upon her heart.

I can see them now, as they came hurrying into the room with their faces instantly showing that they, too, realized the change had come. Frank, the husband, went around the bed and kneeled beside her. The mother came and stood at her left. The father took his place at the foot of the bed, grasping it firmly with his rugged, gnarled old hands. The brother and sister stood in the little doorway.

What hardy mountaineers they all were, and what a delicate little flower—what a frail little spirit she was in the midst of it all!

She lifted one slender white arm and put it around her boy-husband's neck, drawing him down to her as she said:

"Well, Frank—I guess I'll have to leave you—now. I would like—to have stayed—with you, dear—but Jesus is calling me—and I must go. Will you meet me—in Heaven—Frank? Will you give your heart to—Jesus? Will you meet me?"

With tears streaming down his cheeks he promised:

"Yes, darling, I will! Oh, I will meet you there!"

Turning to her mother she took the toil-worn, old hand in her slender, white one. I could not help noticing what a wrinkled, calloused, workaday hand it was—just like the mountains and fields that were filled with stones, among which she had labored.

"Mother—I am going to Heaven—now. Jesus is calling me and I—must—go. Will you give your heart to Jesus—Mother?"

She looked like a little angel as she spoke.

"I will, daughter. I will give my heart to Christ and meet you in Heaven."

"Daddy," she turned now to the aged father who stood, his gray head bowed, the carven granite lines of his face softened as the tears ran crisscross down the weather-beaten seams of his face and hung glistening like diamonds in his grizzly beard.

"Daddy, won't you give your heart—to Jesus? You are

an old man now. You have not long—to live. Will you meet me—in Heaven?"

"Daughter, I will."

"Don't put it off—too long—Daddy. Don't put it off—too long."

Then once more she put her arm around Frank's neck, kissed him and said:

"Good-by—dear."

With her other hand she gave my fingers a little appreciative squeeze. Then looking about upon them all she said in a sweet, clear voice:

"Jesus—is calling me—I must—go. Good-by. Meet—me—in H-e-a-v-e-n." And her voice faded away sweetly and softly.

Folding her hands upon her breast, closing her eyes, she took one gentle little breath and was gone. The little silver ship with golden sails all set had put out to sea. Christ was at the helm and faith was at the rudder.

Truly there is no fear, no horror in death when Christ is near; for death is swallowed up in victory.

There was silence in the room for a few moments, and then, with choking sobs, the little family kneeled in a row at the bedside and I pointed them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Surely the angels who came to help waft that little spirit across the tide, must have paused a moment to rejoice at the scene upon which they gazed.

It was but a short time until I stood upon a verdure-clad hill amid the Blue Ridge Mountains and there, under the whispering pines, conducted the simple funeral service. As the first shovelful of earth dropped in upon the casket, a little shudder passed over us all. Oh, what a terrible sound it is—like the dropping of dull, thudding stones upon the heart!

But above it all, away up yonder beyond the never-silent tree tops, I seemed to hear her sweet voice say:

"I am going to Heaven now. I will meet you in the morning."

This is just one incident and scene from the life of an evangelist wherein she had the privilege not only of seeing a ship launched, but seeing it reach the other shore.

CHAPTER XVIII

WESTWARD HO!

Mountain and plain!
Snow-capped peaks and sparkling Pacific!
Sunshine and flowers!
Los Angeles!

During the time I was preaching in tents and traveling by machine, neither of the children had been able to attend school regularly. I taught them for a definite number of hours each day, but the proper association with other children was lacking, and as I was on the move constantly, it was impossible to provide for them the kind of a home which is every child's birthright of memory.

"Mother," they would say to me as I put them to bed in that little tent, "Mother, why can't we have a little house somewhere, with a garden and everything, and go to the same school all the time like other children do? Why can't we have pets and flowers, and other children to play with?"

In my uniform, ready to go to the meeting, Bible in hand, I would kiss them both and say:

"I wonder if I should give up the work?"

"Well, Mother," they would ask solemnly, "have you got all the souls converted yet?"

"No," I would admit, "I haven't."

"Then you'd better keep on a while longer," they would say thoughtfully and go to sleep.

Those days, there seemed to be no other way; it looked as though I must go on and on indefinitely, from village to town and from town to city, leaving those two children each night to sleep in the tent just back of my platform while I stood in the pulpit.

Then came the epidemic of influenza which swept over the nation in 1918. We were moving from a revival in

New York to open another in New Rochelle. After days and nights in which I had gone constantly from one bedside to another, praying for the sick and comforting the dying and the bereaved, my vitality at low ebb from ceaseless nights and days of ministering to others, I fell a prey to the dread disease.

But my services were scheduled for weeks ahead and thousands of hand bills had been passed out advertising them. I simply could not be ill. And so, clinging to my pulpit in sheer weakness with one hand, I carried on as best I could, and held aloft my Bible with the other, feeling that I could not close the meetings then, for, in the midst of that terrible epidemic, the people, panic-stricken, with death stalking in their midst, came to our meetings to find through the portals of prayer the only source of divine comfort and hope.

Just then there were not enough coffins to bury all the people who were dying, so widespread and so deadly was the epidemic. In the army camps the soldier boys were dropping over like flies.

One night, when I came home from the service, I found little Roberta very ill. She, too, had been stricken with influenza and soon it had developed into double pneumonia. Every night, as I went upon the platform I was numb at heart, for, before me, every moment as I spoke, there was the vision of that little white face upon the pillow—and how long it would be until it became whiter still I could not know.

An evangelist—a little woman evangelist—sang and smiled and comforted others as they knelt at the altar, while her own heart was breaking. When the last seeker had been pointed to the Savior, when the last one had departed happy in his new-found comfort, the evangelist went to the bedside of her daughter.

Arriving home from the meeting on one never-to-be-forgotten day I was told that Roberta was unconscious, that she was not expected to live out the hour. I went upstairs, fell upon my knees and leaned my head against

my bed. It seemed that my grief was greater than I could bear.

Then suddenly it seemed that the Lord was very close to me as, in anguish, I kneeled there alone.

"O Lord," I said, "you took Robert, and I managed to live. I—I just couldn't stand this, I'm afraid."

At that moment, as clearly as though they had been spoken, these words were born in my heart:

"Don't cry, my child. Your little girl will live and not die. Moreover, I will give you a bungalow for her in Los Angeles, California, where she can go to school."

As I hurried down to her room, my heart singing with this new comfort, Roberta opened her eyes and I knew that she was not going to die, knew it just as surely as I knew that God would cause the golden sun to rise the following morning to vanquish the shades of darkness.

"Roberta, dear," I said, "you're going to get well and we're all going to have that little home you've always wanted."

"And can I have a canary, too, Mamma?" asked her thin, tired little voice.

"And can I have some rose bushes, too, Mamma?" asked little Rolf.

"Yes, we'll have a bungalow," I began, "a nice little nest for Mamma and her two fledglings."

I stopped. How could I promise these things? How and where were we to get a bungalow? Who would provide us with such happiness? It had seemed so certain in there when I was kneeling, as though the Lord had definitely promised it. Could I have been mistaken? Could it have been the imaginations of an overtortured brain? But no, I could not doubt it. It was real.

And we did get that bungalow. It was given to us, complete from cellar to roof, with the lot upon which it was built, and the furniture in it.

In the midst of a meeting, soon after we reached Los Angeles, a woman stood up and asked to be allowed to

speak a word. She seemed so much in earnest that I said:

"Yes, Sister, but please be brief," for it was already time for the sermon to be given.

"I have three lots," she said, "and I want to give one of them to Sister McPherson to build a bungalow for her babies."

Bungalow?

How did she know I wanted a bungalow? We had told that cherished hope to no one.

It all came so suddenly that I stood there for a moment, trying to catch my breath; and before I could speak, a man stood up, waited until the applause had subsided and said:

"I want to give the lumber to build Sister's house."

"I am a carpenter—I will give the labor," said a voice from another part of the hall.

"And I am a lather—I will do the lathing," said still another.

"Shure and I'll put the cement in for yez," said a good-natured voice which betrayed the owner's lineage.

From then on, for a few minutes, it was like a popcorn meeting. One after another jumped up, offered to donate the dining-room furniture, the living-room rugs, the kitchen linoleum, until practically a completely furnished home had been promised as a gift from those lovely, warm-hearted people. As for us, we were speechless and tearful before this demonstration.

Then, away in the back of the building, a little lady stood to her feet and said:

"I haven't anything big to offer, but I have one of the sweetest canary birds that I would love to give."

With that another lady was on her feet saying:

"I didn't think my gift worth mentioning, but since that sister has offered the canary bird—I wonder if you would like some of my lovely rose bushes for your garden?"

That was too much for me. There was the little home, complete, even to Roberta's canary and Rolf's rose bushes—and I sank into my chair, overcome with tears of joy and

thanksgiving unto God who had so miraculously fulfilled that promise made as I knelt beside the bed in an agony of weeping and prayed that my little daughter might be spared to me.

Those people were all as good as their word and they set to work with a will; soon, long before such a house could possibly have been built in the ordinary way, it was finished, furnished, and we were living in it.

All the work was done voluntarily, every bit of material in it donated—every smooth of the trowel, every tap of the hammer, every swish of the saw, done by willing Christian workers who had risen each to offer his bit at that meeting. All of it, that is, with one exception. The exception was the man who laid the concrete floor in the basement.

All the others were members of my congregation, and as they worked, they sang. Upstairs, while that one man was in the basement I led their singing. At length he came up where the rest of us were. And when he came he told us that he had been cheating in his work in our little house, that he had put in only one-third the depth of cement in that basement floor which he was supposed to.

"Pray for me," he said, "while I go and tear up that floor. I want to be a Christian, too."

Then he went down and put in a flooring three inches deep, so thick and so solid that for years afterward, while other cellars in that neighborhood were flooded again and again during the rains, the cellar in that house had never a drop of flood water upon the floor.

That is what happened when we arrived in the West, after I had been made to feel, that night, that our destiny lay out there. Calls came from various cities on the way, even before we started for California, and so we decided to make the City of the Angels the termination of the first Gospel transcontinental tour.

Religion, to thrive in the present day, must utilize present-day methods. The methods change with the years, but the religion remains always the same.

But on this first tour, notwithstanding the fact that it was undertaken long before cross-continent motoring became popular, I drove virtually all the way myself. Really, it was something of a feat, driving frequently as many as two hundred miles a day, sometimes through adobe mud or sand, holding services in the evening and then going on again; between towns, when we spent the night in the country, rigging up our well-outfitted camp, preparing our meals and teaching the children, besides the thousand odds and ends which have to be done on such a trip, particularly, at that time when the roads and conveniences were not as they are now.

The trip across was abundantly productive of new experiences, some of which I remember with constant pleasure and others which I just remember. Everywhere, people were marvelously kind, seemingly unable to do too much for us. In some rural communities, where they had heard of our coming in advance, they drove scores of miles to the highway, sometimes merely to intercept the car and pile things into it, and sometimes to insist that we go with them to their homes and hold services. Although this meant disastrous results to our scheduled meetings in large towns, we could not refuse those who had come so far and deprived themselves of a day's labor to hear the Word of God.

All along the way we found scores of old friends, some of whom we had never met personally, but who were acquainted with us through my *Foursquare Monthly* magazine, which I had been editing for several years.

Over the mountain passes and across the floors of the valleys we came, keeping the wheels ever turning—though sometimes very slowly—until the garden panoramas of the East ended at the edge of the virgin prairie; until the bleak spaces of wide deserts gave way before the neat rows of vivid green and golden yellow of California orange groves.

At Tulsa, Oklahoma, we ran into a particularly severe epidemic of influenza, and we were again kept busy running

here and there, praying for the sick. It pleased God, in the majority of instances, to hear our prayers. Everywhere, people came flocking to the caravan and, as we preached from the seat, they knelt along the running boards. Those muddy altars, beneath the limitless dome of sky, were just as effective, just as soul-satisfying, as the sculptured marble altars standing beneath any cathedral spire.

One day, while we were sitting eating our lunch at the roadside, from the direction in which we were going, there came a heavy farm wagon lumbering along. Something about it fascinated me, I watched it as it crawled closer, drew abreast, and went by. Then, on the instant, I caught the significance of a subconscious thought, in that wagon was the epitome of all motion. Those four heavy wheels typified the whole thing. Grinding, creaking—slowly they went ever onward, round and round. If they kept on long enough they would encompass the entire earth. Endless wheels, going always round and round, pushing the world behind them until they had covered it all. Wheels—whether on a farm wagon or on a Gospel car.

At length, after four thousand miles of driving, we came to a city lying upon a plain—a city to which the Lord had beckoned us, and which beckoned us now by its own marvelous beauty.

We had reached our destination at last. Behind us we had left the mountain passes where my aching arms strained and twisted interminably at the wheel; the flooded river-lands through which we had crawled with sticky mud and swirling water clear to the hub-caps; the sheer drops, unseen, upon the rough, winding roads where our headlights stabbed into darkness, beyond which there was nothing at all to support us, and where only the quick application of the brakes brought us to a shrieking, groaning stop before we went over.

We became mired in virtually impassable roadways and had to skid ourselves out as best we could, with chains and branches cut from trees. We had to stop and lever aside

huge bowlders, unload and reload the car as we came to the edge of swamps—plugging on across the continent while it rained till there was not even a dry eyelash amongst us, while it snowed till it seemed we must all be frozen, or when it was wet, cold, dark and miserable out there on the prairie, miles and miles to the next town.

It was at such times that little Roberta would begin to whimper. And then Rolf, her still smaller brother, would comfort her with:

"Never mind, Birdie—you'll have that bungalow and that canary bird pretty soon."

Then, in turn, when Rolf in his weariness would whimper a little Roberta would say:

"Never mind, Rolf—it will be only a little while 'til you can have your garden and your rose bushes."

Ah, the doubts which somehow just would creep into my mind, when, as I was wet and cold, and tired, too, those two children in their simple faith would envision their happiness in that little house. Time and time again I reproached myself with the rashness of my promise—and kept my lips closed when I was tempted to dwell upon the impossibility of our circumstances. Then those beautiful golden orange groves, those early meetings, and the wonderfully kind, wonderfully considerate people who provided the realization of the dream, and redeemed my promise for me!

It was just growing dusk when we caught our first glimpse of Los Angeles. The sun, after leading us ever westward since early morning, had laid itself like a scarlet sacrifice upon an altar of cradled clouds. Rapidly there spread across the sky a mantle of ever deeper blue, darkening to purple which was soon pierced, here, there and everywhere by elfin beacons, twinkling pale, twinkling bright. Old Baldy's crest (the mighty snowclad mountain towering eight miles away), long since had been veiled by an abysmal shadow, drawing perceptibly nearer and nearer, which now sank over the low-lying hills between the high Sierras and the sea, as

dusk put on her velvet slippers and stole silently down into the valleys. Upon terraced lawns, rows of palms became feathered sentinels against the dusk—gigantic, grotesque—their fronds gently astir. The hum of heavy traffic resounded faintly from downtown streets, above which already hung the calcined glare of a million lesser glares.

It was twilight when we entered Los Angeles. Twilight in the Southwest; a delight in the antechamber of Heaven. An eternity of beauty packed into the space of half an hour.

Just two days after we arrived, we began a revival. That revival since has resounded around and around the world—the wagon wheel, ever going onward.

We drove from the outskirts into the city proper and through its streets. I suppose that anybody who noticed us at all, noticed us only as another party of tourists, coming to California. After the long ride, we were all weary and disheveled, the car which had been new when we started was mud encrusted, and we were glad to accept the hospitality of some of our subscriber friends.

Thus we came the first time.

How different when tens of thousands of kindly folk, believers and unbelievers alike, jammed the railway station and the streets for blocks outside, on our return from the Holy Land a few months ago; our first vacation after four years of steady work in Los Angeles.

Hymns from the Temple Silver Band, an acre of white Temple uniforms, each with its armload of flowers; the glad shout of welcome as a forest of hats and hands were waved in the air—the rows and rows of stalwart policemen, making a path through that multitudinous throng, welcomed back from across the seas that same messenger and her message.

Our first meetings in Los Angeles were held in an upstairs hall; our second, in a church, in both of which places we accepted the invitations of the pastors. As an outgrowth of the services in these meeting houses, which proved utterly inadequate to hold the crowds, the Philharmonic Auditorium

was obtained, and thousands poured in to hear the old, old story which is ever new—the Story of the Cross. Little did we dream in those days of revival services that we were laying the foundation for a church in Los Angeles—a church which to-day, with its regular membership, associate members, branch church members and registered Church of the Air, numbers tens of thousands.

The secret of that foundation is very simple. Our converts, filled with a newly found, inward radiance, desire most of all to do something, anything to help the cause along. And so, each to the best of his ability and at the task for which he is best suited, they all go to work. That is why, at Angelus Temple, there is always some one in the watchtower at prayer, day and night; why there are always scores on call, ready and anxious to go to the bedside of some one sick, some one dying; why there are hosts of our Gospel workers in the factory, in the mill when the noon whistle blows; why thousands of patients are cheered in the hospitals, in the orphanages, in the county charitable institutions and in prisons and jails; why all the poor and needy, whom we are able to find, are not allowed to want for any necessary thing; why at Christmas, the Temple looks like a warehouse, piled high with toys and baskets, row upon row and tier upon tier, of seasonal blessings; and that's why, away and beyond anything which had previously come to pass, our Sunday schools and our missionary training classes have attained such a record for membership above other organizations in anything like the same space of time.

Work—everybody works. My own work often begins at seven in the morning and never ends until midnight or after. Then, as often as not, I am called from my bed by some case of extreme urgency; a telegram is brought from some far-away city, from some one suffering there, and I must rise to pray. Work in the Master's vineyard—without it, what would have sustained me when I so sorely needed a staff?

Soon, in that first upstairs hall, all the seats were filled.

We jammed them closer together, and rented other chairs. Night after night, the word spread and crowds increased until the hall, the anterooms where the after-meetings for prayer were held, the platform, the corridors and the vestibule outside, even the stairway, overflowed into the streets below. That altar, which before had seen but twos and threes, was crowded with scores after each call. That hall, which but a few days before had been empty, now no longer would do. Hungry and thirsty for the Word of God the people came and packed every nook and cranny, eagerly intent upon every word of the message which concerned the living Christ, who could meet the need of everyday existence.

Over night, the meetings were transferred to the largest auditorium then in the city. The building which we obtained was designed to hold nearly thirty-five hundred, but before we had been there long, it held many more. It was the same story as in the smaller hall. Heart-hungry multitudes came and filled it to overflowing, both with people and with enthusiasm. When a hymn was announced, the very walls seemed to thunder with a pæan of song. Every head in the auditorium would be bowed simultaneously when prayer was offered; and when the message began, it was as though every soul present took a deep breath—and then never breathed again until the message was finished—except, as sometimes happened, when some one got up from his seat in the middle of the sermon, came down the aisle and knelt silently at the altar, overcome with conviction of his sin.

Strong men have done that, and world-wise women, too. Hardened souls came with leering lips and painted faces; came to the meetings just to look and laugh; then, the power of some phrase which God puts into the message falls upon their ears, penetrates the shell of their cynical armor, and the scales drop from their eyes and they look and live. Then, they kneel, the voice hushed, the eyes closed, at the feet of Christ.

Emotionalism? Kneel just once beside a man's heaving shoulders, beside a woman's shaking form, hear them ask forgiveness in husky broken voices, see their tears fall through their quivering hands to the floor—and then see the joy of a new-born gladness fill their hearts, watch the light of a great happiness leap into their eyes, feel the glow within your own being as they depart with heads erect, faces radiant, know the soul-satisfying gratification of having brought an enduring comfort into the lives of others! Creep into your bed at night, exhausted with the delicious exhaustion that anticipates the efforts of the morrow. Close your eyes and dream of harvest fields of black, white, yellow and brown; of being instrumental in the training of missionaries, evangelists, workers, who will carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth. Look across the vista of the years to the last great day of days when, entering the gates of pearl, one's arms shall be laden with precious sheaves and the Lord of Harvest shall say, "Well done."

Ah, this is the greatest joy, the greatest satisfaction in all the world!

Some find the greatest sense of exaltation in the completion of a mighty bridge that spans a raging river. Others swell with pride at the driving of the last spike in closing the gap of a transcontinental railroad. The artist thrills with accomplishment at the completion of his canvas; but surely no thrilling ecstasy can be one-hundredth part so overwhelming as that of the soul winner, who stands at the edge of the platform after a service in which every bit of strength, mind, soul, heart and sympathy has been poured out, and, standing there, through tear-misted eyes, sees hundreds and sometimes, in the greater campaigns, thousands pouring down the aisles, streaming down from the balconies, flooding down from the top galleries, packing the platform, the chancel, the altar and lifting tear-drenched faces to God in prayer, passing from darkness into light, from bondage to freedom, from death to life.

Oh, the glory of the realization, that here were represented

homes that were on the verge of being broken up but in which the dove of peace shall now find lodgment; here were some on the verge of suicide, who had felt themselves at the end of the road, whose shattered lives are being reconstructed and whose darkened pathways are being flooded with new light and hope; that here were troubled souls, perplexed and vexed with the annoyances of life, who are finding peace—the peace that passeth understanding; here were mothers' sons who have left home years ago, who will go from this meeting to write or wire to mother and make her the happiest little woman in all the land; here are young folks kneeling in surrender to Christ, who were, a few hours ago, headed for destruction on the scintillating, primrose pathway!

The builder of bridges, the layer of ribbons of steel, the artist who dips his brush into the flaming colors of the sunset, the musician who draws his bow across the strings and thrills a multitude, the architect who rears his lofty dreams unto the sky in mounds of steel and concrete, may have their glory and honors and their joy, but give me, O God—that's all I ask—the joy of leading men and women unto Thee; of building, not in stone and mortar or in sand, but in human hearts, human lives and destinies—dealing not in the things of time but of Eternity, not in those things which perish but in that which is imperishable and abides forever.

Bridges crash, buildings fall and the world itself at last shall be consumed; but the work that is done in a human heart at Thine altars is making, building, shaping, molding for Eternity. This work shall abide when the heavens and the earth have passed away.

Not all come to revival meetings because they are broken-hearted; not all come because of the grim problems of life. Some there are who attend through curiosity. That is what impelled me to attend my first meeting. The person who attends an evangelistic meeting through curiosity is very much like a fly attracted by the shiny, unknown quantity of sticky fly paper. It puts one foot in, then, putting in the

other to pull the first out, it is soon caught fast; in altogether, head over heels. People come to be amused, and they remain to weep and pray, held fast by the radiant power of the old-time Gospel.

CHAPTER XIX

MULTITUDES AND MIRACLES

Sunrise!

And throngs surging through the gates.

Rivers of humanity converging at one point.

Gathering multitudes moving prayerward.

Noontide!

And thousands reaching petitioning arms heavenward,

An ocean of humanity in intercession,

Voices beating like the waves of an incoming tide.

Sunset!

Empty wheel-chairs — deserted stretchers — piled-up crutches,

Thinning lines still pressing altarward.

Happy couples departing arm in arm, erstwhile cripples, trying out new-found limbs—

And a wilted evangelist almost fainting where she stood:

Divine healing service in the Organ Pavilion at Balboa Park, San Diego, California!

Could any one who was able to get within seeing or hearing distance, ever forget the day?

Dreamland Arena, the largest available auditorium in San Diego, had from the beginning been inadequate to accommodate the crowds that came.

Hence, came to pass this mammoth outdoor meeting.

During the meeting in the Arena, many sick were brought for prayer, until, as the word spread, the procession which passed upon the platform from one side and walked down the steps at the other, became far too lengthy to be cared for. Friends brought sufferers from miles around on stretchers and in wheel-chairs and laid them, not only within the arena, but in the streets outside; so that, as the revival progressed, we were utterly unable to pray for them all.

The sight of scores of them, pitiful souls, who had been brought there buoyed up with hope, being carried away forlorn, dejected, and still suffering because of the physical impossibility of getting them inside, caused us to conceive the idea of a monster meeting to be held only for the sick. The difficulty was to find a place sufficiently large to contain them all. So, when the park commissioners of the city generously placed the organ pavilion at our disposal, we decided to hold the service, not in a building, but in the open air.

In sunny southern California, where the very air and sunshine seem to promise health to broken bodies, there are many sick people congregated. And that day it seemed all the sick in all the world were there at San Diego, there with all their deformities and ills.

Before the first faint ray of the rising sun had thrown the first thin shadow of the mighty outdoor organ upon the velvety lawn, which formed an emerald green setting for the beautiful Grecian pillars of that magnificent site, the beginning of the procession of the lame, the halt, the palsied and the blind had entered the pavilion.

They came, not by twos and threes, but by scores even then. They came in cars, in ambulances, in wheel-chairs and on stretchers with friends pushing or carrying them to the appointed place, and laying them down on the grass. They came in handcarts, in wheelbarrows, in baby-buggies and in children's wagons. They came in little carts drawn by dogs, chaired on the clasped hands of father and brother, brought pickaback by friends. Every conceivable means of transportation—and some that had been quite inconceivable until then—formed a cavalcade, hours before the meeting was scheduled to begin.

They came from every direction to the city, wound through the streets and on to the place where they hoped to leave those wheel-chairs, those stretchers and those wagons when God would look down in pity upon them and make them whole.

Thirty thousand people were estimated to have been present in the pavilion that day.

Unwilling to keep them waiting a moment longer than was necessary, I arrived half an hour before the service had been announced to begin. My progress from the hotel to the pavilion was a steady crawl in low gear, with frequent stops as we ran into congestion through which, it seemed, we never should be able to pass.

Squadrons of police and a detachment of Marines from the Naval Base had been detailed to handle the multitudes at the entrance of the pavilion. Otherwise, I am sure we ourselves would scarcely have gotten in. As it was, it took a Marine on each running-board and an advance guard of police to make a way for the car until we left. Then they formed a hollow square and carried us through, assisted by many hundred volunteer workers, all of them acting as combined policemen and nurses.

As I walked upon that platform and looked out over the sea of humanity, I was stunned for a moment by the sight.

Spread out fanwise before us, far to the right, far to the left, back as far as faces could be discerned, were literally multitudes of afflicted, hosts of them in wheel-chairs, lying on stretchers or seated with their crutches beside them. Men, women and children—Americans, Mexicans, white people and black people, brown people and yellow people—all looking up expectantly.

To read the eager look in their faces, to feel their clutching hands at my uniform or cape as I passed, to hear their pleas that I help them, to realize that they were looking to me as an individual for assistance was to cause the heart to tremble and courage to falter for a moment. Could I make them understand—that great throng—that I, human like themselves, had nothing to offer them? Could I make them see that it was not I but Jesus to whom they must come? Could I make them realize that Christ Jesus alone was the solution to their problems and that He alone could heal the sick?

There they were, everywhere—the blind, the deaf, the deformed, the tubercular, the crippled, the palsied, those in casts and braces, epileptics, paralytics, suffering babies on pillows, chronic invalids on air cushions. Some of them, even as in Bible days, had brought their afflicted on beds and there they lay, on mattresses and on the ground.

Never can such a conclave of human ills be described: mothers with mingled expressions of fear and expectancy, holding out their little ones with trembling arms, scarce daring to believe that they would be healed, yet despairing to believe that they could not. Fathers came with crippled children on their shoulders, the pathetic little limbs, withered and twisted, mutely pleading to be made straight and strong.

There they were—

And here was I—with nothing with which to meet their need but an open Bible, a sympathetic heart, tear-filled eyes and a great swelling faith that Jesus Christ the Son of God who once died for the sins of man and was buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, was alive from the dead, and that He was just as able and willing to-day as He was in years gone by.

Those people—their pleading eyes—their reaching hands—I see them still.

The mighty-voiced organ threw its chords abroad upon the breezes as they blew, unconfined by wall or roof, and sounded the first notes of the opening hymn:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Majestic, exulting, the organ pealed forth, augmented by thirty thousand voices. Upon the wings of that grand old hymn the people were carried beyond their pains and their aches, beyond their needy selves up, up to God by the stateliness, the immeasurable power of that song of faith. They sang and they heard the others singing; they were lifted completely out of themselves by the irresistible sweep of that

hymn and felt themselves partaking of that exaltation, felt themselves filled with that transcending power—felt their feet even then placed upon the immovable, everlasting Rock of Ages.

There was another hush as the singing ended in swelling triumph. We called to the platform a man who was healed at one of the previous meetings, a former sufferer, one of themselves, whose gratitude and sincerity was a hymn in itself. He told his story simply and their eyes followed his every movement, their ears strained for his every word. Mentally, they were all comparing their own ills with his, and lo! he stood before them, whole.

They were all drinking it in. Their faces brightened—was not this man healed of a withered lung? Gassed in France, suffering from months of hemorrhages, X-rays taken which showed the left side to be steadily shriveling up, discharged from the United States Army as beyond all further medical aid, pensioned in a government hospital right here in their own city—surely, here was an authentic case. Was not his nurse beside him corroborating his words?

The speaker's voice went on relating the story of his conversion, his faith in Jesus Christ and now—glowing, abundant health.

The evidence was right before their eyes, they saw and they believed.

When the man had finished, the organ pealed out again; the same exultation, the same power, a thousandfold, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," "I Need Thee, Oh, I Need Thee."

They were even now trembling on the threshold of faith —even now reaching forth their hands to push ajar the gates of prayer.

Even now their eyes were fixed far above the speaker, above the carven fretwork of the organ, looking away beyond the golden clouds spread above the scene like hovering angel pinions.

They had caught for the first time a glimpse of real faith

in Christ—they were no longer looking to mere man for assistance but were looking away to the Author and Finisher of their faith, who on those distant shores of Galilee drew about Him many such clouds as this and of whom it is written:

"And when he saw the multitude he was moved with compassion on them and he healed all that were sick."

When they stopped singing, and while the organ still played a quiet obbligato:

> "Oh, touch but the hem of His garment
> And thou too shalt be free,
> His Saving Power, this very hour,
> Shall give new life to thee."

Speaking to them of the necessity of their faith, I told them that the Lord would heal them, but only if they believed on Him; that Christ was the same, with the same compassion, the same power, yesterday, to-day and forever.

"I believe! Oh, I believe!"

It was a mighty shout as I finished, an inspiring crescendo of faith from those thousands of weakened throats. But there was no wavering in their voices now, nothing but a high-pitched chorus of eagerness.

As we gave the signal, the first sufferer was brought upon the platform.

The meeting was undenominational, held with the coöperation and help of virtually all the churches of San Diego. Behind me, as the service began, sat two long lines of ministers. They now assisted in caring for the sufferers as they were brought forward. They looked down into the pale, emaciated faces, beheld those shrunken, twisted bodies and great tears of sympathy sprang into their eyes; the man who could look down upon that endless line waiting to pass over the platform without feeling his soul suffused with pity must indeed be stone.

The first in line who came was a woman, middle-aged, a sufferer, paralyzed since childhood from the waist down.

They carried her gently up the steps in her wheel-chair and set her down; her face was drawn with long-endured agony, her hair was gray and sparse, and there were great hollows in her cheeks. But she was tense, now, with the excitement of a wonderful expectation, and in her dull eyes was kindled a gleaming light. She leaned slightly forward as I looked to heaven and besought the merciful touch of the Great Physician in her behalf.

"O Lord, if it be Thy divine will, raise up this child of Thine even as Thou didst heal Thy children when Thou wert here on earth. Let her affliction pass from her, to the eternal glory of Thy Name!"

Turning to the woman, I asked:

"Do you believe that Christ will restore to you the use of your limbs? Is there any doubt in your heart of His power to restore them?"

The choir was singing softly, the wafted notes of the organ played quietly on.

"I believe! There is no doubt in my heart!"

"Then the Lord maketh thee whole. Arise and glorify His name!"

There was a convulsive movement in the wheel-chair, a low exclamation as first one foot, then the other, slowly moved sideways and the tip of the toes touched the wooden platform floor. The hands on the arms of the chair trembled violently, the stiffened knees straightened slowly, became tensed as for the first time since that middle-aged woman was a little girl, they bore her weight. We steadied her in the unaccustomed use of her limbs, and she walked, uncertainly at first, but undeniably she walked, toward the steps on the other side.

Her wonder suddenly was too much for her, her heart suddenly too full. She broke out into sobs that could be repressed no longer. Big tears of gratitude streamed down her face.

The organ, full-throated now, poured forth in transcending pæans of praise, "All hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

The onlooking throng thundered their hallelujahs. Those waiting in that long line were strengthened in their faith by that which had already come to pass for that one who was first.

Hour after hour the human line flowed on, a prayer for each as hundreds crossed the platform. The sun rose high in the heavens, poised above the topmost pair of those myriad pipes, the shadow moved imperceptibly to the other side, on the ground, and still those who had gone were but the merest few when we looked upon the multitudes that remained.

On they came—hobbling up the steps with their crutches, lifted up bodily on their beds, a veritable stream of afflicted humanity, seemingly flowing from an inexhaustible source. Not all were healed, for either all have not yet the necessary faith or He in Whose hands are the issues of life and death and who numbers all our days, wills otherwise. Those who went as they came were given cards and invited for further prayer to the next day's services.

But God gloriously gave His blessing to those who believed. Eyes that had never been opened saw the golden sunlight, the azure sky and the trees. Lips that had never spoken a syllable babbled forth their praise. The deaf heard the low beauty of the organ, and little children who were brought writhing in anguish on cushions stretched their tiny bodies and fell peacefully asleep.

The shadow of the organ became an elongated shape upon the ground, the sun hung low behind the pavilion, the line of the horizon became faintly tinged with gold. And still they came, those who had waited those long hours without food or drink. It seemed scarcely possible that they could all be reached. My own endurance was beginning to waver a bit—there was a mist before my eyes, black specks floated in the air, my voice long since grown hoarse was now scarcely a whisper. I prayed for more strength—yet remembered that even the Master had been weary.

Blind since birth?

"O gracious God, touch with Thy hallowed fingers those sightless eyes—"

Perhaps if I were to go down among them, I thought, it would be possible to move faster. But the instant I left the platform I was hemmed in and almost smothered.

Back again I went, trying to forestall the shadows, trying to get the last one over to the other pair of steps before the evening meeting began.

Cancer of the stomach? Tubercular knee? Leaking valves of the heart?

"Heal, Lord, we ask it only in Thy compassionate Name—"

Not in vain did that organist's fingers grow weary, not in vain did we voice those endless prayers. Not in vain did Christ comfort the oppressed, feed the hungry and heal the sick two thousand years ago!

That night, as the tidings of the afternoon were spread abroad, all San Diego paid Him homage. Those healings were the one topic of conversation on the streets, in hotel lobbies, even in the theaters; everywhere that people gathered they spoke of the sick in Balboa Park. But unfortunately, a great many of them did not understand that it was the work of God, not at all attributable to me. They wanted to build temples in our honor, while all we wanted them to do was to make their hearts temples unto God.

A multitude of precious souls was the price we sought—the privilege of preaching the Gospel to sin-sick humanity was the only thing we asked.

Souls—precious souls—spoils in the eternal battle being waged for God!

Such were the spectacular manifestations of healing at San Diego.

Shortly afterward, in Denver, there were similar scenes in the huge Municipal Auditorium witnessed by countless thousands, including a nationally famous judge, other judicial, ministerial and civic dignitaries and the mayor of the city, whose wife was healed. There, too, they desired to build a

temple, and there, too, we asked them only to build each a temple in his heart unto God.

I dwell upon these healing services in San Diego, Denver, St. Louis, Los Angeles and elsewhere, only to show the tremendous effect which they have in the spread of religion. Quite apart from their wonderful success in the relief of suffering, they are immensely valuable as attractions to bring the throngs within sound of the Word. Obviously, when people hear of these things, it is impossible for the curious to refrain from coming themselves to see them and when they see them, the curious become converts. The effect on them, coming as they do prepared to scoff, is so great that they cannot help themselves. And thus is wrought a double miracle.

"Thy faith hath made thee whole," said He whose touch was instant balm for every ill, "arise, take up thy bed, and walk."

And He who spoke the radiant words of faith and hope is the very same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Jesus of Nazareth still passeth by!

CHAPTER XX

SOUL WINNING

Souls—

Priceless souls—

Souls, of more value than all the treasures of earth and sky.

God forever fixed the value of the soul when He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

The church, or the minister who preaches the Gospel and does not give an evangelistic appeal—that is, a call for men and women to step out and definitely accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their own personal Savior and declare themselves on the Lord's side—is a failure. No matter how great and tall the spire of the church may be, no matter how gorgeous the stained-glass windows, how beautiful the vested choir or thunderous the organ, no matter how full the coffers or how wealthy the congregation is, the minister who does not bring men and women to Christ is a failure.

I realize that the public decision for Christ is a very rare teaching in the world to-day. One might travel across the continent and count upon the fingers of one hand, the larger, more fashionable churches, where the old-fashioned altar call, such as characterized John Wesley's day, is given to sinners to accept Christ personally in public.

In our meetings, all else is subservient to, and directed toward, a decision to follow in the footsteps of Christ. Every song is but a step that leads somewhere—that leads to the Throne of God.

Frequently the question is asked, why we do not conform to the more prevalent custom of having people go to a rear

room, sign cards and shake hands with the minister, instead of having a public altar call. We are also asked why the repentant sinner cannot make his decision in the church pew or in the privacy of his own room, with the lights out and the door closed and locked, without any public display or any one being the wiser for it; why we insist upon asking them to stand and come down those long aisles and kneel before the world at the altar rail.

The reason this public stand is advocated, is because Christ took a public stand for us. He did not go off into some private bedroom and die by Himself, where no one could see Him. Instead, He took the Cross upon His bleeding shoulders, and bearing it without the gate, mounted Calvary's rugged hill and there, hanging high before the eyes of all men, He took His stand. Would we not, then, be proud through all eternity that we took a public stand for Him, that we squared back our shoulders, rose from our seats, stepped into the aisles and walked forward before the assembled multitudes, bowed the knees before the bleeding Lamb of God and confessed Him before them all as ours?

Ofttimes, methinks, our professed modesty in "not wishing to make a public display of our religion" is in reality akin to cowardice and moral weakness. Some of us, I fear, are like the little boy who was converted, but who feared that because of his faith he would be teased by the other boys at school and twitted because he had "got religion."

He took the matter to his Sunday-school teacher and seeking to strengthen him, she said:

"Run along to school, face the issue bravely no matter what the others say, ask the Lord to help you and it will be all right."

The next Sunday when she saw him again his face was shining.

"How did you get along throughout the week?" she asked.

"Oh, just fine!" triumphantly replied the boy.

"Didn't they tease you?" the teacher inquired.

"No, ma'am," he replied, "nobody even found out that I was a Christian."

Many souls miss salvation simply because they lack the one moment of courage to make the break. The decision is made in their hearts, but they cannot bring themselves to the physical confession of it. Here is the No Man's Land of the evangelistic battle; the mental barbed-wire entanglement to which the convert has come but which he has not the courage to cross.

Yet the Lord has said, "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in Heaven."

And again, speaking of the overcomer He has said, "They overcame by the Blood of the Lamb and the Word of their testimony."

Seldom, when an altar call is given is there an erect head or an open eye in the building. The presence of Him who said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," permeates the entire place.

"Let us close our eyes and bow our heads," comes the call. "Forget the one next to you. Can you not feel the Savior drawing near, feel the brush of His garments against yours, hear Him knocking at your heart? Close your eyes in this sacred moment and see no one save Jesus, who stands beside you."

"There is no burden too heavy for Christ to bear," we remind them. "The devil never forged a chain Christ cannot break; no lamb has strayed too far on the mountainside of sin for the Good Shepherd to bring him back again."

Tear-filled eyes testify that hunger for Christ has entered their hearts. All the aisles are filled with men and women, some of them crying softly, some sobbing brokenly, others with uplifted faces already shining with joy—coming to kneel beside them and pray with and for them, while the choir softly and reverently lift their voices in invitation songs—"Just as I Am Without One Plea"—"Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling." Oftentimes during my big

meetings in tents, hundreds have stood up and surged forward with faces that shone as though they were sweeping toward the gates of heaven. In the larger auditoriums in Denver, Chicago, and New York City, I have seen them rise all over the building, simultaneously on the main floor, in the boxes and in the balconies, until it looked, not so much as if they were moving in the aisles as that the entire congregation was moving to the altar.

During our trip the first part of 1927, while preaching in the Municipal Auditorium in Denver, twenty-eight hundred persons responded to a single altar call. They swept like a human flood and flowed all over the platform, all over every foot of space they could find or we could find for them in the front of the hall. So eager were they to get down on their knees, that they so overloaded the platform that the manager of the building protested loudly, fearing the platform would not bear the weight of the people who rushed to the altar.

But we were glad to see them come in their thousands—and we were glad to pay for the broken chairs. Always we voice the eternal plea:

"Is there another—just one more?"

Usually, the one more call brings at least a dozen. And the last one, the one who was most reluctant, the one most fearful to come, means more to me, and perhaps more to God, than the hundreds already on their knees—because it was the last, the very last one.

Sometimes there is no time for this appeal. Something happens, something unforeseen and spontaneous, which comes out of nowhere on the instant and topples the usual order of the service upside down. The climax breaks of its own accord right in the middle of the meeting, the power of the unexpected, sweeping everything before it. At such a time there is just one thing to do, and that is for the evangelist to step quickly aside, and let the Lord have the unobstructed right-of-way.

One such occasion remains very vividly in my mind, and

in the minds of the Angelus Temple congregation. It happened just a few months ago.

It was Sunday night and the Temple was packed. A fortnight before, special services had been held for the sailor boys of the Pacific Fleet, and the Temple had been packed then, too. Hundreds of the regular congregation, who were already in their seats, had gotten up and made room for the sailor boys, until the main floor of the vast auditorium was a veritable sea of blue uniforms, and when the altar call was given the altars and platform had overflowed. On this second Sunday night many of the boys had returned. The Temple was packed with its usual Sunday night crowd, until hundreds were standing on the ramparts and along the sides of the main floor and still other hundreds on the streets, who could not gain admission because of the crowd.

Everything went along about as usual until the announcements were made. In making them, the dreadful disaster which had happened aboard one of the Navy tugs in San Diego harbor during the preceding week was mentioned—an explosion which had occurred when some careless or thoughtless boy had tossed a lighted match too near a gasoline tank, and as a result of the catastrophe several of the crew had been fatally burned.

"Who knows," I said, "but that some of those brave boys were here last Sunday night? And—who knows—perhaps in God's divine mercy, some of them were saved?"

Just then a sailor boy, who had been sitting upon the steps leading to the platform, arose and made his way through those crowded about him, toward me. Reaching the pulpit, he asked permission to deliver a message for his "buddy" who had met death in the explosion.

He was not accustomed to speaking in public, that sailor boy. Those thousands of eyes out there in front, all fixed upon him, must have embarrassed him mightily. Still, he had a duty to perform, a promise to fulfill, and twisting his white sailor cap, until it was a wilted piece of white cloth, he began in a voice which his embarrassment made tremulous.

"Friends, you all remember what happened in this Temple a week ago last Sunday night—you all know how Sister McPherson wore a little white sailor's cap in honor of us boys, and how she preached the illustrated sermon with the ships, the lighthouse and the rock with the Cross up here on the platform. You know how hundreds of us boys listened to her and how some of us cried when she had finished, how we came down these aisles and how we knelt here at the rail. You remember all that."

He paused for a moment, looking down at his own fingers still twirling his own little cap. And then he went on, seeming to gain confidence as he spoke:

"My buddy was in that explosion Mrs. McPherson just referred to. I was there, and I know that one of those boys killed in that explosion, was saved. I know he was saved, because he died with his head in my arms. He was here that Sunday night. He said that he hadn't been to church before for years, but that when Sister McPherson invited the whole fleet to her service, he came. He told me that his mother was a Christian and always prayed for him, but that she had been called home to Glory before she had seen her boy saved. Then he spoke of the sermon Sister McPherson had preached, and how, when he felt she was speaking to him, as she pictured us all adrift on the sea of life without compass or guide, he answered the altar call and took Jesus Christ on board the ship of his life as Pilot.

"That was two weeks ago. After that tank exploded, when we carried him into the sick-bed, he looked up into my face—though he was in mortal agony, burned so badly that the flesh was dropping from his bones—and he said to me:

" 'You go to Angelus Temple and tell Sister for me that now I know I will be there, sure—and I'll meet my mother.' "

As he continued with the details of that awful tragedy and told of those few precious moments of life when that other boy, stricken unto death, lay in his arms, the sailor

on the platform wept unashamed. They were not tears of weakness, but tears of strength, that coursed down his cheeks; his voice broke and he clenched the white cap which by this time was reduced to a little white ball in his brown hands.

"Those were the last words he ever spoke," he said simply, as he finished. "'Go back and tell Sister I'll be there.'"

He turned to me, with the tears still streaming down his face and his hands half outstretched, as much as to say: "And now I've told you!"

He had. And he had told the audience, too. It is doubtful if there was a dry eye in the Temple, or a throat without a catch in it. The sailor boy, unknowing what he was doing, had stirred every heart in that huge assembly, and as I looked around the building, unable for the moment to control my own voice, it was evident that his simple relation of that incident from real life had moved them more than a sermon could do, and that anything which might be added to what he had said would only take from it.

White handkerchiefs were aflutter all over the Temple, wiping away tears as the sailor boy resumed his seat on the steps leading to the platform.

It was difficult to go on in that moment; for how could one at such a time speak of the coming meetings of the week, make the regular announcements or ask for the offering which, under ordinary circumstances would be next on the program?

Stepping once more to the platform the sailor boy asked: "Sister, may I sing a chorus?"

My voice choked with tears, I nodded assent.

"Tell Mother I'll be there,
In answer to her prayer—"

His clear, unaffected, baritone voice rang out over the audience almost as though it were the voice of that other boy, already gone to be with his mother up there.

"This message, blessed angels, to her bear;
Tell Mother I'll be there,
Heaven's joy with her to share;
Oh, tell my darling Mother I'll be there."

Then he asked the congregation to join him in that chorus. They tried, but never have I heard singing like that—the song was not sung—it was sobbed out of hearts melted by that simple story—sobbed out by mother hearts, still burdened for a boy who was out in the world—sobbed out by the softened heart of many a boy who remembered how his mother had prayed for him before she had been called Home.

While they repeated it once more, softly, to the accompaniment of the muffled organ, I gave the altar call. No raising of hands, no bowed-head-and-closed-eye. That sincere, straightforward tale had taken the entire distance at a bound.

"Come on," I said. "Let's all be there—come on!"

Ah, how they came! In an instant the aisles were overflowing, the altar space jammed. In that one evening, at that one service, that young sailor boy had done the work of a lifetime. And the one who died, by his coming, had brought hundreds more.

Big moments? Throughout a lifetime loaded with them, I never saw or heard of one into which more drama was crowded than that night when the sailor boy turned evangelist. Seldom have I seen an entire audience moved, as every one of those thousands of people was moved that evening.

. . . . . .

It has already been related how, during our first revival in Los Angeles, we had been provided with a home. Hitherto, we had had no abiding place to lay our heads, and so it was with happy hearts that we accepted the little home, provided through the love of them who heard the message gladly.

We always liked to call it the "House that God Built" because everything in it was given for love of the work, and

"Stop! You're speeding to ruin!" (Illustrated sermon)

William Mortensen, Los Angeles.

because it became the base of all my future tours, where the children could stay and attend school while I was away from them.

Sweet-scented rose bushes bloomed in the garden and the ramblers and honeysuckle climbed the pergola. A canary bird—which, though seven years have elapsed at the time of this writing, still lives and sings—filled the house with its golden notes and melodies. A few orange trees, a grapefruit and a lemon were planted by my own hands in the backyard. Magnolia trees and royal palms were carried home, planted and admired as they waved their fragrant, green arms in the California sunshine. Geraniums were planted along the lattice fence—geraniums, mind you, out of doors, trained to form a hedge! At home in Canada, we had nursed such flowers on the kitchen window sill and I never have quite gotten over the wonder of seeing them growing eight feet tall.

Dear little Roberta—how she loved it all! One day, as I was watering the lawn, dragging the garden hose behind me, I came up behind her. She was singing to herself, walking along by the side of the house, drawing her dainty little pink fingers over the gray-painted side and saying:

"M-m-m-m—and just to think—it's ours—our very own little home!"

Yes, the swallow had found a nest and the sparrow a home. We had painted the little house gray, having in mind "The Little Gray Home in the West." Humble bungalow though it was, it seemed to us the loveliest home in this fair city.

Really, this little bungalow was the beginning of Angelus Temple, for it was the spot to which we always came back, bringing with us the fruit of our toil so that we could give a good account of our stewardship as we first dug a huge hole in the ground, laid a foundation, raised the walls and then surmounted the whole with the silver dome which reflects the rising sun to the eternal glory of God.

Between the first campaign in Los Angeles and the build-

ing of the Temple, we made four transcontinental tours, and by invitation of resident ministers held revivals in Canada, New Zealand and Australia. We used halls in the towns, auditoriums in the big cities, and, when the crowds grew so great, conducted the meetings in the huge tent which we brought back to Los Angeles when we came the second time. In San Francisco, even the vast Coliseum soon proved too small, and at last special cordons of police were necessary to care for the overflow.

In Denver we at first were given one section of the Municipal Auditorium, the whole building of two sections seating twelve thousand people. Two days afterward, because of the vast crowds, the entire building was opened into one enormous hall, and hundreds of additional chairs brought in. Still the crowds in the streets outside were as vast as ever. As news of the services spread, the transportation and hotel people reported that hundreds and thousands of persons poured into the city from the entire Rocky Mountain country.

In Philadelphia, at our nation-wide camp meeting, our enormous tabernacle tent, together with the dormitories, dining tent, prayer tents and smaller sleeping tents, occupied some nine acres and was a veritable tent city. Christian workers and friends were there from all over the United States. We must have looked like a Gospel army in bivouac, and all the streets between the rows of tents had their Gospel names.

A little girl, speaking from her heart on a farmer's porch, with smoking kerosene lanterns swinging in the trees for lights—a young wife in China, grappling for days for a single heathen soul—a white tent and an automobile—huge auditoriums, enormous conclaves of people. Thus is the power of the message, even when spoken by the lips of a woman.

The explanation of that power I have already given.

"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Thus the words of the Savior—giving to His disciples, to His evangelists, the magnet of the message to draw others unto Him.

Many people ask me to what we ascribe the success of the meetings, the throngs, the interest of the people as they sit on the edge of their seats, eyes wide in wonder, hearts thrilled with the truth and simplicity of the old, old story, as they drink in the message.

The secret of power lies, not in oneself or one's surroundings, but in the message which is borne; not in personality, but in the Christ which shines above the personality.

When one drinks a cup of cold water from a clear crystal stream, one does not say, "What a delicious cup," for then the bystander would say, "How ridiculous!" I have drunk from many a cutglass container, but never do I remember water that tasted quite so good as that from the tin dipper on the old Canadian farm.

It is not the servant or the maid. It is the secret which the Master Himself revealed when He said:

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Many of us have so much which is of the earth, so much capital "I," that we somehow cannot succeed in lifting Christ above it. The secret of success in evangelism is to hide your own personality behind the Christ you are preaching, that the world will see no one save Jesus.

It is for this reason I rarely materially change the style of my simple uniform or even wear a pin or anything which might catch the eye, but try to be as unostentatious and inconspicuous as possible.

Some of us have not learned to lose ourselves in the message—to conduct ourselves so that those to whom we speak forget the speaker and see only Jesus. In other words, like the inexperienced fisherman who fails to catch any trout, some of us cast too much shadow—our own shadow—upon the waters.

Perhaps another reason why some preachers have little success and see little result from their work is simply that they preach a historic Christ, rather than a present-day Christ—a Christ of yesteryear rather than the Christ of the vital, throbbing present. They spend their time telling in beautiful phrases of the Christ who lived and what He accomplished nineteen hundred years ago, across a far-off sea, in a far-off foreign land among the people of an almost forgotten age.

The world is interested in that, it is true; and surely all of us rejoice that once the Nazarene walked the shores of Galilee.

"But, ah," they sigh, "we live in another day. We need a Christ who still has power to answer prayer and break the captive's chains, to carry the burden of the world and solve the knotty problems of this day. Where is your God and where are all His miracles?"

We feel that right here lies the crux of the situation, here lies the fine drawn line of demarcation between successful, enthusiastic evangelism and cold, formal churchman. It is a case of preaching "Jesus Christ the Great I Am," or "the Great I Was."

Great oratory, flowing eloquence and fine sounding words that paint the sunsets in glowing colors, the preaching of social reform and community uplift—none of these things can fill the gaping void or satisfy the hungry soul of a lost world.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, to-day and forever, meets these needs—a Christ who still delivers from sin, heals the sick, strikes off the shackles of dope, breaks down the gates of brass, saws asunder the bars of iron Satan has made, and leads His people to freedom and victory!

This is the Christ—this is the Gospel that will pack any building in the world and bring ten thousand people to their feet with radiant faces and uplifted hands, singing the praises of the Lord.

For eighteen years we have preached this Gospel—the Gospel of the Living Christ—and from coast to coast and in lands far across the seas, it has been welcomed by hundreds of thousands with open arms and happy hearts.

It has already been explained, that although healing is necessarily as vital a part of our services, as is, for instance, baptism or communion, no pretense is made of being myself the healer. This point cannot be too strongly emphasized because, in the past, it has been a source of grave misapprehension among those who appear not to understand thoroughly. The age of miracles is still with us, since God, who performed those miracles, is with us still. The faith which of old could move mountains, can move mountains of affliction even yet.

It is a strange circumstance, that hundreds of people who otherwise can accept an entire doctrine, balk at the belief of Divine restoration of health. They manage to overcome their skepticism of the wonders wrought by Christ Himself and accept them tentatively, as it were, as being true of olden days; however, when it comes to carrying that same possibility into the present day, they stop short immediately, and their faith ceases altogether.

One meets not only laymen but ministers who feel exactly the same way. In other words, they believe that God could raise a person from the dead or cast out devils yesterday, but they cannot believe that the same God could cure a toothache to-day.

On the other hand, there have been literally thousands who have come to our healing services in forlorn hope as a last resort in their afflictions.

Then, when God saw fit to make them well, they embraced the faith unconditionally. They, of course, had received an intensely graphic and an intensely personal manifestation of power and they knew it, therefore, to be very real. In the minds of such as these there can remain no possible doubt.

One young lady, born with a double curvature of the

spine so that her body was crippled and crooked, drew herself straight and erect before the eyes of assembled thousands, when commanded to receive the healing which had been granted her by the Lord. One could tell of hundreds of cases of similarly instantaneous healings for almost every conceivable ailment, which took place under circumstances such as to dispel any possible doubt and which are corroborated by doctors' certificates and X-ray pictures, before and after healing—records which are in our files to-day.

The present purpose is simply to tell a narrative, not to assemble arguments, and so I will confine myself to the description, as best I may, of a spectacle in human joy and sorrow, hope and despair, such as I believe has seldom been seen since the Healer himself laid the hand of consolation upon the physical woes of man.

CHAPTER XXI

BEAUTIFUL ANGELUS TEMPLE

ANGELUS TEMPLE!

Cornice and arch, parapet and dome—
From the threshold of its crystal doors,
To the tip of its silvered radio towers,
I love it—love it every inch!

For five full years I have lived beneath the shadow of the Temple walls—lived, dreamed and toiled and watched my dreams come true.

High and sheer and creamy white its rounded beauty stretches o'er my head.

Five years the tones of the great Temple organ have intertwined themselves within my soul.

Then, too, you know I planned it, laid out the aisles and corridors; planned it from the azure of its sky-blue dome and indirect lighting to the shining opera-chairs and the minutest carving of the communion set and pulpit.

It all seems like a dream, even yet, as I look out over the assembled thousands who overflow to the streets and stand there and "listen in" to the message through the public address system or as I look through the stacked mountain of church membership books with the thousands and thousands of members. Even yet, I feel tempted to pinch myself to be sure I am not asleep!

It seems impossible that such a short time ago I stood upon the same spot—then but a weed-grown vacant plot of ground, and longed and prayed and wondered how the commission which had been given me to build a house unto the Lord, would ever be fulfilled.

I was never away from my children more than ten or twelve weeks at a time, though my returning necessitated a trip of three thousand miles. They were now in school in

the care of a Christian sister, who kept house for us. As soon as I had loved and cuddled the kiddies and seen to their welfare on these hurried trips home, I would start back again for the next revival.

It was while meditating upon the strange manner of my having been so strongly impressed to come to California, when my work seemed to be in the East, that I began to realize that there was a far greater plan back of it all than a bungalow for the babies and that it was the will of the Master that I build a house unto the Lord.

I felt the call to build a Temple of Prayer, but was perplexed as to how to proceed, until one day, while driving about the city, I came upon a spot—a little paradise in itself—which was then quite a distance from the business district.

That little spot was Echo Park. There were few houses or buildings and what there were, were small. Vacant lots —dozens of them—lay, covered with weeds and rubbish, baking 'neath the California sun.

There, like an oasis in a wilderness, lay the cool greens of Echo Park. There, like a pool in a dry land was the smooth surface of its broad, placid lake, upon which swam graceful white swans. Around its edge the pepper trees stood, drooping lacy fingers toward the cool surface of the water and the slender eucalypti bent graceful heads to peep at their reflection in the mirror of the lake. Broad fronded palms spread spacious, welcoming arms out over the green carpet of grass and flowers bloomed in profusion, nodding their beautiful heads above the green hedge which surrounded the whole of this verdant fairyland.

Just across the street from the park lay a large, fan-shaped piece of land with a broad, circular front. It, like its neighboring lots was vacant, parched, rubbish-decked and weed-covered; but the moment I saw it, I felt it should be the site of Angelus Temple.

In my mind I had already cut down the weeds and cleared away the rubbish. In fancy that plot of ground was

Interior of beautiful Angelus Temple. Seating capacity 5300. Largest modern fireproof church in the world; wonderfully tinted walls; dome a blue, star-studded sky. Construction, concrete and steel. Magnificent organ

behind choir loft at right; Sister McPherson preaching from platform to huge audience and over her, powerful radio, K.F.S.G. This center of revivalism is crowded to capacity many times each week.

already surrounded with creamy white pillars and covered with pews crowded with people listening to the Gospel story beneath the high-vaulted dome.

Once started, my thoughts ran riot—leaped over the barriers of ways and means, skipped fleetly by the days and months of ceaseless work and planning which must come before this dream should be brought to reality—and I could see multitudes of people walking in the park or sitting on the benches to read their Bibles or to eat their lunches between services in the Temple; I could hear the tramping of multitudes of feet upon cement pavements as the throngs came to worship—hear the happy step of students coming to the Bible School where they should prepare for the ministry—hear the light skipping of thousands of little feet as the Sunday-school children thronged the doors.

Going over to the "For Sale" sign posted on the ground, upon which was drawn the shape and dimensions of the lot I sat down and began to sketch in my plans for the Temple.

The building should have a circular front with a score of crystal glass doors. The interior, with a main floor and two balconies, should be shaped like a great piece of pie with seven aisles on the main floor and every aisle and rampart leading to the altar. Here, back of the platform, just above the speaker's head, should be in golden letters the words:

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Above should be the choir loft, and from the loft, reaching up and up to the very top of the building, should be the mighty organ chamber. There in the two side walls should be eight beautiful stained glass windows depicting the life of Christ; and, topping it all, should be a vaulted dome, blue like the sky, flecked with white, fleecy clouds.

The planning was all very wonderful; but I had no church organization who could take the responsibility of it off my hands. Nor could I give the plans to a contractor like other churches did and forget about them until the Temple was builded; for I had not the money to go on with the plans.

There was only one thing to do, and we immediately set about doing it.

I continued to travel in the East and North where our meetings were better known than in the West, and across the sea to Australia. After each campaign I took that which was given to me as a personal love offering, added to it the gifts of the people who had heard of my intention to erect a Temple and who wished to have a part in it, and brought the whole back to Los Angeles to purchase material for another part of the building.

First came the money to pay for the excavation, then enough to put in the cement foundation. After that came enough for so many pillars, the amount needed for cement in the dome or to provide the great stained glass windows.

We could not stay in Los Angeles to see the Temple rise before our adoring eyes as we desired; had we attempted to do so, it might never have risen. Other cities were calling, and we went to preach the Word; between times, as often as we could, we made flying trips to strengthen the converts we had left in Los Angeles, to plan another step in the blueprints and to bring with us the consecrated funds which made that mighty dome at length surmount those towering walls.

Such a building was wholly beyond the utmost efforts of the Los Angeles congregations, and practically all the money for its erection came from old friends in the east and from our subscribers to the *Foursquare Monthly* magazine.

In San Diego and in Sydney, in Wichita and Winnipeg, in St. Louis and Denver, we told them of the swans in Echo Park and the Temple which even now cast its reflection beside them as they swam. We described the staccato song of the riveting hammers as they welded steel to steel; we made them hear the clatter of the hungry, open-mouthed cement-mixers, whirring around to make the walls. We told them how the little construction elevators shot up and down, carrying their burdens ever nearer the sky. We sketched for them the broad arches through which all who

would might enter, and the paneled doors which never should be closed.

Those were sublime days—sublime in their constant feeling of achievement when, like a homing bird, I went forth and found another twig for the home nest, brought it back, wove it in, then sped away to get another piece.

While we were in Australia the workmen were building the shell, and when we returned we brought the money to buy the lobby with its soft-shaded lights and swinging crystal doors. No sooner was that finished than we came back once more with the means to purchase those massive colonnades and the wide balconies that rest upon them. The choir loft, the interior furnishings and the full five thousand individually seated chairs were the fruit of summer tent campaigns.

That tent long since is in rags, but that which it yielded, the Temple, will endure for yet many decades.

There were placed eight stained glass windows in the building, each thirty feet in height, no two of them donated from the same source, and each one designed by myself during the long journey from San Francisco to Sydney, Australia. I like to think, too, that those windows look unto the ends of the earth even as they came from the earth's four corners. They are, perhaps, the most beautiful of all the separate things wrought into the whole.

Then there came the baptistry and the organ.

That organ—of all inanimate things I love it most. Inanimate itself, it nevertheless seems to contain somewhere within those mighty pipes the epitome of all life. When I am sad it whispers to me in a tremolo undertone, and when I am joyous it shares my joy with all the world in deep, deafening tones. At a touch of the keyboard delicate arias wisp around the tops of the pipes like butterflies in a scented garden; another touch, and the very foundations set down in their trenches, the very walls and the steel within them, the very floor of a solid mass builded upon unyielding soil, seems, when one listens with closed eyes,

to shake as though a giant outside were swaying the Temple upon the end of his watchchain.

Oftentimes when the church is empty save for an isolated soul praying here and there, I slip inside and drop into a seat under the shadow of one of the pillars, and there, listening to its multi-throated melodies, the organ brings me peace.

That organ—it was one of the last things to come. And then, when the Temple was completed, it was the organ which crashed out in triumphant chords the realization of our dream:

"Open the gates of the Temple!"

Completed?

Yes—the workshop where the work began!

The Gospel tent?

It has become a Temple now. Its sloping poles are pillars, its sagging roof a mighty dome. The openings that showed the evening stars have now become arched windows, and through them streams the Light of His blessing, even as it did then.

To-day, in Angelus Temple, so great is the activity and so numerous are the members and workers that it is practically impossible to enumerate, much less describe all of its departments and their work.

Unlike any other church in the world, Angelus Temple is constantly, day after day, week in and week out, night and day, a scene of busy activity. The lights are never out, the doors are never closed, and prayer has never ceased within its walls since the day it was opened January 1, 1923, men praying all night and women all day in two-hour shifts.

Next door to Angelus Temple we erected the Administration Building, thinking that it would accommodate the students who would attend the Bible School which we planned to open immediately. The first day, however, it

was far too small to admit those who came, and plans were made to erect a five and one-half story school building to care for the some three thousand Sunday-school children and the regular Bible School.

In the Cradle Roll department, thousands of parents have dedicated their babies, pledging them forever to the service of the Lord and solemnly vowing to institute and maintain a family altar in their home and do all in their power to train their children for Christian work.

In the Children's Church, a host of children carry on their own church services with their own church organization; their youthful evangelists developing the most amazing talent and spirituality. This children's organization has its own ushers, orderlies, church board, publication department, editorial staff, communion board, visitation committees, hospital bands, orchestra, choir, choir leader and regularly appointed preachers—my daughter, Roberta, at the present serving as pastor supported by several younger assistant pastors and secretarial staff.

Many of these young folks, my daughter included, are preaching every Sunday, and frequently during the week at large churches and auditoriums within a radius of seventy miles of Angelus Temple.

The Bible School carries on a multitude of activities—the shop meetings, hospital, jail and country farm groups who pray individually for every one in need of comfort or spiritual help.

Under our school department comes the day school and the night school for the business folk who cannot attend in workaday hours, the summer vacation Bible School for those who are free at no other time, the children's Vacation Bible School that keeps the young folk busy while the older folk apply themselves to study in the upper halls of the same building.

The Foursquare City Sisters, composed of the women of Angelus Temple, maintain day and night telephone service and have committees to answer the multitude of calls. They

endeavor to make their organization and the term "service" synonymous, and are ready at a moment's notice to render service in answer to the least or the greatest demand.

If any one in Los Angeles wants to know what time it is, they may merely lift the receiver from its hook, call Angelus Temple, and the operator will give them the correct standard time.

If any one is dying, a call to the Foursquare City Sisters at any hour of the day or night, brings instant response. They have come to be looked upon as veritable "angels of mercy." They feed the poor, clothe the naked, give furniture to those who have been burned out or suffered loss, nurse and pray for the sick and provide trained nurses in emergency or need.

Society ladies who have been bored to distraction by bridge and pink teas, get the thrill of their lives in putting on a simple Temple uniform and going out to scrub floors or bathe a new baby.

They sew and distribute tens of thousands of garments to the poor, operate a free employment agency for those in need of work. All Temple members are requested to bring a loaf of bread, a bottle of milk, an article of canned goods or some package of food every time they come to church, and drop it at the foot of the Lighthouse whose beacon ever flashes in the Temple lobby.

Their parole committee is ready to help those who have an opportunity of being paroled from jail, and the lonely club is quick to seek out and befriend those who are without friends, home or a guiding hand.

Those foodstuffs and clothing are immediately conveyed to the commissary in the basement of the school building, sorted, shelved and sent out to needy cases anywhere in the county.

In the commissary one wall of shelves is occupied by groceries of all descriptions. Another wall is occupied with blankets, bedding, and pillows. Another is filled with clothing; every garment being sweet and clean. The poor

man from prison or suffering from adverse circumstances may come in and be clothed in a good suit, go out and obtain work, when otherwise he would not be able to present an appearance to ask for a position.

There is the Angelus Temple Brotherhood with their employment agency and their seventeen committees which carry on much the same manner of work as do the City Sisters among the ladies.

In addition to all this, the men care for the constant demands of ushering the surging thousands in and out of each Temple meeting, assisted by the Lady Orderlies.

There is the radio staff who begin with the early Sunshine Hour broadcast for the hospitals and conclude with the sacred Music Lovers' Hour at midnight, keeping the air athrill with Gospel message in sermon and song.

The publishing department, upon whose shoulders falls the task of carrying Angelus Temple to those who have not yet been able to arrange a trip to California, has in it not only editors, writers and typists, but a score of willing hands to wrap and stamp the truck loads of mail bags piled high.

The musical department, composed of three bands, three choirs, two orchestras and their leaders, three organists, three pianists, six quartets, glee clubs and scores of soloists and musicians, prepares a musical hour to precede every major service in the Temple.

The cleaning squads also form an important part of the organization, coming as they do on Monday morning and donating their services in making the House of the Lord spick-and-span after the busy day on Sunday. The head janitors and the watchmen, being on duty in the Temple at all hours of the night, are quite wonderful men. They frequently lay down their brooms at two or three o'clock in the morning to pray for some poor soul in trouble and point him to the Lamb of God. Our two head janitors at the present time have organized their own churches

under the Foursquare Gospel in the foreign part of town where they are doing a remarkable work.

Angelus Temple is run upon the cabinet system, and operates like a wheel with twenty-four spokes. In the center there is a desk with two chairs—myself as pastor, caring for the spiritual end, and a certified accountant and bookkeeper, caring for the business details of this great organization, the books being open at any time to all members of the church.

At the end of each spoke is a desk, about which are grouped seven chairs, composing department cabinets. The chairman of each cabinet has a seat at the council table and actively assists in the planning and executing of all details of the Temple work.

This organization has planned and has been carrying on a colossal soul-winning movement which threatens to unseat the power of the enemy in myriad satanic strongholds. It is fearless in its stand on the prohibition question, the narcotic evil, the nefarious traffics in gambling halls and dens of iniquity—and is fearless at the polls, as should be every active church or organization, when the future peace and prosperity of our glorious nation is at stake.

It is no wonder that that force which seeks to tear down and to ruin all that is good and pure and fine—that same force which fought the early Apostolic church and which has contested every inch of the church's progress through the centuries—should seek to tear down this glorious work of God.

The department of foreign and home missions, in the midst of its world-wide mission program, not only plans to send missionaries to foreign lands but is forming large mission works among foreigners here.

The smaller organizations who cover the cities and their surrounding territories doing works of charity, preaching the Gospel and helping in every practical way, make Angelus Temple not only a house of worship but a great center of community service, comfort and uplift.

The greatest center of revivalism in the world; Angelus Temple, the great Bible School with nearly 1000 students. Administration headquarters (small building). All built by free will offerings. This is the result of Sister McPherson's five years in Los Angeles.

Sometimes I think back over those days of tent revival campaigns and I cannot realize that from the cocoon of that little white tent there has been born this beautiful Temple and that out of such feeble efforts God could bring about this mighty work.

That day, the day when the Temple was dedicated and its doors opened never again to be closed, was a fair day in a fair land. People came from far, bringing forests of flowers to add to the gifts they had sent before them; the crowds surged on the pavements, in the streets to hear the outdoor service, to see the tablets unveiled. Among them were the gypsies, those who wander into the highways and the byways; some of them came entirely across the continent to be in Los Angeles for that opening day. Their window, their curtain and the other things they gave preceded them and now, colorful with their bronzed faces and picturesque garments, they themselves were there—hundreds of them who had "adopted" me as "Sister" all because the wife of their chief and their chief himself had been healed in our meetings in Denver. From that moment they begged me to tell them the story of Christ and they would follow me wherever I went.

My heart was very full on that day. Happy indeed was I, but still the trowel in my hand was dim before my eyes as I spread the mortar between the gray dedication stones; happy indeed, and my voice was atremble as friends lifted me to the temporary platform they had built outside and I thanked them all, and prayed, and bade them all go within. Happy indeed, when they knelt at the polished altar rails and literally buried it with flowers.

Fourteen years—since those farmers' porches. The same hymns, the same humble prayers, the same gospel, still.

"Open the Gates of the Temple," soared the clear notes of the soprano soloist.

That organ—pæan after pæan of triumph, cascading its majestic chords in transcendent array. Golden tones, rising ever upward like golden stairs to the feet of God. The

massed choir, behind me looking down upon the pulpit. Before me, fanwise far to the left, far to the right, far back, a multitude on the main floor, multitudes in the first balcony, in the second balcony. Five thousand three hundred souls singing with one heart the one anthem:

> "Love divine, all love excelling,
> Joy of heaven to earth come down,
> Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
> All thy faithful mercies crown."

Beneath it all, beneath the earth, a sinister growl.

During the next three years, the great revival swept on and out. The work was constantly building up even as we had built the Temple. Tributary organizations were started and flourished so mightily that we had to add an auditorium here, a classroom there; branch churches sprang up in adjacent cities and towns and, so soon as we had established them, resident pastors were placed in charge and they were left to grow. Missionary classes graduated and were scattered to many parts of the earth. These were the tendrils sent out by the parent vine, each to take root in its own ground and spread itself abroad.

That beautiful spot where the white swans swam and the tall trees grew, which so recently had seemed so far from the busy city, now was a thriving center of religious activity so close that it was already cramped for room in which to spread. Great buildings and lovely homes had sprung up all along the boulevards leading to the Temple and the adjacent streets, so that its latticed radio towers no longer looked down upon a wilderness of vacant lots, but upon terraced lawns and innumerable roofs. A special siding was built by the electric railroad company near the church and special trains, many cars long, were run to every service. During the big meetings on week nights, and three times on Sundays, that siding is jammed with cars waiting to take the multitudes they had brought back whence they came.

We had thought ourselves to be busy in the old days, what with driving the car, putting up the tent, and then holding the services; but those days were effortless compared with our days now. Besides preparing the programs and the sermons for every meeting held in the Temple itself, we seldom failed to drop in for a few minutes, at least, at every one of the auxiliary gatherings in all the other buildings, and there were often half a dozen in progress at a time. Then there was the outside work to be done; addresses before various civic and fraternal bodies, charity organizations, etc. The city firemen wanted a raise in pay, and called upon us to help; a workman had fallen from a scaffolding, and wanted me to go to the hospital and pray for him.

There was absolutely no end to the things we found it essential to do. An article for the church magazine? An appeal for aid in some recent disaster? We laid out the organization for our part of it as we ate breakfast. Decorations for a special service? We planned them after conducting the morning Bible study, and on the way downtown to order them, sketched the sermon which was to go with them.

A luncheon address at the federation of women's clubs? I dictated the salient points to my secretary as I drove there in my car. I could just make it before the afternoon lecture. Furniture for a new branch? We could select it before dinner. A message for the Crusader's rally? That could be prepared on my way to the evening service. The weekly board meeting afterward? Very well; I would lay out to-morrow's Bible School lesson after I went to bed.

A busy life, indeed, and because it was so busy, inordinately happy. Every new idea we launched, every new organization we began within the church, was our particular pride until it was able to stand and flourish of its own strength; then we started another. The people who came to the Temple, young people and old people, must be kept as busy as we were. Then they would be as happy as we

were, happy with the happiness of achievement in doing each what he could do to help the Word a bit farther along. And keeping them busy was a job of itself.

I was happy in the pulpit, leading the congregation in a hymn—so happy that I just would have to throw my voice 'way up to hit those high soprano notes, 'way, 'way up out of sheer exuberance; happy when they came in flocks and droves to the altars; so happy that kneeling there beside some erring sister as she sobbed out her heart, my tears would mingle with hers; happy even in the middle of the night, when awakened by some poor soul who had been brought under conviction at the meeting, and couldn't sleep until they had found peace through some verse of Scripture over the telephone; happy when obliged to rise and dress hastily and go down to comfort some afflicted one who had perhaps been brought for miles and miles and was waiting outside the door in a car.

They came to us with their troubles, their real troubles and their imaginary troubles, sometimes pitiful, sometimes trivial, but always pathetic. And always they seemed to feel so much better when we would take their troubles to the Lord.

It might be a chubby little boy or a tearful little girl who had lost his ball or broken her doll. It might be a man who had lost a fortune and faced disgrace and worse; it might be a woman with a broken heart and blighted home.

There also came those from society circles; the woman with the empty heart and empty arms; they came from the underworld, confessing their various nefarious practices and exposing their confederates and "bosses"; much to the consternation of criminal rings and the "master minds."

Former bootleggers, gamblers, dope addicts and white slave victims gave themselves to God and told their secrets with the radio flinging them broadcast; the secrets of poison liquor supply and rum-running activities; the addresses of gambling places; names of dope traffickers; horrible facts of white slave interests.

"Sister, you're going to get into a lot of trouble, fighting sin so boldly," I was often warned. "The underworld and its 'higher-ups,' many people with influence, won't stand for your exposés."

Threats and commands to "lay off" were delivered but we went right ahead like a child playing with a sizzling bomb or teetering on the edge of a volcano.

CHAPTER XXII

KIDNAPED

A DYING babe.

A tearful mother.

A stricken father.

These baited the trap for the evangelist.

Those who wish to catch trout use shining flies. Those who want to catch bass use minnows.

But those who desired to catch an evangelist, used a suffering child and a penitent woman. Knowing how the first would appeal to the mother heart and the second to the heart of a Christian worker.

A single shot caused the Great War—but that shot was only an excuse seized by an underlying condition which had been in preparation for years. Trade rivalry and the jealousy of nations caused that holocaust; how much more bitter, how much more unyielding, how much more unceasing is the hatred of those who walk in dark places for those who spread the light, and how much longer hath it endured!

So it was that the first shot was fired, and so it was that a man and a woman came and asked me to pray for their child. A little child sick unto death; an infant life and two lives of sorrow which one prayer might turn into happy prattling and fond gratitude to God.

Ever since the work at the Temple grew so exacting, I had made a practice, on Mondays and Tuesdays following the three big Sunday meetings which climaxed a full week, of leaving the services on these days to an assistant evangelist or the superintendents of the various classes or Bible school. These are my rest days, in which to edit my paper and recuperate from the strain of the previous week before plunging into the demands of another week. But immediately after my vacation in Palestine I set aside Monday and

Tuesday nights for the narrative of my journey, illustrating the talk with lantern slides of scenes which we had taken.

This lecture proved so popular that on the Monday before that eventful Tuesday, the Temple was overtaxed as soon as the doors opened and a great throng was unable to get in. I gave the lecture to those inside and then, not wishing to disappoint those in the streets, dismissed the first audience and repeated the same lecture to the second. Still the Temple would not hold all who wanted to gain admittance, and so I promised to repeat the journey on the following night.

The next afternoon, taking my secretary with me, I went to the beach for a swim. Swimming, horseback riding and other physical exercises have always sustained my strength in my work, and but for these I doubt whether I should have been able so consistently and so long to withstand the tremendous pressure which the number and magnitude of my meetings has laid upon me. But even while I was away from the Temple, it was not unusual for some one to seek me out; whenever the motive was sufficiently impelling they managed, somehow, to find me.

Oftentimes while I was riding or driving, a car would draw up alongside my horse, or my machine, and I would be whisked away to some hospital or other, to the scene of an accident or to some one's bedside, to give them what comfort I could. And those who besought my prayers stood not upon the order of their coming, for, although such emergencies were daily occurrences to us, each one was nevertheless the vital moment of an entire lifetime for whoever came. And so, almost always, I went with them. I could never have faced my own conscience had I been summoned and waited until it was too late, or declined to go. My own teachings stress the point that salvation must never be delayed an instant, and least of all, I, the evangelist, should take it upon myself to postpone or ignore the hour.

On this particular Tuesday, as I drove to Ocean Park, a beach near Los Angeles, any sense of impending disaster

was the farthest thought from my mind. My heart was filled with the very gladness of being alive, and, as even for a few hours on holiday bent, my thoughts ran to the Temple, of how gloriously God had blessed the ministry and permitted such achievement as had already come to pass. The machine hummed along on the smooth boulevards, passing great fields of neatly furrowed crops and flowers; it was May—the eighteenth as I never shall forget—and the sweet scents of the California Southland's gorgeous summer were in the air.

Soon, first of all a far-away sheen on the horizon and then a broad expanse of sparkling silver as we topped the last rise, the ocean came into view. The approach to the beaches from Los Angeles is one of Southern California's most fairylike scenes. Little I dreamed, on that day, that before evening fell the world would believe those friendly waves to have swallowed me up; and that, with the passage of yet a few more days, waves of obloquy would seek to swallow me in falsehood and ruin.

Those later waves were sent forth to dash over my head even to the pinnacle of the Temple, and, calculated, in their fury, to engulf us both. But the house which stands upon the rock remains unshaken by the storm. So it is, at Angelus Temple since the tempest has tested its very foundations, that more souls than ever before, vaster crowds than ever in its evangelism, have crept for shelter beneath its proven strength.

I changed into my bathing suit on this day, as I always did when I went for a swim, at the little hotel which we made our summer home whenever we could get away from the Temple. My secretary, who does not swim, remained in her street clothes.

Even when out of my pulpit, my mind is frequently occupied with the messages which are to be spoken when in it, and so, during the years of preaching, my Bible invariably accompanies me wherever I go. I carried it when I left the hotel for the beach, my thoughts intent upon the

three sermons which must be prepared for Sunday, as well as some special meetings and music which had been planned throughout the week. We rented a little beach tent to shelter us from the sun as I worked on these and, as we sat there, we bethought ourselves of a number of pictures which had been taken in the Holy Land and which had not so far been used, but which could be used at the lecture that night.

There was a picture at my feet, too—a picture which, sitting there that afternoon and permitting myself to dream for an instant, fascinated me strangely. It was just a pretty fantasy; the wavelets came in so lazily, sparkling in the sun, and broke so gently upon the beach. Then, swirling a little in the back-eddy, they receded again to sea. As I watched them I thought of the graduating students even then planning to go across the sea and pictured them riding a little cockleshell atop one of those tiny crests, sailing on to the next and the next until they had sailed all over the world, to every country and to every little island, leaving the gospel of the same God who moved even those little waves everywhere they went. Tiny little evangelists with tiny little Bibles in tiny little boats—it was tremendously fascinating.

Between every one of those little crests there was a little hollow, and in the little hollow a little shadow. It had been that way since the beginning; the glint of the sun, gleaming light, on the tops, and shadow, darkness, in the troughs. Ah, light and darkness all over the earth, everywhere. From the dawn of Genesis to the end of Revelation—there was a sermon, brought even in reverie.

I began to write. My Bible, a pencil, and a scrap of paper. I drew the sun, a round orb, surrounded with scintillant beams; wrote down the key phrases of the message as they came to me, seemingly from the waves themselves. And then I went into the water and swam. I swam away out, leaving the heads of the others I saw bobbing like black dots between myself and the shoreline. It was, indeed,

glorious to be alive that day. I swam out until almost even with the end of the pier, jutting out to sea.

When tired of swimming around out there I came out of the water and sat down in the tent. Making out a list of those journey pictures which we wanted and of the special music and singers, I asked my secretary to telephone them to the Temple, so that they could be gotten ready.

Then, while she went, I left the tent for another swim.

A man and a woman were standing upon the shore, looking at me and apparently waiting until I came out. The woman was crying and the man seemed to be greatly agitated, so I knew at once that I had been found once again. They came toward me as I left the water, both talking at once almost incoherently, pleading with me to come with them.

They said that they had gone first to the Temple and that mother had told them where we were. There was then no reason to suspect this to be untrue, for that was exactly how such things frequently happened. And their baby was dying—the doctor had given the child up, so they had driven clear from their home in Altadena, some twenty miles beyond Los Angeles from the beach, to bring the little one for prayer.

They said, the while their voices were choked with tears, that by my prayers was the only hope they had of saving the baby's life. The child was lying in their car, a short distance away. Wouldn't I come, and pray before it was too late?

I told them that I would dress quickly and come immediately. But they were fearful that even those few minutes would be too many. Then would they please wait till I could run and get my robe from the tent and throw it on over my bathing suit?

But no—the woman had a coat folded over her arm. She put this around my shoulders with trembling fingers and begged me to hurry. She ran on ahead while I followed with the man, and when I came to the car to which he led

me, the woman was already inside, sitting on the back seat and holding a bundle which she clasped tightly to her breast.

I was in a wet bathing suit, and walking in my bare feet. A few moments before, I had been looking forward to a cool drink of orange juice, had intended to put the finishing touches to the outline of that sermon as my bathing suit dried, enjoy the drive homeward as the sunset painted its gorgeous patterns of rose and gold and red in the sky, eat the dinner which would be prepared and for which I was already beginning to feel the desire, and go then into that beautiful Temple, look from that sea of faces up into that massive dome, as we lifted our voice in exultation and praise to our Maker together with the solemn, matchless grandeur of that organ.

Instead, I put my foot on the running board of that car to get inside and pray for the baby which I believed to be in that bundle of blankets the mother was holding so sorrowfully and so closely to herself. In doing so, I noticed a second man seated behind the steering wheel of the car, noticed him vaguely, unconsciously; but paid no attention to him, had no thought for him. All was for that little child, crying in its mother's arms, and of Him who said:

"For I say unto you, whatever ye do unto one of these, ye do it unto me."

Suddenly, standing there upon the running board, leaning forward about to touch the babe, there was a push from behind that threw me forward upon the floor of that car, and the woman upon the seat dropped that bundle of suffocating, all-enveloping blankets over my head. A strong hand held my head and thrust against my face a substance which felt wet and sticky against my skin and which smelled pungently sweet. I struggled as best I could, but the sweetness, that strong hand, were too much for my strength. Semi-consciously, in a heavy twilight it seemed, I heard a motor running. And then heard nothing at all.

At length I returned to consciousness. She who had held that bundle to her breast was leaning over me. She was

holding a basin in her hand, and I was very, very sick. Such pain in my head!

The woman called to some one outside the room, and two men came in, and stood looking down at me.

I was in a darkened room, lying upon a cheap iron bed. A dresser, table and a cot were the chief furnishings. Boards were nailed horizontally across the window, covering it almost to the top. The cot was disarranged as though some one had been lying upon it, and the room was very, very hot.

When the full realization came that I had been forcibly brought from the beach to that room obviously for some sinister purpose, just what it was then impossible to know, I grew more excited than ever in my life before. My first thought was of the Temple and how my people must wonder what had happened to me. There was no way of telling how long I had been there.

Sitting bolt upright in that bed—I previously had been lying on my side—I pleaded with those two men and that woman to let me go, telling them frantically that it was impossible for me to remain away from the Temple; that too many things depended upon my being there. This seemed to amuse them—they looked at each other quizzically, as much as to tell each other in mock sympathy that it was entirely too bad.

They let me talk for quite a long while, and then it was apparent that instead of my pleading having on them the desired effect, they were enjoying my hopelessness. My people and the agony of their suspense meant nothing to them; my children and the Temple, and all those thousands waiting anxiously at the Temple, were beyond their care.

At length one of the men, with an impatient gesture, told me to be quiet. I had talked enough, he said, and now he would tell me why I was there. His speech was quietly brutal, although he did say that they did not intend to hurt me—unless my people "didn't come through." Then he told me that they had carefully planned my capture for

a long period of time and that, after waiting for the opportunity as long as they had, they intended to keep me where I was until my people should pay a ransom for me.

Finally, after he had finished, they all three left me and I heard their footsteps recede into an adjoining room. As yet my mind was not functioning normally, and I gave way to my first impulse to jump out of bed, stagger to the window, and try to make myself heard outside. I cried for help as loudly as I could, but the only response was the woman rushing back into the room. She jerked me away from the window, shook me angrily as she put me back upon the bed, and told me not to scream any more.

As soon as she had gone away again I went back to the window. Almost beside myself, I did not care what she did to me if only somebody could be made to hear.

This time they all three came in, grabbed me before I had been able to scream more than once or twice, and gagged me with a handkerchief bound tightly over my mouth. Soon, however, they took this off again, but told me that if I attempted to make any further outcry they would put it back and keep it there.

However, I promised not to scream from the window again if they would send word to my people that I was alive and well. That was the predominant thought in my mind—the terrible suspense they must be suffering at the Temple.

They agreed too readily for their assent to reassure me. I shall never forget the tone in which the man said:

"You bet we will!"

I know now of that first letter which they sent. I know, too, how two men sought out a blind lawyer in a city near Los Angeles and again presented their demands through him, admitting at that time that they had kidnaped me at the beach and were holding me prisoner until their object was achieved.

That blind lawyer, while the world believed me drowned, went in secret to the District Attorney and the federal

authorities and told them of his visitors, of what they had told him. They thought that he was seeking publicity, and nothing was done. After that secret visit, as I have since been informed, those same two men again went to that lawyer and they beat him in his own office. They beat him because he went to the District Attorney.

I know, now, too, that the blind lawyer went also to the Temple and told of what had transpired. At the Temple, after days of watching, they had given up that vigil along the beach; my people were convinced that I had been drowned, and my body washed out to sea, and the story which the blind lawyer told sounded so melodramatic, so surfeited with villainy, that they were incredulous. Still, my body had not been washed ashore, and they could not overlook the possibility, however improbable the events they heard. And so my immediate family gave the blind lawyer a list of questions, the answers known only to them and myself.

Those questions came to me. They came at first not as questions seeking an answer, but as subtle conversation in which those same two men and that same woman sought to draw the necessary information from me, without telling me why it was necessary.

The woman loaned me cotton dresses and permitted me to wear her shoes. It was dressed in her garments that I finally escaped.

One day, after I had been there a long time, the woman came into my room and remarked upon the heat. She said that she would like to have a hammock out under a shady tree, and asked me if I had ever slept in one. I told her that as a girl on the farm we used to have a wire hammock and that I slept in it sometimes.

"Was it on the piazza or was it under a tree?" she asked.

I told her that it was at the side of the house, between two apple trees.

That was the correct answer to one of the questions which

had been submitted as a test to learn whether it was really I who was kidnaped and alive.

It was not long before I began to suspect that there was some motive or other behind this search for information and once, while they were all three in the room together, I asked what that motive was. At first they denied any motive whatever, and then one of the men—the same one who always seemed to do the talking for the others when he was present—told me that they were going to let me go very soon because, as quickly as my people were convinced by my answers to the questions that I was really alive, the ransom would be paid. Then he came out bluntly and asked me for the remaining answers and I, not wishing my people to be placed under the burden of raising any such outrageous ransom, as bluntly refused to tell him.

He became angry and, using a lot of profanity, threatened me with all sorts of things. I still refused, and declared that I would never give those answers.

Then he caught hold of my hand and touched the skin with his lighted cigar butt, keeping his eyes fixed on mine and glaring into my face.

"Go ahead," I said.

He took the cigar butt away and dropped his eyes. Even he was ashamed to go any farther with that.

A day or two before we left the first house, the woman cut from my head with her scissors two locks of my hair at different times. These, I gathered from their sketchy conversation, were still further to convince my people that I was not drowned. After she had cut the second lock of hair the man came in and looked at one of my fingers, which he said he had previously noticed, and which still bears a peculiar mark where it had been cut with a corn sickle in my childhood. He told the woman that if the locks of hair failed to convince my people, he would send that finger next.

Whether or not he was serious in that threat I do not know, but I do believe that he was capable of carrying it

out. But either it was not necessary or I escaped before the necessity came. At all events, he went away with the two locks of hair, and it was on the day when he came back that I was told they had decided to move me.

I was in the second place only a couple of days—it was only a shack, unfurnished, and far inferior to the first—when the opportunity presented itself which enabled me to get away. Both men had gone somewhere, probably still on their nefarious business, leaving the woman and myself alone. The men had been away for a couple of days or so when the woman told me that she was going to get food; she tied me hand and foot and left me lying on the cot.

As soon as I was sure she had gone I managed to roll off the bed and over to a tin can standing in the corner of the room. It was a large can which had been hacked open, leaving jagged edges. I dragged myself to a sitting position with my back against that can, and sawed the strap binding my wrists back and forth upon a sharp edge until my hands were loosed, then untied the thong from my feet. Scarcely able to stand at first but strength coming back to me in a God-given flood, I made my way to the little window and climbed out.

I was free once more—free in what was apparently a limitless desert.

Then came the desert trek, the hours of stumbling onward, the moments of exhaustion and hopelessness, the sighting of the lights and finally the stumbling into friendly hands and my return to Los Angeles.

CHAPTER XXIII

STAND, DON'T WAVER!

STAND!

Stand, don't waver!

Stand on the Word of God!

Sing?

I can hear those congregations singing yet!

Singing with heads thrown back and shoulders straight! Singing with the courageous light of unconquerable faith in their eyes.

And stand they did! I know not one who wavered or moved from their post during that time of stress and sorrow. The stuff that martyrs are made of still lives in the church to-day.

Awful as was my kidnaping, and the being swept away from home, children, church, school, work and all that life held dear, this was not comparable to the torrent that was loosed on our heads after my return.

Surely, had we been a sleepy church, open but once during the week and for a quiet service or two on Sundays, this cloudburst would never have descended upon us. Or, had we been of the popular church type, dancing, smoking, card playing, worldlings, the ire of Satan would not have been directed usward.

As it was, the pent-up wrath of one whose nefarious traffics we had injured, now crashed down all at once.

A buffalo may roam the forest all unhindered and unmolested for years when he is well and hearty. But let him be wounded and sink to his knees a moment and every cowardly dog who would at other times skulk in the shadows will fasten its nasty teeth upon it to rend and tear, leaping back to cover when its victim leaps to his feet and the bleeding wound is staunched.

Every one who wished a bit of publicity, and who would never have gotten their names in the paper, let alone being headlined on the front page, took advantage of my unhappy plight to make hay while the sun shone. All any one had to do to have his name and business published the world over, was to say he had seen me here, there or anywhere, during the time of my captivity.

The two officers, the captain of detectives and his ambitious son-in-law previously mentioned, dashed furiously and tirelessly about the country. They traveled in fast motor cars, inviting newspaper reporters and camera men to accompany them, and returned in triumph much headlined and photographed with anything they could find from a new "theory" to a tin can. It was a "good story," a "fine sensation" as long as it lasted.

The majority of these sought to connect my name in some improper manner with one former acquaintance after another.

Their greatest "coup" was claimed during the trip to the North. They settled upon one line of attack on this trip and took with them in the car the "father" or minister of their church. Here they sought to link my name with that of a man who it was said had resided in a beach town with some woman other than his wife.

The stories, once started about one who had preached such a high standard, grew to such amazing proportions that at last it was necessary to bring the whole matter to a head and endeavor to clear the name of the church from the mire of false imaginings which ran riot in a new orgy of weird suppositions every day.

The newspapers, during these days, were filled with any and every new suggestion or wild surmise a reporter could think up. It seemed to be a free for all. Papers were selling like hot cakes, and they had found one person who never retaliated.

Added to the agony of seeing my name blazoned forth in the daily press in such a manner, was the poignant anxiety

as to what effect the persecution would have upon others.

The thousands of little children and our Bible students, their hearts free of care and full of faith and love and blossoms of promise—could I be submerged without them sinking too?

Surely, I could not fight for a better cause. Surely it was imperative that right must triumph and these sinister attacks against us fail; lest defeat submerge the church and drag the Banner of the Cross in ignominy. I determined that if I had to go down I would fight for the principles of the church to the very end.

The thousands of members and friends who thronged the Temple stood now more demonstratively loyal than ever before. I must needs buckle on my armor and fight for the truth, and I must have a new sermon ready for each service; preaching every night in the week and three times on Sunday.

I did my level best to conceal the traces of suffering of the injustice done me, from the Flock, for in a church of such close relationship and work it is impossible but that when one member suffers, all suffer in sympathy.

Oh, they were so dear—so utterly precious—so infinitely worth while, the whole of them, from the tiniest Sunday-school toddler to the eldest church member with snowy locks, who, with hand cupped to ear, sat in the front row and leaned forward, nodding his head in accord with each point in the sermon.

The truth must win out. My precious people must be spared. What happened to me did not so much matter; but I was fighting to save the church. Our enemies must not succeed in pulling down this shining mountain-high faith.

No matter how bewildered and tired and bruised I felt from the battle, I must needs bathe my face and eyes with cold water, don a fresh uniform, and, gathering up my Bible and the armful of roses which friends invariably provided, make my way down the long mezzanine rampart

to the pulpit. The congregation, on their part, would no sooner see me coming through the door than they would rise to their feet and welcome me with ringing cheers and applause, softly murmured God-bless-you's and half-whispered hallelujahs.

It was a blessed life-saver, too—this service of the King—which demanded my being at my best each day. No sooner would I step to the platform than jaded nerves would be stilled, the harrowing jangle of what seemed to be a world gone mad would be hushed, the stinging pain ceased; and after each meeting I would mount the stairs to my parsonage room with every ruffled feather smoothed, feeling as though I had been bathed in healing oil and that the alabaster box of Christian love had been poured over my drooping head. Then I could go out and face the duties of the coming day with courage high.

But there were nights and nights when my couch was a rack of anguish. As long as I was able to bear the physical inactivity I would lie still, trying to take some much needed rest, wide, sleepless eyes staring up into the blackness of night until it reeled with circles and wheels of light. Then I would get up and walk the long upstairs corridor, up and down, to and fro in ceaseless pacing, hands pressed first over my eyes, then over my mouth to keep back the little cries and moans I feared would awaken the household.

Tiptoeing into my daughter's room, I would sit on the edge of her bed, hold her warm, soft little hand just for the touch of human comfort in the silent watches of the night; back to and fro, up and down the hall again; then into my son's room and bend over him to press a kiss upon his cheek. To and fro I would walk again, then rest my hot forehead against a window pane, look out upon the dome of the Temple and the silvered radio spires bathed in moonlight, and up at the great Bible School that towered above the parsonage.

Somehow the mere gazing at the solidity of those solid walls of steel-girdered masonry comforted my heart; for

they seemed to me symbolic of the strength of the Rock of Ages upon which this great work was founded.

Ofttimes, before my hot eyes closed in slumber, I would hear the fresh young voices of hundreds of students as they came trooping through the gates for the morning Bible School where they were training for the Foursquare ministry, the foreign mission and home evangelistic field. At length exhaustion would claim its own and I would fall into a stupor for an hour or two until the duties of the day again came clamoring at the door demanding attention.

I have often been asked how, while this great travail was upon me, I was able to withstand it physically or mentally. Other women, other men, people told me, would have gone to pieces. Yet the fact remains that, through it all, I performed all pastoral duties just as hitherto. Even during the court proceedings, while sitting under such enormous stress, I was permitted by the grace of God to carry on the services every night, preach to vast congregations, visit and pray for the sick, baptize those converted, minister to the various children's and adult Bible Schools, console the bereaved and do all those things which are imperative when one is entrusted with the keeping of a flock.

The malicious tongues of scandal became so blatant and the cleft of opinion reached such a crescendo that my patience was tried beyond all endurance.

One morning I rose up and demanded a showdown.

Over the radio and through the press I called for every one who had been muttering around in the dark to come out and say what they had to say in the light of day.

I called for a showdown, and—

I got it! And as my high school son would say—"and how!"

The names of those who said they had seen me here, there and yonder, or who had volunteered to the newspapers other wild and absurd tales, were listed and subpœnaed; this much to the discomfiture of a number who found it one

thing to make wild statements and quite another to repeat and prove them under oath.

We welcomed the day when the matter would be taken to a preliminary examination before the judge of the lower court and sifted out. We hoped that here or before a jury —if the case would really be brought to trial—the hand of the real instigators of the religious persecution we were undergoing, would manifest itself and the trail be struck which would lead to the unraveling of the whole. But though the prosecution was to bring witness after witness to the stand, and though practically every one who had so much to say was examined, the whole thing was thrown out by the prosecutor himself without even so much as reaching the jury. He who had instigated the investigation, now upon the confession of his star witness that she had testified falsely, asked for a dismissal of the so-called "case."

And the so-called "case" had passed into the annals of yesterday.

But the glorious revival goes on!

As I write these words to-night, I have just come from a weekly Thursday night baptismal service wherein more than one hundred men and women were baptized in water and thousands were in attendance.

We have even come to the place where we can smile about it all and see the humor of many a situation. But the humor was beclouded in those days to a great degree.

Such queer and unheard-of things had happened that one was tempted to fear as to what length the enemy of the church would be permitted to reach ere the Lord would say in answer to our cry, "It is enough."

. . . . . .

Etched in my memory is the night before the opening of the preliminary hearing in that little room of the Municipal Court.

The glaring headlined expectancy of newspaper scandal-mongers!

My endeavors to arrange our busy days that we might be free to absent ourselves from the pressing duties of so great a church!

The preaching of the evening sermon to the assembled thousands who surged in the streets and filled every nook and cranny of the great edifice!

The giving of the last altar call before the big guns were actually loosed—the thronging forward of penitents who kneeled in prayer asking that I lay my hands upon their heads and ask God's blessing upon them and ask for the forgiveness of their sins!

The sea of hands that reached out to mine, the brave smiles, the words of cheer and confidence—such as might well have been given a gladiator before entering the arena, or a Christian before entering the lion pits of the old Coliseum!

The benumbed effort, after they had gone home, to gather up the threads of the work that must be done, ere one could absent oneself all the following day! The obtaining of another teacher to take my morning theological class in Bible School, the climbing the stairs for a few hours of needed rest! The constant ringing of the telephone, even in the early morning hours—more newspaper men, asking:

"How do you feel now?"

"Have you any fresh statements?"

"Are you preparing to leave town?" and a hundred and one questions that seemed very foolish and mystifying and childish and endless—oh, so endless.

Suddenly, very tired, I threw myself down upon the bed for some much needed sleep, muffling the phone bell and turning off the lights.

But I was exhausted and sleep was fevered that night.

Strange dream visions floated about my bed.

A very big, very wise, very aged and somber man in a very long black robe, wearing a very impressive white curly wig entered a long black room, climbed a very high flight of steps and sat on a very stiff, high-backed chair,

between two big round globes. He cleared his throat with a big, "Herrumph!" pulled his glasses down to the end of his nose and looked at me with very terrible eyes over the top of his specs.

My life had been lived as far away from courts as the tropics from the north pole, and my imaginings ran riot.

Queer little hobgoblins, with queer little roly-poly bodies were coming up to sit on his bench, and wagging queer little pointed heads chanting:

I saw her here—I saw her there,
I saw her almost anywhere.

A queer little lump was growing in my throat, swelling —like it did that night when Robert died away out there in Hong Kong before our baby came, the night he left me all alone in that great hospital in China.

Dear Robert! How often in those mission days he'd opened his great arms to me and I'd walked in and when he had closed them and locked them tight he'd say:

"You're home now, darling—you are home now—and you are safe and sheltered here."

Where was he now?

And did God really need him more than I did?

The room was so dark and empty, save for that big, solemn-faced dignitary with the white wig and the long-sleeved robe who looked over his glasses, and the queer little elves who chanted maddeningly:

"I saw her here—I saw her there"
I ———————— ???!!!

To-morrow was the day of the opening of the case in court—I must have some rest. Moaning in my fitful slumber, I rose and kneeled in prayer,

"O Lord Jesus, Thou whom I love more than life, hear my prayer. Thou who wert submissive to Thy Father's will, and knew Gethsemane; Thou who cried, 'If it be Thy will let this cup pass from me, nevertheless Thy will

be done!' teach me to trust and yield myself more fully unto Thee, Thou Christ who stood in Pilate's Hall, falsely accused, and climbed Golgotha's Hill, teach me the secret of Thy calm, Thy patience and Thy grace.

"Drive out these thoughts and fevered imaginings and cause the angel of Thy presence to minister unto Thy needy child, for the night is dark. I am alone. And none other arm but Thine is nigh to lean upon, O Lord!"

It seemed but a wee moment after I had laid my head upon my pillow till I was asleep and through my dreams the Temple Organ was playing and people were singing once more:

"When through the deep waters, I cause thee to go
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow,
I'll comfort thee, help thee,
And cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My gracious omnipotent hand.
Yea, I will be with thee
Thy trials to bless
And sanctify to thee
Thy deepest distress."

I slept. And with dawn I awoke with a start. What was it? Oh, yes, this was the day I was going to court!

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ARENA

Smoke!

A strangling smother of smoke!

A circle of gleaming eyes over black shrouded cameras!

Flash!

New billows of smoke rolling ceilingward from hot flash powder pans!

Cigarettes dangling from lips of writers for sensational dailies.

The expectant buzz of courtroom spectators, who licked their lips in anticipation, much as the onlookers of Nero's day must have done as helpless Christians waited in the arena for the doors to open that would loose upon them the snarling fury of the beasts.

The long table surrounded by chairs.

Lawyers shuffling papers and looking important.

The entrance of the "star" witness, the nervous woman who had been largely responsible for bringing this present holocaust about the ears of our church.

A renewal and increasing of the buzz-buzzing, as momentarily she instead of I became the cynosure of all eyes. I, too, sat and looked at her, during that seemingly interminable wait for the proceedings to begin.

I remembered the circumstance under which she had first come to our church and home. It had been during the time when the newspapers, after declaring each day that I had been seen visiting or residing here, there or yonder during the time that I had really been kidnaped and held prisoner, had settled at last upon one town and house which they considered more convenient than all others.

From Fairbanks, Alaska, to Sydney, Australia, the newspapers had searched for a spot which might be used; and

they finally found a former employee with a woman who rented a cottage in a northern California town, and they pounced upon that as the only chance they had to build up a mystery.

The conditions were ideal for the framing of a story, and of course, I was helpless to disprove the ridiculous concoctions of their fertile brains which they seemed to develop about one a minute.

To the majority of the multitudinous stories and supposed appearances we had paid little attention, because of their very absurdity, nor did we do so in this newest story which had about it an air of mystery that lent itself to their purpose, till it grew to such gigantic proportions.

Where was this new northern town that was the latest base of newspaper attention? Who was this strange woman, who it was claimed wore goggles and flirted with grocery boys with "come-hither eyes" and attracted attention of woodchoppers, and ordered prunes and bran mash at grocery stores? and ate them surreptitiously behind drawn shades—thus, 'twas said, attracting to, rather than diverting attention from, herself.

Who was she? We had asked ourselves. And would she come forth and clear up the mystery?

And then, one day, this woman who now sat nervously beside us, removed by but one chair and looking straight ahead to avoid our eyes, had come to our church weeping and declaring that she could sleep neither day nor night till she unbosomed herself of the confession that she was the person who had occupied this cottage in question, and professing utmost relief in clearing my name.

First our church workers, then we ourselves had received her with open arms as we would receive any one of the thousands who come to us with confessions of one sort or another. We prayed with her, fed her and even permitted her to occupy the best bedroom in the house a couple of nights. We had rejoiced with her as she had declared that

she had gained many pounds in weight and greatly in comfort of soul because she had now "confessed."

This woman had insisted upon humiliating herself by going to the officials of the court and "confessing" and by giving affidavits to the newspapers.

Then had come the shock of one certain morning, when she had been arrested as a passer of bad checks and it was brought out that she had once been committed to a state asylum, and that, in order to obtain fifty dollars for "funeral expenses," she had falsely advertised in a newspaper that her only son had died.

Shortly after her arrest this woman gave a newspaper a terrible story to the effect that we had hired her to come and "confess."

Upon the testimony of this woman, who was taken from jail and kept in custody of detectives all during the hearing, was the "prosecution" builded. This was the "admitted 'Star'" witness who later, according to the press, made another confession, this time to the effect that we had not hired her, but that she had come at the instigation of an accomplice to extract money from us.

Somehow, I could scarcely refrain from looking at her face that first morning while waiting. Poor woman, how she must have suffered, and yet how much we too were to suffer through her hands, in the immediate days to come, before that final confession that was to topple the case, and leave the prosecution no alternative but to drop proceedings just where they were.

. . . . . .

Rap, rap, rap!
A man hammering! What?—Who?—
All eyes fixed upon a door.
A young man entered laughingly.
Scraping chairs.
"Stand up!"

The young man—looking scarce out of his teens—the judge—nodded to those in the front seats which had been

reserved for the favored to whom, according to the press, the judge had personally issued tickets. They were there, actresses and gayly dressed young women, thrilled as no ticket to a matinée had thrilled for many a day. They settled themselves for a perfect afternoon, free ticket and reserved seat, issued by a real judge, and a real thriller just in the offing. Is it any wonder they drew a long quivering breath of anticipation, as their beaded eyelashes fluttered at the handsome young jurist, and the bench and the front rows exchanged smiles?

They were set and ready!

Up with the curtain!

On with the show—

The drone of voices reading some stereotyped phrases.

The winning smile from the bench as its occupant turned to be photographed.

The firing of flashlights, unrebuked in those early days of court!

The calling of some unfamiliar name—

The clicking of a telegraph instrument, temporarily fastened to a window ledge to carry the news to all the United Press papers of the land.

The hollow boom of a flashlight outside in the hall.

The opening of a door at the right! A door that was soon to become the door from the Chamber of Horrors; the witness anteroom.

The slap-slapping of a man's shoes on hard floors.

Renewed buzzing, which had almost died for a moment.

Renewed smack-smacking of the chewing gum girl just behind my left shoulder, doing double time now.

THE FIRST WITNESS HAD ARRIVED!

"Order!"

"The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth,—"

What was this witness saying?

He had been in a little California town where it was reported I had been seen.

". . . As we were driving around the corner—descend-

ing a hill—I observed on the corner a woman walking, . . . she was Mrs. McPherson."

I was frozen, chilled, horrified, and astonished.

Lead pencils were scribbling. Telegraphs clicking, cameras flashing.

It was unthinkable!

I felt that I must leap to my feet and cry out, "Stop! That is untrue!" or do some equally foolish, unallowable thing.

My attorney turned and instructed me to sit still, explaining that the camera men were just watching with lenses trained upon me.

I felt I must cry out. My emotion seemed to carry to the photographers. They trembled in eagerness as their hands caressed lightning-like shutters or bulbs.

But I dared not weep or even move.

A handkerchief lifted to my face meant a newspaper picture with a few tears painted in and the caption: ". . . weeps bitterly at damaging testimony."

If I cupped my chin in hand in a moment of thought, photographic retouching would bring out a wan, worn woman, and the caption would read "collapse near as prosecution closes in."

Pushing one's feet under the chair; changing position for comfort meant a picture, captioned: . . . "shifts uneasily. . . ."

Head resting against the chair back and eyes closed would inspire a page one picture, a headline: "Evangelist Collapses!" a story,—"near death . . . friends say she is very ill". . . "prosecutor cries . . . play for sympathy" . . . etc., etc.

Through the haze of bewilderment, I could hear the faint tick, tick, ticking of the telegraph instrument on the window ledge behind me—the tick, ticking that was sending to the world's newspapers this shameless untruth, in a few minutes to be blazoned to an eager public in screaming headlines.

Through the fog of my dazed sensibilities, the circle of camera men and newspaper reporters appeared to be closing in—closing in. Their gimlet eyes bored me through and through as they sighted their cameras like guns.

The voices of questioner and witness went on.

Q. Describe in your own way the circumstances under which you saw her.

A. The first time was the 25th of May, 1926, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. I was driving down Ocean View Avenue, descending a hill, and as I turned a corner I observed a woman walking, and dressed in a white suit and a dark, soft, SMALL, tight-fitting hat.

Q. Did you look at her?

A. I did.

Q. Can you say now who the lady was?

A. I can.

Q. Who was she?

A. Mrs. McPherson.

Q. Did you know Mrs. McPherson at that time?

A. I did not.

Q. Where did you go after you saw the lady?

A. To the home of my friend, near by, Mr. C——.

Q. What did you say to him and what did he say to you?

A. I said, "Hello, Paul, I think I just saw Mrs. Liston, who purchased your house when we were here last time." He asked, "Where did you see her?" and I said, "Up in the corner."

Q. Mrs. Who? (in amazement)

A. Liston (spelling) L-i-s-t-o-n.

Q. That was not the woman you thought was Mrs. McPherson, was it?

A. Absolutely.

Q. When was the first time you changed your mind about it being Mrs. Liston and concluded that it was Mrs. McPherson, the lady who sits at my left? When did you change your mind?

A. Oh, those dates were separated—two months and a half apart . . . Mr. M——, of the Morning Press, called me and we discussed the matter.

Q. Mr. M—— was a newspaper man and looking for news, wasn't he?

A. He was, I suppose.

Q. What suggestion did Mr. M—— make to you that would suddenly cause you to give birth to the idea that the woman you saw two months and a half before, and thought it was Mrs. Liston, was Mrs. McPherson? [Mr. K—— (Prosecutor) objected to as not proper cross-examination and argumentative. Mr. G——. In defense of my client I have a right to find out a few things about the working of this man's mind who can travel past a woman fifteen miles an hour, around a corner, down hill, with the sun in his eyes, and make up his mind two and one half months later that the woman, dressed in a low, tight hat, is a certain woman he thought all that time was another woman.]

Q. You say that you came on down to the temple to see Mrs. McPherson after your talk with the newspaper man? Whereabouts did you sit?

A. I didn't sit.

Q. Where did you stand or lay, then?

Mr. K——. Lie.

Mr. D——. Hens lay.

The court, "Go ahead."

A. I stood in the doorway, facing the platform.

Q. How far from the platform where Mrs. McPherson was preaching?

A. About 150 feet.

Q. How was she dressed?

A. In white; blue cape.

Q. And her hair was done up?

A. On top of her head.

Q. Over a hundred feet away, she had no hat on, you saw that lady preaching a sermon and you made up your

mind that it was the same lady you had seen months before as you drove past her and glanced at her head, covered with a tight, low hat?

A. Yes.

Q. Let's get your reason for the court.

A. Elimination.

Q. All right, give us your process of elimination.

A. The woman I saw had on a hat.

Q. A hat?

A. It was unusually LARGE.

Q. Picture hat?

A. No sir, it was a SMALL hat, tight-fitting hat.

Q. And did you see the hair of the woman on the street corner?

A. No, sir.

Q. And after going into the temple you saw a woman preaching who had auburn hair and you saw a woman on the street whose color of hair you did not know and you started your eliminator to work and when you got her hat off you found she had auburn hair. Keep on, if your modesty will permit it, with your elimination.

A. I found very unusual eyes.

Q. Yes? And you were more than 100 feet away at the temple when you were there?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you know the color?

A. No, but unusual.

Mr. G——, I will ask, if your honor please, that some time during the examination, to have this witness with the court and counsel find out the door where he claims to have stood and seen Mrs. McPherson and ask some one to stand where she was for the purpose of showing that it was a physical impossibility for him to have seen the shape of the eyes, little less their color, peculiar or otherwise. That is all.

. . . . . .

What a little simpleton I was in those early days of the proceedings. I had not yet learned the "Value" of "news,"

did not yet realize, as was later explained to me by newspaper men, that when something happened that made an evangelist appear in a false or wicked light that was "news" but that when something happened that cleared the implications away and revealed one in a good and impeccable manner, that was the "usual" and therefore not news, their slogan being that if a dog bites a man, it is not news, but if the man bites the dog, it is a headline. But I had not learned newspaper rules and ethics yet and was doomed to bitter disappointment that night.

"Thank God—O thank God!" I half sobbed inside. "Truth crushed to the earth shall rise again."

How glad everybody would be to see the flimsy scaffolding upon which this thing was builded, toppling already. The power of auto-suggestion, as our attorney called it, must have warped the man's mind. Surely, no one could or would deliberately say such wicked and far-fetched falsehoods, to knowingly injure another . . . one who had never harmed him.

I dared to raise my eyes and look with a little smile at the encircling ring of newspaper men; the men who interpreted the events of the day, as they saw fit, and whose interpretation was the great public's only knowledge of these events.

Ah! Now that telegraph key would click out the good news of the farce which had been enacted that day, all these writers would gladly tell in their inimitable way of the collapse of the first witness.

Already I could see in my mind's eye the wonderful headlines:

"EVANGELIST WINS DAY."

". . . Defense attorney brings out absurdity of 'identification' . . . methods and motives of prosecution hotly scored . . . flimsy foundation . . . mountain of so-called evidence proves to be anthill of idle gossip."

And so I smiled, but there was no answering gleam of encouragement from the eyes of the reporters as they gathered

up their papers. However, I went on home with a glow of expectancy to wait for the next editions.

I did not have long to wait!

"Wuxtry! Wuxtry! W-U-X-T-R-Y!!! Read all about it for three cents! Aimee— Aimee— A-I-M-E-E identified!!! Yes, IDENTIFIED!! Read all about it!"

Springing to my feet I trembled in righteous indignation as the raucous cries of the boys shattered the sacred precincts of the church; indignation at the cries and the message they carried.

This could not be so: "Identified!" What were they talking about?

Quickly calling one of the large dailies, a bored voice answered: "City editor."

"Please, oh, what is this the boys are calling?" I pleaded. "They're shouting something about me being identified. What can they mean? Please stop them."

"Now, don't get excited," almost yawned the bored voice, "this bird said he knew you. It makes a good selling headline. We got your side in the story."

Well, anyway, they had "my side" in the paper even though you'd never guess it by listening to the newsboy or reading the headlines. So, I bought a paper and looked for "my side."

Yes, it was there; like this: A column about the man's "identification" of me and this at the bottom of the story:

"Mr. —— said at first he thought the woman was some one else but soon corrected this error."

What a silly little goose I was then! To actually expect a newspaper to "play up" anything reflecting credit on me.

I was soon to learn the bitter lesson thoroughly that it wasn't news if it was good. Not once or twice, but day after day my heart bled as I read the dailies and saw how the reporters had taken the heated remark of some lawyer in anger or the statement of some discredited witness to build it up into a headline and a "lead" to their stories until the

average reader's picture of the day in court was as far from true as night from day.

For seven weeks I sat and listened while these testimonies, one by one, were sifted down in court.

In the meantime three kidnapers were laughing up their sleeves. It may have been difficult to find them; but it was easy—so easy to find us.

The days before the case collapsed, the days when excitement was at fever heat, were trying ones. One never knew what new monstrosity would be brought forth.

Never since girlhood's call have the tasks, necessarily a part of my calling, been shirked; never until this time had there been anything but joy for what was to come on the morrow. Work and hardship—they had been met gladly. But now, for the first time, humiliation and fear came stalking forth—fear because it seemed impossible to imagine what would be said or done next, to picture what new horror would descend upon us—humiliation, to see name, honor, home, children, church, all that one holds dearest and most sacred upon earth, dragged bleeding in the dust behind the chariots of calumny and religious intolerance.

Picture, if it is not beyond the realm of your imagination, sitting all day long in a stuffy little courtroom, packed in like sardines in a box, forced to inhale the mingled smoke of tobacco and flashlight powder, listening to that babel of words, sympathetically watching my accusers squirm in the witness chair under the fire of cross-questioning; then hurrying back to the Temple in the evening and into the pulpit with a new message from the Word of God, a smile and a cheering song service for the thousands who nightly packed the great auditorium.

Several of my sermons were prepared in court while lawyers wrangled at great length over such irrelevant points as to who looked the sleepiest, my attorney or the prosecutor.

In retrospect it seems unbelievable.

CHAPTER XXV

THE SHOWDOWN

Opening—closing—

That right-hand door;

The door leading from the vestibule witness-room.

It would open and close, open and close, and from it there came first a little parade of some half dozen witnesses brought to Los Angeles through the activities of the detective captain and his son-in-law. They were all from the northern California seaside village where had formerly resided the mystery girl and her companion.

A woman neighbor had glimpsed the girl on three different occasions, it was said, first through a window, and then on two occasions in the yard—once for about two minutes and once for two seconds, both times at considerable distance.

A man testified he had once caught sight of this phantom girl for twenty or thirty seconds at a distance of thirty feet.

A grocery boy, a woodchopper and a telegraph lad saw her at varying distances for a few fleeting seconds.

Their descriptions of the apparition gave her all the shades and colors of a rainbow. One said she had blonde hair, one said it was black, another insisted it was red and yet another said it was brown. They gave her age all the way from twenty to forty. One said he was "drawed" by her eyes. Others said she wore dark goggles and was never seen without them.

At last came the day, when as one morning paper announced it, the star "identification witness" was to appear—the man who was to settle all doubts, once for all.

The newspaper excitedly and proudly claimed the credit for having found this wonderful witness, a man of the most sterling qualities, of great integrity, honor and truthfulness.

They stated that he had been building a stone fence on the property line immediately adjoining the cottage and had seen the mysterious damsel more than all the other witnesses put together, having looked upon her face practically every day for ten days, at close range.

From the fuss and furor that was made in the papers and the prosecution's camp, it was apparent that the officials had arranged for this identification to crown their efforts and overshadow the weak "long distance identifications" which had gone before.

I felt that anything—just anything—could happen, unless God intervened in our helpless behalf. Such awful things had transpired in the last few days:—such glimpses into heart and soul of human charlatans had been granted us; men and women almost beyond count had approached us and our attorneys, offering discreetly behind their hands, to produce "excellent" persons of impeccable "character" and "veracity" who would give any testimony we desired at twenty-five dollars per day. Such were ordered from the attorney's offices but—well, it all sort of gave one a bewilderingly helpless, sinking feeling. I sat in court that day numbly.

The stage was set. The telegraph instrument had stopped ticking. The newspaper men had not taken any notes for some time. The fair lady favorites again occupied their reserved seats in the front row. All were waiting for the intense moment when the witness was expected to say, "Gentlemen, that's the woman!"

The right-hand door opened again and this new terror entered. This one, it was evident even to our antagonistic eyes, was one whose word would carry great weight because of his intelligent, trustworthy and likable appearance.

The prosecuting attorney stood up, jaws set, voice ringing with the victorious tones of the brave warrior who has drawn a bead on his enemy and is about to pull the trigger—in this case me, a woman—big game.

Q. What is your business or occupation?

A. Stone mason.

Q. Directing your attention to the middle of May, this year, were you near the cottage in question?

A. I was working on the boundary line.

Q. Were you on the job continuously from May 18 to May 29? (The time the mystery couple occupied the house.)

A. All but two days.

Q. Directing your attention here to Mrs. McPherson, have you ever seen her before?

A. Could I see the hat off?

(I removed my hat with what I hoped was a brave little flourish. The stone mason's gray eyes, under shaggy eyebrows, beat fiercely down upon me. He even leaned a little forward, although he was not more than ten feet from me. Then he settled back in the witness chair and his jaws came together with a click of conviction. In the deathlike stillness of the room, every eye focused on him eagerly.)

"Now give us your answer."

The witness paused, and you could have heard a pin drop.

Then (with conviction certainly) his voice boomed out: "No!"

Q. And so far as you are concerned this is the first time you've ever seen this little woman in your life?

A. The first time I ever saw this lady in my life.

The prosecutor and his aides deflated almost with an audible bang, while the courtroom attachés and attendant newspaper men glowered in disappointment at seeing this beautifully baited trap snap down its steel jaws upon the hand of the hunter instead of his intended prey.

One would have thought the opposition would have leaped to their feet and rushed over to shake hands and offer congratulations warmly—instead, such consternation in their camp!

The prosecution's big gun had backfired. The long-heralded witness had become the champion of truth.

A fine theory gone awry!

Last among the northern witnesses came the Marshal of that town, who testified as follows:

Q. Directing your attention to the time between the nineteenth and twenty-ninth of May, did you patrol that street and watch that particular piece of property? (The cottage.)

A. Yes, sir.

Q. During that period how often were you at the house?

A. I patrol there twice a day.

Q. Now, beginning with the nineteenth, did you see anybody at the house?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Just go ahead and tell the court about it.

A. I passed by and saw a gentleman and a lady, a light-complexioned lady.

Q. How often did you see that lady around the house?

A. Well, I saw her time and again in the garden, and then I met her in the lane—what they call Scenic Drive.

Q. That was three times at least that you saw her?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. How close were you to her at the house?

A. Eight to ten feet.

Q. When you saw her at the house, did she have her hat on?

A. No hat on.

Q. When you saw her on the street did she have a hat on?

A. No, sir.

Q. Now, did she have any goggles on at any of the times that you saw her?

A. No, sir.

Q. What was the color of her hair?

A. Light.

Q. What aged woman was she?

A. Between twenty-five and thirty.

Q. You have seen Mrs. McPherson since you came down here?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You recognize Mrs. McPherson here now?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. I will ask you to tell the court whether or not Mrs. McPherson was the woman who was there at that place.

A. Positively *not* the woman.

Gone was the one great chance to bolster up the indefinite vagueness of the examination that had gone before.

But the prosecutor was in too deep to back out now, much as he might want to. This was not an ordinary case. This was not a matter that could be dropped when the evidence was insufficient. This was not a housekeeper or a clerk or a servant girl who was being examined. Besides, the newspapers would not let it die. This was an evangelist, the head of a great church—a good "news story" as long as it could be padded and bolstered up.

The prosecutor had one big gun left and he now proceeded to "fire" it with flourish and fanfare to drown out the Waterloos of the past few days. His "star witness" of the many confessions was produced, repeated her latest "confession" and retired to come back another day with another "confession," and throw the prosecution into complete confusion and force an immediate dismissal of the ridiculous accusations.

CHAPTER XXVI

SHIFTING SAND

SAND!

Shifting sand!

Treacherous sands rolling before the changing tide!

The tide of accusation that had rolled ceaselessly in, bearing on loud-voiced waves the conglomerate, twisted mass of flotsam, now turned to roll back again, and in its retreat swept out its own débris of untruth.

The tide had turned!

Drifting sand dunes of innuendo and calumny that had been piled mountain high, faded away overnight, leaving fully revealed once more the abiding Rock of Truth.

Upon this unstable, ever-changing sand, the prosecution sought to rest upon a three-legged, legal stool. One leg was the contention that a mystery girl from the northern village might have been I; another was that the account I gave of my escape on the desert was impossible and untrue; the third and last leg was that I had hired the "confession woman" to say that she was the mystery girl.

The first leg was removed by the "identification" witnesses from the north, who shattered the contention.

The second leg was suddenly and completely destroyed when the "star witness" made her first confession that her former "confession" of conspiracy upon which the case rested, was false.

The third leg fell when the troop of border riders and peace officers testified that they had found evidence which convinced them that my account of my escape from my kidnapers was true.

These men from the border gave the cosmopolitan courtroom spectators an unaccustomed thrill as they stalked in,

attired in their wide sombreros. They corroborated my account of the escape and harrowing trek over the miles of sand and to the border of Agua Prieta, Old Mexico. These men, all natives, or at least old-timers in that desert country, familiar as any one could be with every bit of it, testified that they had traced my footprints and stated that they corroborated my account.

There came with them also the Mr. and Mrs. Gonzalez who picked me up the night I had fallen exhausted at their gate in Agua Prieta, Old Mexico. Highly esteemed and responsible citizens of the southern Republic, they were of the finest type of Spanish lineage.

Mr. Gonzalez, formerly Municipal President of Cananea, Mexico, sat erect, level-eyed, an imposing figure as though from an old woodcut; Mrs. Gonzalez spoke quaintly the musical Spanish language. This couple held the breathless interest of the courtroom as they related vividly the events of the night I appeared at their home. The testimony of both was rendered in English by an interpreter.

Q. Mr. Gonzalez, do you remember an occasion in the darkness of early morning on June twenty-third when a lady came to your house?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was Mrs. McPherson that lady?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What was the first information you had as to her presence at your house?

A. She stood in front of my garden and said, "Hello!"

The second time she called I leaned from my window and asked her to come in. She came to the window and asked me if I had a telephone because she desired a policeman. I told her I had no telephone. I saw that she was very nervous and in an excited condition. She asked, "Do you think I can find a telephone in the next block?" "You wait for me here while I go and dress," I answered.

As I opened the door to go out of my house I did not see her. I looked around. Then my wife came out. She

went toward the garden gate which was partly open. She saw Mrs. McPherson on the ground there.

Q. Was she conscious or unconscious?

A. Completely unconscious.

Q. What did you do with her?

A. I felt her pulse. I found her cold and very little sign of life. I said to my wife, "I think this lady is dead."

Q. Then what did you do?

A. The Mayor of the city, the Municipal Presidente of Agua Prieta, lives next door to me and as he is the first authority of the town I went to see him. He was not home. I came back to my house and asked my wife for a light. I threw the light on Mrs. McPherson's face and noticed her eyes were partly open.

Q. Now then tell us what you did.

A. My wife and I picked the lady up, placed her on the porch of my house and laid some covers over her.

Q. Was she still unconscious?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Then what did you do?

A. My wife rubbed her arms with alcohol for a long while—about an hour. Then the lady regained consciousness a little.

Q. What did she say?

A. As I understand very little English I first asked her from where she came. She said, "Los Angeles." I asked her if she had any family. She replied, "In Los Angeles." Then she talked some more but I could not understand her.

Q. Well, what did you do next?

A. It was three-thirty in the morning and she had been lying there all that time. Then the Presidente came home and I spoke with him. I took him to my house and asked, "What do you think is the best thing to do with this lady? She seems to be a stranger here." He said, "We better get an interpreter. There is an American chauffeur around here."

I found the chauffeur and took him to the house. He

went over to the lady and conversed with her, but as he spoke no Spanish, was of no use to us. We decided to send her across the line to Douglas, Arizona.

Q. When she first came to the house did you give her water?

A. Twice.

Q. All right. You concluded then to take her over to Douglas?

A. To Douglas—and the chauffeur took her and left.

Q. Did you help her in the car?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What was her physical condition?

A. She looked ill and was very weak.

The testimony was substantiated by that of his wife as follows:

Q. Mrs. Gonzalez, when did you first see Mrs. McPherson?

A. I saw her first early in the morning of June twenty-third. She had fainted at the gate of my fence.

Q. How did you know she was there?

A. We heard—my husband and I—a woman's voice saying: "Telephone! Police! Police!"

My husband, through the window, told her to wait a minute. He looked through the door, but she had disappeared. I said, "Perhaps that lady requires our help. Some accident has happened to her." I went out and down the sidewalk to the gate. She had fallen. My husband lifted her head. We thought she was dead.

Q. Did you remain there with her while your husband went for the Presidente?

A. Yes, I remained there kneeling beside her.

Q. When your husband came back what did you do?

A. We resolved to take her at least to the porch. I ran into the house to my bed and brought some covers and placed them down so she could lie on them. My husband caught her under the arms and between us we carried her to the porch and placed her on the bedclothing. I covered

her very well, leaving only the face exposed. She was very cold—very, very cold.

Q. What next was done?

A. I severely rubbed her forehead, the back of her neck and arms with alcohol.

Q. Was she unconscious?

A. For a long time. When she came to she did not know anything that was going on.

Q. Now what did she do when she started to recover consciousness?

A. She asked for water.

Q. Did you give it to her?

A. Yes.

Q. How did she go away from your house?

A. She left the house demonstrating her gratitude, showing that to me. A chauffeur took her to Douglas.

The chauffeur added his bit to the transcript:

Q. What was her (Mrs. McPherson's) physical condition?

A. She was in an exhausted condition.

Q. Now describe her condition as you helped her from the machine to the hospital.

A. I held her on one side and another man on the other. She would walk fairly well for a few steps and then almost fall. She quivered.

Q. Describe it to the court.

A. Well, after lying down on the bed, every little bit she would quiver and shake. It seemed she could not hold herself together. But I am not a doctor. I don't know how to describe it.

Q. Did you notice her eyes?

A. Yes, her eyes were those of a very tired person.

Q. Now did you have occasion to examine Mrs. McPherson's arms or wrists to see if they had been burned with rope or something?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Describe it.

A. There was a bruise upon each of her arms as though they had been bound tightly with something—I can't say what.

Q. Were those plainly visible?

A. Yes, sir.

(Ambitious newspaper men had "dug up" some one to quote, who had said it was "strange" that Mrs. McPherson could walk over the desert in the mesquite and brush without tearing her stockings or her skirt. Apropos of that it is interesting to note the testimony of an officer of Douglas, Arizona, who was a tall, bronzed giant of a fellow.)

Q. Do you remember the occasion of having seen Mrs. McPherson the morning of June twenty-third?

A. I do.

Q. Where did you first see her?

A. I saw her in front of the police station in an automobile.

Q. What was her physical condition?

A. She was in a state of collapse; complete physical exhaustion; all in.

Q. What occurred?

A. I asked her who she was. She said, "Aimee Semple McPherson." She said she wanted to get in communication with her people as soon as she could. I asked her where she had come from. She said she had been kidnaped, taken down to Mexico, got out of a shack about noon and made her way across the country until she had come to a town.

Q. Now what did you do?

A. I took her to the hospital and made arrangements for her entrance.

Q. Did you observe her physical condition as she was being taken to the hospital from the car?

A. I did; her ankles turned, they had to support her; she walked with a weak step.

Q. Did you notice any marks of violence?

A. I did. I looked at her wrists closely and found some red welts around them.

Q. Where they had apparently been bound by a rope or thong?

A. Yes. It was from friction.

Q. Did you go out and make any investigation over that country? (The country I described as having traversed.)

A. About ten days after she arrived in Douglas I took my wife, daughter and four-year-old baby; my wife and I put on our hiking clothes. We went out to Niggerhead country to see what it looked like and note the surface of the ground. We went about nine miles, left our car, walked from the American side of the line, crossed the international fence and went over behind Niggerhead Mountain for about two miles.

Q. You say you had a little baby with you?

A. Yes. A four-year-old baby.

Q. How was the baby dressed?

A. She was dressed in summer socks and little slippers.

Q. Was the baby with you running around over there all the time?

A. All the way around Niggerhead and back except the last half mile when she grew tired and I carried her.

Q. What was the condition of the little baby's legs with those little socks and slippers?

A. I could not notice anything on them at all—no difference at all.

Q. How far did you say you walked?

A. Four miles or more.

Q. As far as any of the territory you saw, I will ask you whether or not, through that territory you walked with a pair of shoes such as those revealed in exhibit (my shoes), if one could walk fifteen or eighteen miles and leave the shoes in the condition that those are in now.

A. Yes, sir.

And many another representative citizen from that desert

country added the weight of their knowledge to help me. Among them I remember a well-known mining engineer from Douglas. He testified:

Q. How long have you lived in Arizona?

A. Well, I went to Arizona first in '89, lived there five years and came back about twenty years ago.

Q. Now, in a general way, what has been your experience concerning the country surrounding the town of Douglas, Arizona, both in the State of Arizona and in the Republic of Mexico on the south?

A. Well, at one time I worked that country in the capacity of an officer and a cowboy for twenty years; and I have had considerable experience in tracking as an officer and while I was working on a ranch.

Q. What did you do after you received this information? (The information of my arrival at Douglas.)

A. I talked to the chief of police and went into Mexico and out near the slaughter house and found Mrs. McPherson's tracks and backtracked her.

Q. Did you find tracks out there?

A. Yes, a woman's shoe, about a number five with a peculiar mark in the heel. We backtracked them out east of Agua Prieta to seven miles from the custom house at Agua Prieta where we lost them in the hard ground.

Q. Have you traveled in the desert on foot in the summer months around Agua Prieta?

A. Yes.

Q. What do you know of the ability of any one to travel fifteen or twenty miles without water? (This to answer another point the prosecution had made that I had had no water on my trek.)

A. Well, it is done. I have done it. I remember one time I walked twenty-two miles when the horse fell with me on the range, just a few miles west of where Mrs. McPherson was.

Q. What time did you start on this twenty-two mile walk?

A. About noon. (The same as I did.)

Q. How long did it take you to complete the twenty-two miles?

A. Some time about ten o'clock that night.

Q. Did you have any water on that trip?

A. No, there was no water.

Q. Now, will you describe your general physical condition after you had completed that twenty-two mile walk?

A. I worked the next day. Did not feel any bad effects from it.

It may seem unusual to some persons that I, like this witness, had made this long walk and recovered so quickly; but I have spent all my life, from my childhood days, in outdoor sports and exercise, when I used to tramp many miles over our Canadian farm and ride the country over, horseback, to the present when I still ride and swim a great deal. My endurance and stamina have amazed my friends and a walk of fifteen miles over any kind of territory is not a hardship to me.

The doubts of the prosecutor that one could not walk as far as I said I had, and that my clothes would have been more disheveled and that I did not show the signs of suffering that they thought I should have, were all answered convincingly and beyond the shadow of a doubt in the following sworn testimony taken from the official transcript:

From the witness stand came the words which made my enemies squirm in their seats. Another stalwart son of the desert spoke:

Q. Where do you live, Mr. S——?

A. Douglas, Arizona.

Q. How long have you lived in the vicinity or territory of Arizona or New Mexico?

A. Ten years.

Q. What is your business?

A. Deputy United States Marshal for Arizona.

Q. Do you remember the occasion of Mrs. McPherson coming to Agua Prieta and Douglas on June twenty-third?

A. Yes, sir. I heard that she had come to town.

Q. Did you go out then to look at the tracks and make an examination of the course she claimed to have followed in reaching Agua Prieta or Douglas?

A. I went to hunt tracks the next day. I went out on the United States side toward the slaughter house and the next day after that I went down into Mexico.

Q. Who accompanied you?

A. Mr. A——, Constable of Douglas, Police Lieutenant G——, and a newspaper reporter.

Q. Where did you go?

A. To the Cenesas ranch. We found tracks about two miles or two and one-half miles of the Cenesas house along the Gallardo fence going toward Niggerhead.

Q. What was the description of the tracks in so far as a woman's shoe or a man's shoe?

A. I judged them to be about five or five and a half shoes —a woman's shoe.

Q. Five or five and one-half, woman's shoe?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Now, what is the further description of that territory in so far as its receiving tracks is concerned?

A. It is kind of rolling, mountain country.

Q. And those tracks, when you lost them, you lost them on account of what?

A. On account of the rock—smooth rock.

Q. You mean rock on which shoes would make no tracks?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Now, how far were the tracks that you have mentioned from Douglas?

A. They were about six miles south of Niggerhead Mountain. That would make them about fifteen miles from Douglas, practically the same from Agua Prieta.

Q. Which way were the toes of the shoes pointing?

A. Toward Niggerhead Mountain, general direction of Douglas.

ATTORNEY GILBERT: I offer this copy of the Douglas

Dispatch in evidence in order to show, if the court please, that Mr. R—— (deputy prosecutor—the "Son-in-law" who, with his police officer father-in-law had rushed to Douglas immediately upon our arrival there), who has testified as a witness for the prosecution, had full and complete knowledge and full information as to these tracks; that he knew all about them before he came back from Douglas, Arizona; and for the further purpose of showing that these tracks had been discovered on the morning after Mrs. McPherson's appearance, and that no attempt whatever was made by him to trace these tracks.

THE COURT: It will be marked for identification sixty-two.

Q. Now, how old, in your judgment, were these tracks that you found over there as you have described?

A. I would say about two days old.

Q. Have you had experience as a cowboy?

A. Yes, sir—about fifteen years.

Q. During all that time did you have experience in trailing tracks of men and cattle?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Now, did you have occasion to look at the condition of the surface of the ground in the territory where you found these tracks as well as the territory that would have been covered by one walking in the event they had followed the general course of the tracks onward to Niggerhead mountain toward Douglas?

A. I did. I traveled over the biggest part of it afoot.

Q. What I am trying to get at is whether or not a person could have covered that territory without having their clothes and shoes destroyed. (This was the main cry the prosecution, who had not seen this territory, was setting up right then. My clothes were not "torn enough" and my shoes were not "worn enough.")

A. In places the country is a little sandy, and in places it is hard.

Q. With reference to shrubbery and cactus and catsclaw

or things of that kind that would tear or destroy the shoes?

A. Very little of that.

Q. Did you have on leggings or anything when you went out there?

A. I did not.

Q. What effect did it have on your clothing as you walked through there?

A. None at all.

Q. Tear it in any way?

A. No, sir.

Q. Do you know of any woman around there that would be making tracks at that particular place?

A. The Cenesas ranch would have been the closest.

Q. Any woman there who could have made those tracks?

A. No, sir.

Q. In your opinion, would a person walking through there with low vici shoes on (the kind I wore), do you think the rocks would scuff up or cut the shoes in any way?

A. I do not.

There followed the Douglas newspaper man who was a member of the exploration party described by the Deputy United States Marshal above.

Q. What did you have with you to assist you in connecting up any tracks if you should find any?

A. We had one of Mrs. McPherson's shoes.

Q. Where did you first stop?

A. We first stopped at what is called the rural's shack or guard house of the Mexican line riders.

Q. What did you find there at the rural's shack?

A. Found a large number of tracks in front.

Q. Did you at that time compare the tracks with the structure of Mrs. McPherson's shoes?

A. The comparison proved that her shoe was the shoe that made the tracks.

Q. Where did you go next?

A. We found the tracks near the Cenesas ranch.

Q. Now, as compared with the tracks that you had found

at the shack, how did the ones at the Cenesas ranch compare? (These were the ones fifteen miles from Agua Prieta.)

A. Well, they were made by a shoe of the same size and in my estimation were made by the same shoe.

Q. What was the extent to which those tracks were visible down there?

A. We found a number of tracks, probably over a distance of three or four miles, not in a continuous line, however.

Q. All seemed to be the same track?

A. Yes, sir—beyond a doubt.

Q. What is the condition of the territory so far as being sandy or dusty or rocky?

A. The ground in that territory is a soil that has a fine gravel surface and is rather solid. Has a slight growth on it, not very much, a little grass and a few weeds, but no heavy growth of any kind, and the country is rolling—a rolling mesa.

Then spoke the police lieutenant, still another member of the exploration party, from the witness stand:

Q. How long have you lived in Douglas?

A. Since 1901.

Q. Have you had much experience trailing cattle on the desert?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. . . . and where did you find these footprints?

A. . . . north from the Cenesas ranch . . . Niggerhead . . . we found the tracks made by a woman's shoe. . . .

Now came the last of this party of desert riders—the Douglas, Arizona, Constable:

Q. . . . over what territory . . . footsteps go . . . did you trace them?

A. I judge about two hundred yards they were plain . . . made by a lady's shoe . . . toes toward Agua Prieta.

Q. . . . condition of territory?

A. . . . hard surface . . . pasture land of a hard sur-

face . . . not rough country . . . could have driven automobile over most of it.

Q. With relation to the tracks you found at a point fifteen miles out, how did they compare with tracks at the rural shack (admittedly mine)?

A. They looked the same; made by the same shoe.

At a suggestion that this man would be a good one to describe to these city folks and tenderfoots the effect of a desert trip such as mine, and to answer the desperate insinuations that I had not been "worn enough," these questions were propounded:

Q. What is your age?

A. Fifty years old.

Q. How were you dressed on the day you made these trips?

A. Just as I am now, with the exception of my shirt.

Q. Well, now, so that the record may be clear, because you may wear that shirt out before we will have this case, describe what you have on. Isn't it called an alpaca?

A. Something like that.

Q. And you had on the same shoes you have on now?

A. I did.

Q. And what leather have you in those shoes?

A. Medium, light weight shoe.

ATTORNEY GILBERT: I am offering to make this proof to show the condition of this man's clothing. It has been the theory of the State, the first thing they did, so far as clothing was concerned, was to put this lady's shoes in evidence and show their condition for the purpose of informing that she could not make the trip she did make without destroying the texture of the leather and scuffing the soles of the shoes. I am simply offering now to prove that this man walked the same distance, even a greater distance, than she walked and for the purpose of showing the effect of this country has upon clothing, your honor please, is the sole purpose of offering this testimony.

Q. May I ask you how far did you walk on these trips?

A. The first trip, ten miles; the second, twelve miles; the third, ten or twelve miles; the fourth, about fifteen miles.

(With this the witness exhibited his but slightly-worn shoes and undamaged clothing.)

It now remained for the last confession of the "confession woman" to cause the whole case to collapse.

And now with the props gone from under him, the prosecutor became so uncomfortable and provoked that he disgustedly took the remaining top of the stool and hurled it after the receding waves.

Suddenly, as it had all begun, it was all over.

On the tenth day of January, 1927, the telephone in the parsonage rang and, lifting the receiver from the hook, I heard a voice coming over the wire announcing:

First, that the "star witness" had confessed she had testified falsely.

Second, that the case had collapsed—fallen in upon itself like the outworn walls of a flimsy building, unable longer to stand.

Third, that the accusations had been voluntarily dismissed.

It was all over—and outside the parsonage, a few moments later, newsies were swarming like ants and yelling:

"Hey! Hey! Aimee wins!

"Hey! Hey! Case blows up:

"Read all about it Three cents!

"Exonerated! Three cents! Three cents!"

They shouted just as eagerly this new headline as they had those detrimental ones which were now passé. They shouted, not because I was exonerated, but because it was another "good seller."

I had thought myself quite brave, and braced to meet any and every squall which might come howling around the next corner; but all my roots must have been set to the stormward, I guess. At any rate, even though I knew the bottom must drop out of the case in God's good time, I was not prepared for the sudden calm; and, when the announce-

ment of the dismissal came to me, the telephone receiver dropped from my cold, nerveless fingers, my eyes closed and I quietly fainted away.

This modern tower of Babel like that one of old had risen unbelievably high until it pierced every newspaper in the land and at last God said: "I will come down and see this tower which man hath builded."

And as of old the work was again halted by a confusion of tongues, no one being able to tell the same story twice alike, or tell the story that agreed with another.

The foundation cracked!

The walls bulged and cracked.

The entire structure quivered and swayed uncertainly for a moment, then crashed to the earth.

"Look out below," the shout went up.

"Get out from under, the whole thing is coming down!"

And get out from under they did.

Some of them hid behind this excuse and that and others behind a lot of blustering declarations.

But some there were who were hopelessly and forever buried in the political ruins of the crash, for "Great was the fall thereof."

Two thousand years before this ridiculous holocaust opened, the church of Jesus Christ was founded—founded upon the Solid Rock which shall endure throughout all eternity.

From that time to this there have been attacks upon it—some by word, others by wild beasts in the arena, by the torture rack, by fire at the stake and by printer's ink.

The barbed words have been shattered and have fallen helpless. The bones of the wild beasts have crumbled to powder beneath the smoldering ruins of the rack which lie, charred and black, the fire extinguished.

To-day, though the black tide of printer's ink laden with the filth of human greed, jealousy and revenge has dashed high against that Rock, it has receded again into its own dark

depths, having left no spot or blemish upon the gleaming white surface.

Such has always been the history, and such will forever be the history of every attack which the forces of evil may launch against the impregnable and eternal foundations of the Church of Christ.

The Temple?

My anxiety was now not so much for the people in the Temple. They were soundly entrenched in the Word of God and rejoicing over the discomfiture of the enemy and the victory of the truth. Our membership had doubled, our altars were full, our baptistry was thronged, our Sunday school was averaging three thousand in attendance, and several meetings were held every day in the week. Our radio Church of the Air membership had trebled. The circulation of our periodicals had grown steadily and we had found it necessary to add a weekly newspaper.

With shining eyes and radiant faces the Temple workers were leading scores to the feet of Jesus.

No, my anxiety was not now so much for the Temple, but for the people across the Rockies—those wonderful people who had made the building of Angelus Temple possible; those hundreds of thousands of friends to whom I had preached during the years of transcontinental revivals. I felt I must go to them, and see them face to face and thank them personally for their unwavering loyalty, their abiding faith, their lovely letters and telegrams of encouragement with which they had showered me.

So it was that I took this national tour; and during three months I spoke twice a day in a different city every three days.

The tour began in Denver, the Mile-high City, whose arms of hospitality have always been open to us as have few other places in the world. How good it was to stand again in the great municipal auditorium with its more than twelve thousand souls packed in and crowds standing in the streets. How good it was to hear again the ringing songs

of the Gospel and see them surging down the well-worn trails to the altar of the Living God.

After Denver the cities during that flying tour seemed to hurtle by like milestones past a speeding train.

Kansas City, Wichita, Topeka, Shenandoah, Des Moines, Indianapolis, Chicago, Dayton, Lancaster, Syracuse, Omaha, Rochester, Baltimore, Washington, New York, Jacksonville, and Dallas.

The inspiration and renewal of faith in the Sovereign power of the omnipotent God had filled my heart to overflowing with love and gratitude, and the desire to tell the whole world of His goodness to the children of men.

Not since my vacation, when I stood preaching in the Royal Albert Hall in London, England, looking into the faces of the twelve thousand assembled there, had I been out of the Temple to preach for my work had been most exacting. Now all the old fire and fervor of field evangelist came sweeping back as I preached in cathedral, municipal auditorium, coliseum, armory, dance hall and even night clubs.

To one and all we had the joyous privilege of bearing the good news of Him who saves and keeps and triumphs gloriously by His unconquerable might.

Then came the return home to a loving people who had "carried on" during our absence.

To-night the Temple is humming with ever increasing activity. Missionaries are unfurling their sail for lands afar and a host of budding evangels up and down the coast and across the continent have, if you please, no lesser program in mind than to kindle a beacon in a lighthouse in every city in the world.

CHAPTER XXVII

ROCK OF AGES

Rock!

Solid Rock!

Fixed—immovable—impregnable!

The Church of God is built upon the Rock of Ages, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it!

God's Word and work are fashioned of enduring stuff, and shall abide forever.

Angry billows rage and hurl themselves upon it ceaselessly only to be broken into a thousand shattered sprays, falling back exhausted, sobbing out their own futility.

Howling tempests shriek and roar and threaten past it, and are gone into the vastnesses of space; but the Church of God stands unshaken and unscathed.

Cannonaded since time immemorable by the dreadnaughts of unbelief, constantly buffeted and pummeled by skeptic and infidel, sprayed by the scorching fires of the higher critic —no weapon formed against it has ever prospered.

It is as a great white ship with gleaming sides sailing down the Amazon, spotless sails billowing. At every bend of the stream little boys in war paint, bow and arrow in hand, dart out and cry,

"O Mighty Church, thou art doomed! Our poison-tipped arrows of persecution, antagonism, and evolution will pierce you through and through."

But the arrows fall broken and sink forgotten 'neath the waves, and the stately vessel still sails on.

It is as a man riddled with a thousand bullets yet unscathed.

Crush it and, like a diamond, broken with a hammer, each little particle will sparkle, gleam and glow in myriad pieces where before there was but one.

It has survived both friend and foe; survived the sophistries of Julius, the eloquence of Gibbon, the blasphemy of Paine, the mockeries of Voltaire, the criticism of German commentators.

Seasons come—

Seasons go.

Snows fall and melt, and mingle with the sea.

Stars fall from the heavens.

Constellations shift in their orbits.

The wind blows hot, the wind blows cold;

But Jehovah faileth not!

Niagara bites with foaming teeth into imprisoning granite, devours rocks in its tumble and roar, and carves new paths as it leaps toward the sea.

Deserts bloom into garden spots, transformed by life-giving streams. Fertile lands bleach to barren wastes;

Fashions come and fashions go—

Friendships are formed and friendships are shattered.

Empires that mingle as warmly to-day as the gulf stream with the ocean may to-morrow be lashed by the frenzy of war, and seethe with deathless hatred; treaties signed by mighty men, cast aside as a "scrap of paper."

But though kingdom totter and universe reel, and the sun grow cold in the heavens, they who build upon the Rock shall never be removed.

He at whose touch Sinai trembled and smoked; at whose Word the Red Sea parted; whose "Peace, be still" calmed the troubled deep, knows no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

Justice, Truth and Mercy, triple beams, are still aflash from the Lighthouse of the Throne.

The forces of evil oppose the cause of Christ just as viciously to-day as they always have, and always will. They who live godly still suffer persecution, for still "the servant is not greater than his Lord."

But for them that call upon the Lord there is still Sal-

vation, and they who put their trust in Him shall find shelter 'neath the wings of the Almighty.

No heart so dark—no night so black but the light of His Word can penetrate and bring the light of day.

No heathen land so shrouded in the pall of paganism and idolatry but the power and glory of His Word can rend the clouds and shower both hill and valley with radiant golden noon.

As for me, "I must be about my Father's business." The harvest of human souls stretches out before me, on and away over the distant horizon.

"Weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning."

The light of a glorious day is dawning for the cause of the Foursquare Gospel.

I turn with outflung arms to greet the rising sun, and with head held high march ever forward—

IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING!

THE END